THE ACTES and life of the moſt Victorious Conquerour, *Robert Bruce* King of SCOTLAND.

WHEREIN alſo are contained the Martiall deeds of the valiant Princes, *Edward Bruce*, Syr *Iames Dowglas*, Erle *Thomas Randel*, *Walter Stewart*, and ſundrie others.

Newly corrected and conferred with the beſt and moſt ancient Manuſcripts.



EDINBVRGH,
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BRITISH MUSEUM

The Printers Preface *to the Reader.*

THere is nothing vnto which the minde of mã doth more aſpire thã to renown & immortality: therfore it is, that no time hath bene ſo barbarous, no countries ſo vnciuile, but they haue had a care to preſerue worthie actions from the iniurie of obliuion, and laboured that the names of theſe that were vertuous, while they liued, ſhould not periſh with their breath. And amongſt all the ſtrange and diuerſe faſhions of remembring the dead, no record hath bene found to bee compared to that of bookes, and amongſt all bookes none ſo laſting as theſe in verſe, which how ſo euer rudely done, yet ſeeme to haue ſtriuen with dayes, and euen to compaſſe time, beeing the firſt remembrances that either *Greece* or *Rome* haue, and apparantly ſhall be the laſt.

Howe curious our Anteceſſours in this Iſle haue bene to extend their memorie to after ages, many olde monuments yet to be ſeene, càn beare witneſſe, but more than any, that fame of which

many yeers since was amongst forrainers of their ancient Poets the *Bardes*, who wrote in verse the deedes of their most valiant men, and song them in the wilde Forrests and mountaines, with which (though long time after) the manie records wee haue of the ancient defenders of our Countrie, may bee brought forth: and amongst all the rest, this storie of the valiant BRVCE is not the least: it speaketh the language of that time, if it spake ours, it would not bee it selfe: yet as an antique it is venerable.

To speake somewhat of the occasion of those warres, that the Historie may the better appeare. *Alexander* the third of that name, King of SCOTLAND departed this life suddenlie without succession to the crowne, except *Margaret* his Neece, daughter to the King of *Norway*, who beeing left the vndoubted heire to the Kingdome, King *Edward* of *England* desired her in mariage to his sonne Prince *Edward*, whereunto our Scottish Nobilitie easilie condescended, but shee beeing dead, before the ambassadors arriued, they returned with sorrowfull hearts: whereupon arose great troubles and contention amongst the Nobilitie, who should succeed to the Crowne: and albeit there were manie contendents: yet at lēgth, came onely betwixt the *Bruce* & *Baliol*. The Nobility to auoide further strife, conueened themselues, to decide who should haue the vndoubted right: but because they could not agree, both the parties being so great, that their power could not make the parties stand to their arbitrement, they with one voyce referred the deciding thereof to *Edward* of *Englād*, supponing, that he should deale

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moſt ſincerely therein, conſidering how willingly they had condeſcended to the marriage of his ſonne with *Margaret* the Neece of King *Alexander*, who accepting very gladly of the matter, hoping to atchieue by craft, that which hee and his predeceſſours could neuer obtaine by force, left off his Iourney to the Holie LAND, hoping to ſpeede better at home for the enlarging of his Dominions, beeing a man greatly inclined that way, called the parties before him at *Barwike*, proteſting heerewithall that hee called them not vpon any preſumption, that he pretended ouer them, but as they had choſen him to be arbiter in the cauſe: ſo hee called them to the deciding of the matter, and to collour his purpoſe, hee had conueened a number of learned Lawyers out of *France*, and other Countries, pretending that he would doe nothing without law and reaſon: yet the moſte parte of the Doctours there conueened, as namely, *Mr. Siluus*, *Mr. Raincrius*, *Decius*, *Mr. Severius de Florentia*, mentioned in the *Pluſcadin* Chronicle, and in *Scotichronicon* condeſcended, that *Robert Bruce* had the beſt right, *quòd propinquior in gradu debet ſuccedere*: and therefore *Robert Bruce* in reſpect hee was *uno gradu ſtipiti propinquior*, and was alſo the firſt Male, albeit begotten on the younger ſiſter. But King *Edward* had his owne decinct, not regarding their arbitrement, called firſt ſecretly the *Bruce* vnto him, to whome he was well inclined, promiſing to decide in his fauours, if he would hold his Kingdome in homage of him. But *Bruce* being a man of Heroik ſpirit, refuſed abſolutely to ſubject a free Realme to the ſeruitude of any forraine Prince whomſoe-

uer. The King highly offended, turned himſelfe frowardly in great anger frō the *Bruce*, called *Iohn Balliol* alſo ſecretly, & promiſed him the ſame cōditions: the man being blinded with ardent deſire to reigne, not regarding what hee did promiſe, ſo hee might haue Soueraignitie, condiſcended eaſily to whatſumeuer *Edward* required, and ſo by him was nominate King, & ſent home to *Scotland*, where hee was conueyed to *Scone*, and there crowned, and all, except *Bruce*, ſwore to him obedience. Shortly after, there fell out a ſlaughter of *Makdulffe* Erle of *Fife*, by the *Abirnethies* men at that time in great authoritie and wealth, and becauſe *Makdulffe* his brother ſuſpected the King to bee partiall in judging, ſummond him to bee judged before King *Edward*. The *Balliol* being there preſent, and ſitting beſide King *Edward* in the conuention of Eſtates, and being called, thoght to anſwere by a Procutour, was compelled to ariſe and defend his cauſe at the Barre, wherewith being ſorely grieued, albeit hee durſt not peepe for the time, yet returning home in a maruelous chaufe, reuoluing in his minde, how hee might caſt off this yoke and bondage, whereunto fooliſhly hee had ſubjected himſelfe, and as hee did meditate vpon this, a profitable diſſention for his purpoſe, interueened betweene *France* and *England*, which immediatly braſt foorth in warre: ſo that at a Conuention in *Scotland* both the Kings Ambaſſadours were preſent. The French to renue their olde league with the new King, the Engliſh by the recent ſurrender of the Realme, deſired aſſiſtance in that warre. Both the Ambaſſadours

were referred to the Parliament. the Nobilitie prone to caſt off the late yoke of *England* decerned the French petition juſt, and the Engliſh vnjuſt, for that league with *France*, was made fiue hundreth yeeres agoe, by the conſent of the whole Realme, inviolably obſerued to that day, but that ſurrender was but new throwen out of the King againſt his will, which albeit hee had beene willing to doe, yet neither was the King, nor the Realme bound to bide at it, ſeeing it was done without the conſent of the Eſtates in Parliament, without whoſe conſent, the King could doe nothing. Theſe Newes comming to King *Edwards* eares, hauing taken ſome Moneths truce with *France*, hee ſent his Nauie that was bowne to *France* into *Scotland*, thinking to ouerthrowe the Scots, before they were prouided, and to keep *Barwike* vnvittalled. The Scots encountring this Nauie at the Riuer mouth of *Tweed*, wanne eighteene ſhippes, and chaſed the reſt. King *Edwards* wrath was by this loſſe more vehemently prouoked to reuenge, ſummond the *Ballioll* thriſe to compeare before him at *Newcaſtle*, and becauſe he compeared not at all, hee ſent for *Bruce*, and promiſed him the Kingdome, if hee would write to his friendes, either to leaue their King, or to flee in battell. The King with all diligence paſt toward *Barwike*, where finding the towne ſtrongly garniſhed with men: and comming ſmall ſpeed in his purſute, hee fained a retreat, and cauſed ſome of the *Bruces* faction ſparſe brutes that the *Ballioll* with a great Oaſt was euen there at hand, whereupon the moſt notable men of the towne, ſupponing themſelues to bee free of the

common enemie, ran foorth for to receiue their King honourably: and so both horse and foote went out of the towne confusedlie. But *Edward* had appointed a number of horsemen to wait vpō that turne, who cutted them off easilie from their companies, beeing vshed so confusedly, and out of order, and comming to the next Port, entred in the towne, the King with his foot-hoste following, made miserable slaughter vpon all sorts of people, & increasing in multitude, sent a part of his armie to besiege *Dumbar*, himselfe within few dayes receiued the Castell of *Barwike*, which the keepers randred, despairing of reliefe: then joyning all his forces together at *Dumbar*, encountred with the Scots hoste which came hither with a great battell to raise the siege: the victorie enclined to the English side. The chiefe men of the Nobilitie fledde to the Castell, but the Captaine not hauing Viuers sufficient to sustaine such a multitude randered, and all kinde of crueltie execute vppon the captiues. But when the *Bruce* desired the Kingdome in recompense of his trauell, and according to promise. *Edward* answered him in French, haue we nothing ado, but to purchase Kingdomes for you. *Dumbar*, and some other Castles vppon the Border beeing randred, *Edinburgh* and *Striuiling* were deliuered also: from *Striuiling* *Edward* passed *Forth*, and marched towards *Forfare*, where the *Ballioll* was, when without impediment hee came to *Monrosse*: The *Ballioll* by perswasion of *Iohn Cummine* of *Strabogie* randred himselfe, & the Kingdome into King *Edwards* hands, whom he shipped, & sent into *England*. *Edward* returned to *Barwike*, & by sharpe edict summond all

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the Scottiſh Nobilitie to come thither, ſuch as came were compelled to ſweare obedience vnto him. *William Dowglas* a man of Noble blood, and valiant, refuſing to ſweare, was caſt in priſon, where within few yeeres he died. Thus all things ſucceeding to his wiſh, hee appointed *Iohn Warren* Erle of *Surrey* Viceroy, *Hew Creſſingham* Theſaurer, and leauing them behind him, hee returned to *London*, where hee warded *Iohn Ballioll*, when hee had reigned 4. yeeres. But hee within a ſhort ſpace at the requeſt of the Biſhop of *Rome* was ſent to *France*, leauing his ſonne *Edward* in pledge for him. Afterward *Edward* with a great army, tooke ſhipping to paſſe in *France*. The Scots in eſperance of liberty (hee being abſent) chuſed twelue Regents, and by all their aduiſes, *Iohn Cummine* Erle of *Buchan* with a ſufficient armie was ſent in *England*. The Engliſh Garriſons left in *Scotland* diſperſed heere and there, durſt not ſtirre: ſo hee without impediment ſpoyled *Cumberland* and *Northumberland*. Albeit this voyage ſomewhat incouraged the Scots, yet did it but ſmall help to the whole warre, for all ſtrong holds were fortified by the enemies garriſons. But while as Noblemen lacked both ſtrength and ſufficient courage to enterpriſe greater matters, *William Wallace* a man of Noble and ancient Family, who did Actes, in thoſe Warres not only aboue all mens exſpectatiõ, but alſo incredible, being a man of great bodily ſtrenght, & high courage: He hardened his body againſt injuries of Fortune, and confirmed his courage by perillous attempts to enterpriſe higher and greater, euen with danger: he gathered vnto him ſome companie of Men, and herewith not only ſlew any *Engliſhmen* he met with, but often times alſo with few fought with great

great numbers in ſundrie places where he met with them, & ſlew them. In ſhort ſpace his fam filled both the Realms: ſo they that had lik cauſes as he had, & not vnlike loue to their Countrey, gathering together. ſwarmed to him from all parts, and within few moneths he amaſſed an indifferent Army: Noblemen for feare or laſhnes lying ſtill, *Wallace* was proclaimed Gouernour, and as Lieutenant for *Ballioll*, commanded as lawfull Magiſtrate. Hee tooke not this name of pride or of deſire to Empire, but only (like another *Sampſon*) vpon compaſsion, and loue of his Countrey-people. After this, he eſſayed with open force, tooke many Caſtells, (either not ſufficiently furniſhed or not weill guarded, or negligently kept) and razed them. His Men of Warres minds were ſo confirmed, that vnder his conduct they feared no perrill, for that his hardiment lacked neuer wiſdom, nor his wiſdome the wiſhed euent. So in ſhort ſpace he wan all the Forts that *Engliſhmen* poſſeſſed beyond *Forth*.

King *Edward* hearing theſe rumours, and hauing all his Army with him in *France*, he wrote to *Henrie Pearſie* Lord of *Northumberland*, & to *William Latimer*, to raiſe quickly Forces out of the next adjacent Countrey, and joyne themſelues with *Creſſinghame*, to ſuppres the *Scots*. *Wallace* in this time beſieged the Caſtle of *Cowper* in *Fyfe*, to the end his men of warre ſhould not be idle, attending the coming of the *Engliſh* army: his enimies now cuming neare, marched directly to *Striuiling*, (*The Riuer of Forth hath no foords at Striuiling*) Yet there was a vvoodden bridge, ouer the vvhich *Creſſinghame* paſt, vvith the great part of his army: the reſt following ſo thick, (the bridge being ouerburthened vvith ſo hudge a weght) brak

in pieces. The *Scots* charged theſe that vvere paſt, before they could be Arayed, ſlew their leader, droue backe the reſt in the water, with ſo huge a ſlaughter, that almoſt the whole were either ſlain by the *Scots*, or drownd in the riuer. *Wallace* after this ſo followed his fortune, that he left not an *Engliſhman in Scotland*, except priſoners. This victory was obtained vpó the *Ides of Septemb. 1297*. Hereafter followed great Famine for not manuring of the ground: and Peſt followed Hunger: wherof greater deſtruction was feared than of the Warre. *Wallace* to remedy this aſwell as he might, charged al ſenſible men, to come vnto him at a certain day, & caried them with him into *England*: vvhere liuing in vvinter in their enemies lands, they ſpared *Viuers* at home; vvhere he remained from the *kalends* of *Nouember*, vnto the *kal.* of *Febr.* and no man durſt match him, And then hauing inriched thẽſelfs vvith their enemies ſpoyls, returned with great glory. As this journey augmented *Wallaces* fame and authority among the people, ſo it increaſed the Noble mens enuy againſt him: vvhereof *Edw.* being priuy, ſetting things in *France* in order, as time would permit, leauing his old ſouldiers beyond ſea, amaſsing a very great army vpon the ſudden, of nouices, he marched toward *Scotland*: but whẽ in the plain of *Stanemure* both armies ſtood in order of battel, about half a mile from other: *Edw.* viewing *Wall.* hoſte, his ſkil and order of battell: albeit he had a greater number of people, yet durſt he not hazard; returning his ſtanderds, ſoftly retired: but *Wallace* for feare of ambuſhment durſt not follow. This victory obtained without blood, againſt a moſt potent King. The enemies of *Wall.* more ſharply aſſaulted him, raiſing brutes through the countrey, that he openly ſhot at the King-

Kingdom. So they conclude, by all means to ſubuert *Wall.* authority. Theſe deuiſes not vnknown to King *Edw.* he raiſed a great army of *Engliſh* & *Scots*, vvho had remained conſtãt in their promiſe made to him the next Sõmer came vnto *Faw-kirk*: vvhich village is builded vpon the very ruins of *Seuerus Wall*, diſtant from *Striuiling* 6 myles. The *Scottiſh* hoſt abade not far from thence, ſtrong enough indeed, for they were 30 thouſand, if the Rulers had agreed amongſt themſelues. The Rulers were *Iohn Cumming*, *Iohn Stewart*, & *Will. Wallace*. the former two in blood, & puiſſance, the laſt in Marſhall glory, moſt flouriſhing of al *Scotland*. While as the 3 battels ſtood in redines to fight, a new contention was added to the former enuy, *Who ſhould lead the Vanguard*: & neither of them giuing place to the other: the *Engliſhmen* ended the ſtrife vvho in order of battell, vvith diſplayed Banners, came vpon them with expedition: *Cummine* with his company fled vvithout ſtroke: *Steward* enuironed both behind and before, vvas ſlaine with his hoſte. *Wallace* being ſore ſet vpon in front, and *Bruce* comming about a Knowle, to charge him on the backe, contained his men together in ſuch order, as in ſuch ſtate he beſt could, and returned backe ouer CARROVN Water, vvhere he defended himſelf, hauing gathered together thoſe that were fled, and *Bruce* deſiring to ſpeak with him, he refuſed not: whẽ theſe two alone ſtood right ouer againſt other, at a deep & narrow part of the Riuer, *Bruce* firſt ſaid, he wondred at him, that being caried with the facile fauour of the people, would hazard himſelf in ſo many perils, againe a King, moſt puiſſant of that age: aſſiſted alſo with great ſupport of *Scots*, & that without any hope of recompence of his pains? For albeit he

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vanquiſht *Edward*, the *Scots* would neuer allow of him to be King: and if he were ouerthrowne he had no refuge, but in the mercy of his enemy. To whom *Wallace* anſwered: I (ſaid he) neuer tooke theſe paines to purchaſe to my ſelf a Kingdom, for that is vnagreeable with my condition, and my mind couets it not, but ſeeing my Countrey-men through your cowardice, to whom the Realme rightly appertains, deſtitute of Rulers, & hereby caſten into their moſt cruel enemies hands: not only in bondage and ſlauery, but euen to the ſhambles, I pittied their caſe, & haue enterpriſed the defence of their cauſe, forſaken by you, whoſe liberty I ſhall not forſake, before my life forſake me. And ſo the conferēce ended: either of both returning to their owne. After this vnhappy Battell *Wallace* returned to *Perth*, and there skailed his army giuing place to the enuy born againſt him: and after that day enterpriſed nothing for the Realm: and renounced the name of Magiſtrat: albeit he left not off the inuading of the *Engliſh* Nation, whereſoeuer he could be their maſter. *Edward*, after this waſted by all warlike calamities, the Lands beyond *Forth* euen to *Perth*: ſubduing thoſe that in reſpect of the preſent miſery durſt not ſtir: & ſo retired with his army into *England*. The *Scots* that were carefull for the liberty of their Realme, a little refreſhed after the enemies departure, made *Iohn Cumming* younger, Regent: who by the aduiſe of the Counſell ſent Ambaſſadours to *Philip Valloys* King of *France*, to trauell with him that by Mediation of his Siſter, who was then affianced to *Edward*, they might at leaſt obtaine Truce. By her trauels they obtained Truce for ſeuen Moneths, but not obſerued (*bona fide*:) for *Engliſhmen* tooke the Ambaſſadours that were directed to *Bonifacius* the eight, and impriſoned them. The *Scots* in

the meane time who could not abide the tyranny of *Englishmen*, nor culd by no punishment satiat *Edwards* cruell mind, neither yet obtaine peace vpon just conditions, prepared themselues with obstinat minds to fight it out, without all hope of pardon. First they droue all *Edwards* Captains foorth of all Towns, and Fortresses, and vexed the *Scots*, of the *English* factiō, vvith all the force they might: vvhile as the stat of matters thus cōtinued almost two years. *Edward* sent *Rodolph Confrey*, with a puissant Army, to suppresse this rebellion of the *Scots*, and to put an end to those Warres. This Army without impediment wasted all to *Rosling*, a place in *Louthian*, foure miles distant from *Edinburgh*, & to destroy farther within the Countrey diuided their Army in three, *Iohn Cummine*, and *Iohn Fraser*, the most wealthy men in *Tweed-dale*, gathering to the number of 8000 men, marched towards the enemy, of purpose either to keep in the enemy, that he should not run at randon to spoyl the Country, or if they found better occasion, to follow Fortun. Better occasion was offered then they looked for: For *Englishmen* fearing nothing lesse than the comming of their enemies, so often ouerthrowne, behauing themselues more losely than was expedient, in their enemies ground, by sudden comming of the *Scots* vpō the first of their Camps, were ouerthrown with a great slaughter: they that escaped raised great tumult in the secōd camp, where th'alarm was fearfully raised, euery man exhorting his Mate to support their own, they prepared thēselues for reuenge. The conflict was terrible, as betwixt these that were fiers, throgh victory, & these that were enraged by thirst of reuenge: in end, th' *Englishmen* discomfist & chased, victory, albeit not vnbloody, yeelded to the *Scots*: the

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third hoſt, which had bin furder off, affraid the *Scots*, for many being wounded, & moſt part wearied with trauels in 2 late battels foreſaw manifeſt danger to enſue by fighting, & aſſured deſtruction by flight, at length the Heads commanded to ſlay al captiues: leſt while they were occupied with th'enemy, they ſhuld come vpon their backs: they armed their ſeruants vvith ſlain mens armor, & ſo made ſhew of a greater army to their enemies: the battel begun vvas keenly foghten on both ſides: the fight being doutfull for a while, the *ſcots* by exhortatiō of their leaders, & calling to mind their late doble victory, renewing their ſtrēgth: ran ſo fiercely vpō their enemies that their aray broken, they gaue backs, It was foghten at *Roſline, the 6 of the kal. of March, 1320.* The more notable that this victory was, 3 hoſts in one day ouerthrown by one, the more ſharply *Edw.* ſet his mind to deface this ignominy, and once to put an end to their longſome Warre. He amaſſeth a greater army than euer he did before, & perſued *Scotland* both by land & ſea, to the vtter moſt borders of *Ros.* No man in warfare durſt hazard him ſelf againſt ſo puiſſant an army, except *Wallace*, with his few folks, ſomtimes behind, & ſomtims before, & ſomtims vpon their wings, chopped at ſuch as had raſhly run forth frō the hoſt. *Edw.* preaſt by great promiſes to mak him his own, but in vain: his anſwer was ay to all men, *that hee had auowed his life to his Countrey.* Thus things atchieued: *Edw.* adjoyned himſelf to his ſon *Edward*, whom he had left at *Perth*, took in ſundry Strengths & Forts & *Striuiling*, after 3 moneths ſiege, the reſt rendred for fear *Edward* held a Parliamēt in *Sainct-Andrews*, vvher he made moſt part of the Nobility for fear to ſwear to be his true ſubjects; *Wall.* always excepted; who for

to

fear to be betrayed of the nobility, withdrue himself to his old lurking places. *Edw.* appointed Lieutenāts and Magistrats throughout *Scotland*, past home to *England*, and left no Monuments, Histories, Books, Lawes; nor learned men, vndestroyed, or transported with him: thinking therby to exterminate the name of that Natiō. He left *Odomare Valentine*, *Vice-Roy*, to extinguish all innouations, if any begin to peepe. But now Wars arose, where he least meaned. Among the rest of *Scottish* Nation with *Edward* was *Robert Bruces* son, who contēded with *Ballioll* for the Kingdome, and *Iohn Cummine*, cousen german to *Iohn Ballioll*, late King of *Scots*. *Edw.* had spoken often times seuerally, & long time holden them in the hals, vpō vain hope of the Kingdom, and so used their means in the conquest of the same, being both mē of great power and friendship: but the deceitfull mockage at length manifested: there was nothing more desired of either of them, than occasion to be reuēged vpon *Edw.* falset against promise & trust to both: but emulation whereby the one suspected the other, was the stay, that neither durst cōmunicat his counsell to the other. Now *Cum.* perceiued these doings miscōtēted *Bruce*, vehemently deplored vnto him the misery of their Countrey, beginning from the ground thereof and inueighing greatly against the King of *Englands* perfidie, accused first himself, & then *Bruce*, by whose assistance and trauels their people were brought to this misery proceeding further from this beginning of speach, euery of them promising secrecy to other vpon their Faith and honesty. They agreed betwixt themselues thus: *That Bruce should bee King and* Cummine *should resigne his Right in his fauours*: & Cummine *should haue all Lands that* Bruce *possessed in* Scotland (he had

had many faire and fruitfull Lands) *and* Cummine *ſhould be ſecond in honour next vnto the King.* Theſe things ſworn, writtē, & ſealed, *Bruce* vvaiting opportunity of change, paſt to the Court of *England*, leauing behind him in *Scotland* his wife and brethren. After his departure, *Cummine* either repenting his former aduiſe, or els he thought by craft to cut away *Bruce*, that therby he might more eaſily come by the kingdome. He bevvrayed theſe ſecrets to *Edward*: and to purchaſe credite herein, he ſent him the Contract ſigned by both. *Bruce* was ſummōd to a day for treaſon, charged not to depart from Court, & quiet keepers appointed vnto him, commanded to ſpy both his vvords and deeds. The cauſe why the King protracted time in this ſo manifeſt a turne, was, that his brethren might be apprehended before the brute of his execution ſhould ariſe. *Bruce* in the meane time was informed of the ſuddē danger, by his old freind the Earle of *Gomera*: vvho durſt not counſell him by letter to flee, but warning by example, ſent a pair of guilt ſpurs with ſom pieces of gold, as if he had borrowed them the day preceeding. *Robert*, as men in danger are moſt tenty, not ignorāt what was meant by the propine called for a Smith in the night, cauſed ſhoo three Horſes backward, leſt the print of the Horſe feet in the ſnow might bewray their flight, & that ſame night might be eſpied: accompanied with other two, took journey vpon the 7 day thereafter: themſelues and their horſes weary, came to a Caſtle of his own ſtanding beſide *Lochmabene*: there finding his brother *Dauid* & *Robert Fleming*: and taking them with him, ſcarcely opening vnto them the cauſe of his flight, chanced vpon a Meſſenger, carying letters from *Cummine* to *Edward*, bearing, *That Robert ſhould*

be executed with diligence: for delay brought danger, leſt a Noble man, fauoured of the people, and therewith alſo wiſe & ſtout ſhould raiſe new troubles, &c. The *Cummines* treaſon alſo by this teſtimony tried, *Robert* inflamed with rage of ire, paſt directly to *Drumfreiſe*, wher he vnder ſtood his enemy was: & finding *Iohn Cummine* in the *Gray-Friers* Kirke: produced his letters, & reproued him bitterly, while as he impudently ſtood to the deniall therof: but he impatient, in wrath ſtrak him in the belly with his Dagger, and left him for dead. When he was horſing again, *James Lindeſay* his couſen, and *Roger Kirk-Patricke*, his friend, perceiuing his countenáce chãged inquired the cauſe? He told them in a word, *He believed Cummine was dead.* What? ſaid LINDESAY, *Haſt thou left ſo dangerous a deed in doubt?* & therwith he entred into the Kirk, & not only ſlew him but alſo *Robert Cummine*, his kinſman, preaſsing to ſupport him. This murther was committed the 4 of the *Ides* of *February* 1305. about this time *William Wallace* was taken, and betrayed by *Iohn Menteith*, his familiar companion, corrupted by *Edwards* Mony in the bounds of *Glaſgow*, where he lurked for the time: ſent to *London*, where by *Edwards* command he was vnhoneſtly beheaded and quartered: his members to terrifie others) hung vp in moſt publicke places in *England* & *Scotland*. This was the end of this moſt worthy mans life, who for high ſpirit in interpriſing dangers, for fortitude in execution, comparable in deed to the moſt famous Chiftains, amongſt the Ancients: for loue to his natiue Countrey, ſecond to none, he onely free, the reſt ſlaues, could neither bee brought with benefittes, nor compelled by force to leaue the publicke cauſe which he had once profeſt; whoſe death appeared more to be lamented, that

being

being inuincible, to his enemie he was betrayed by his Familiar, that in no cace ſhould haue done ſo.

The *Bruce* ſtaying only till he had obtained pardon of the Biſhop of *Rome*, for the murther committed in holy Church. In the next month of Aprile, 1306. paſſing to *Scone*, hee was crowned King. Firſt knowing well the great puiſſance of his enemie, hee amaſſeth all the forces he could, from all parts, although the whole clan of *Cummines*, the greateſt in *Scotland* that euer was before them, or ſince in puiſſance withſtoode him, and his aſſiſting of *Edward*, offended many, and the greater part of the Realme beſide, lay quiet for feare of Engliſh force, hee, notwithſtanding of his few number, hazarded againſt *Odomar* at *Methwen*, with the loſſe of a few was put to the worſt. The like bad ſucceſſe hee had in paſſing from *Atholl* to *Argyle*, where the *Cummines* beſet him, and forced him to fight at *Dalry*, his men fleeing to ſaue themſelues in places of greateſt ſuretie. From this time with one or two in companie, thinking himſelfe in that ſtate moreſure with few than many. Hee wandred in the wildernes like a wilde man: and albeit hee would haue aſſayed Fortoun, hee ſaw no appearance of force in anie part: for the common people vpon the conſtruing of the two former loſſes cauſed him bee forſaken of all: two onely of his old friends ſtood conſtantly by him, *Mucolum Leuin* Erle of *Lennox*, and *Gilbert Hay*, Engliſhmen not ſaciate ſufficiently with his miſeries, ſent, and apprehended his kinſemen throughout all the Countrie, his wife token by *William* Erle of *Roſſe*, was ſent into *England*, his brother *Nigell*, the Caſtle of *Kildrummie* betrayed by the Captaine thereof, with his wife, and children, were randred to the enemie, *Thomas* and *Alexander*

his brethren alſo paſſing from *Galloway* to *Carrik* were taken at *Lochrien*, and ſent into *England*. Theſe three in ſundrie places were beheaded, the remnant of the *Bruces* faction were ſought alſo and ſlaine, & their goods confiſcate. The King himſelf moſt often with one in companie in this time kept the vnhaunted mountaines, euery day and houre changing lurking holes, and while as hee thought not himſelfe ſure that way, neither from treaſon of the people, nor crueltie of his enemies, paſt to the Iles, to an old friend of his called *Angus*, and lurking there certaine moneths, he was ſuppoſed to bee dead, and ſo the enemie ceaſed ſearching. This brute as it was not vnprofitable for his ſecuritie, ſo if it had any while cõtinued, it appeared to his frends, to cut away all hope of recquering the Realme: thinking therefore to attempt ſomewhat, getting a ſmal company from his friend, with whome hee lurked: he ſailed to *Carrik*, where hee tooke a Caſtle of his owne inheritance, at vnawares kept by a ſtrong gariſon of Engliſhmen, and ſlew them all, leaſt hee might bee inuironed by force of the enemie, and croſſing the Firth of *Clyde*, with the like felicitie tooke the Caſtle of *Innerneſſe* far diſtant from there: and ſo paſſing from place to place, taking in townes, Caſtles, and ſtrengths. The Countrie-people (beeing heauily oppreſt by the enemy) flocking to him from all quarters, hee gathered a reaſonable armie: and albeit hee had not onely the common enemy to withſtand, but alſo a number of mightie inteſtine enemies at home, eſpecially the *Cummines* faction, yet from this time forth, whatſoeuer hee attempted ſucceeded proſperouſly, till he had expelled the enemie vtterly out of the Realme, and ſubdued the whole Countrie to his

obe-

obedience: but leauing the Hiſtory of his further progreſſe, becauſe it will appeare more particularly it ſelfe, I remit the Reader to the peruſing thereof. This is he of whom it may be ſaid, that was ſaid of that *Roman Scipio*, *unus homo nobis cunctando reſtituit rem*. Into what bondage found he his Nation? To what liberty did he reſtore it? Since the times of the old *Heroes* none hath more excelled in all vertues. Who more couragious in warre? Who more temperate in peace? Who euer had a fortun more hard? Who euer did more hardly lead Fortun captiue, and leſſe regarded her frownes? a conſtant courſe of victorie ſtill enabling all his enterpriſes, whoſe mind would not bin broken, much more bowed vnder ſuch heaps of miſeries? whoſe conſtancy would not be queld to haue his wife taken captiue, his foure brethren ſlaine, his friends with all miſchiefes oppreſt: to haue himſelfe not only barred of his patrimony and eſtat, but of a Kingdome? and all done againſt faith, by a Prince the mightieſt of that age. Beſide all theſe calamities, thralled, and brought to the extreameſt of wãt: he neither doubted of ꝑ recouery of his Crown, nor was at any tim ſene to cõmit any thing vnworthy of a kingly mind. Let *Rome* boaſt of *Camillus* and *Scipio*, *France* of her *Charles*, *Epirus* of great *Scandeberge*, *Scotland* ſhall not forget this Prince, for ſhe cannot. And if hee be not ſo renoumed as theſe, it is not for that he is not as worthy: but for that he hath not had ſo braue trumpeters of his fame, being born in ſo vnpoliſhed an age: which time the deſtroyer and reſtorer of euery thing may perhaps hereafter in theſe more learned dayes amend. There be ſome who hold the opinion that the publiſhing of thoſe books is hurt-

full

full, as embers of conſumed diſcord, but it is not the publiſhing of the ſimplicity of our predeceſſours that can diuide vs, or cauſe any diſcord, but rather our owne too great ſubtilty, ambition and auarice, and the turning the pages of *Tacitus* and of Secretan *Machiauell* that cā breed an ague in our ſtate. Can the reading of the warres betwixt *Longcaſter* and *Yorke* ſeparate the red and white Roſes? I thinke no. But I am perſwaded that al men of ſound minds will rather abhor diſcord in reading of theſe bookes, ſeeing what miſeries and horrible calamities theſe warres, bring foorth and what great occaſion we of both Nations haue to magnifie Gods goodnes, ỹ in our dayes ſince the Goſpell hath bene in ſincerity publiſhed amongſt vs, hath turned all theſe bloody broyles into a peaceable Calme, eſpecially now in the perſon of our dread Soueraigne: So that now, as the Prophet ſayeth, *Our ſwords are brokē into mattocks, and our ſpeares into ſithes.* But if we would conſider what meanes haue bene vſed, what paines taken, and plots laide by the wiſeſt of both Nations, to knit vp this vnion, and yet could neuer effectare the ſame, vntill it pleaſed GOD to cut downe this partitiō wall of longi debate, in the perſon of our moſt gracious SOVERAIGNE.

GOD giue vs grace to bee thankefull for it.

AMEN.

ROBERTVS BRVSSIVS

Regni inſtaurator, ac penè novus conditor, in omni Fortuna invictus.

QVIS varios caſus, quis dura pericula BRVSSI,
Fatorumque vices commemorare queat?
Qui victus toties, toties qui victor & hoſtis,
In vacuo fixit Martia ſigna ſolo.
Qui domitis Fatis pugnando reſtituit rem;
Civibus & patriam, juſque ſuum patriæ.
Cùm tot acerba virum, cùm tot cumulata ſuorum
Funera funeribus cerneret ante oculos;
Mens generoſa animi Fortunæ excelſior omni
Imperio, ſtabili perſtitit uſque gradu?
SCOTIA *quæ ſtatues* VICTORI *juſta trophæa?*
Qui Fati, ac hoſtis, Victor & ipſe Sui eſt.

The ſame in Engliſh.

WHo can the hazards hard, the chances ſtrãge
Of *Bruce* report, a Mark of *Fortunes* chãge?
Oft was hee thrall'd, his Foes oft from him fled,
Oft enſignes on the purple Plaines he ſpred.
He danted *Fates*, his natiue Soyle ou'rthrowne
Her to her own, to her brought backe a Crowne.
By fight he all reſtor'd, and hauing ſeene
So many funerall heapes before his eene
His Mind vnquell'd reach't *Fortunes* wheele aboue,
And in the Spheare of *Courage* fixt did moue.
Where haſt thou (*Scotland*) for his Trophees room,
Who *Fates*, Foes, & himſelfe for thee o'recome.

THE



THE ACTES AND LIFE OF the moſt victorious Conquerour *Robert Bruce* King of SCOTLAND.

WHEREIN ALSO ARE contained the Martiall deedes of the valiant Princes: *Edward Bruce*, Syr *James Dowglas*, Earle *Thomas Randell*, *Walter Stewart*, and ſundrie others.

STories to read are delectable, (ble
Suppoſe they nought containe but fa-
Then ſould Stories ȳ ſothfaſt were,
If they bee ſpoken in good maner:
Haue double pleaſure in hearing:
The firſt is their pleaſant carping,
The other is, their ſothfaſtneſſe,
That ſhewes the thing right as it wes.
And ſothfaſt things that are likand,
To mens hearing are pleaſand:
Therefore I would faine let my will,
If my wit might ſuffice thereto.

To put in wrize a ſothfaſt ſtorie,
That it may laſt in memorie:
Sa that no length of time may let,
Nor gar it hailly be forzet,
For ald Stories that men reides,
Repzeſents to them their deides
Of ſtalward folk that liued air,
Right as they then prezent wair.
And certes they ſould weill haue prize,
That in thair time were wicht and wiſe:
And led thair lifs in great trauell:
And oft intill hard ſtoure of battell,
Wan richt greit praiſe of Cheualrie,
And was voyde of all Cowartrie:
As was King Robert of Scotland,
That hardy was of hart and hand:
And gude Schir Iames of Dowglas,
That in his time ſa worthie was:
That of his praiſe and his bountie,
In ſindrie lands honour wan he.
Of tham I thinke this buke to ma.
Now God of grace, that I may ſwa
Treit it, and bring it to gude ending,
That I ſay nocht but ſuithfaſt thing.

When Alexander the King was deid
That Scotland had to ſteir and leid
The land ſex zeires, and mair perfay
Lay deſolate efter his day:
Till all the Barouns at the laſt
Aſſemblit them, and that full faſt,
To cheis a King the land to ſteir:
That of the anceſtrie cummin weir,
Of Kings that had that Royaltie,
And had moſt richt their King to be,

But Inuy that is ſo felloun,
Maid among them diſſenſioun,
For ſome wold haue the Balliol King,
For he was cummin of the offſpring
Of hir, that eldeſt ſiſter was:
Vther ſum contrayit that cais:
And ſaid, that he there King ſould be,
That was of als neir degre.
And cummin was of the firſt Male,
And of Branches Collaterale.
They ſaid, ſucceſſion of Kinrike,
Was not till lower ſtate alike:
For there micht not ſucceid a Female,
Quhill foundin micht be ony Male,
That were in lyne euen deſcendand:
They beir all vther wayes in hand:
For then the nirt cummin of their ſeid,
Man, or woman ſould ſucceid.
By this reſloun the Lords thocht haill,
That the Lord of Annandaill,
Robert the Bruce, Earle of Cartik,
Aught to ſucceid to the Kinrik.
The Barons thus were in diſcord,
And on no maner micht accord:
Till at the laſt they all accordit,
That all their ſpeich ſould be recordit,
To Schir Edward of England King,
And he ſould ſweir but fenzeing,
Be ſould as arbiter declair,
Of the two that I tould of air:
Quho ſould ſucceid to ſit on hicht,
And let him Regne that had the richt.
This Ordinance they thocht the beſt,
For at that time was peace and reſt

Betwirt Scotland and England baith,
That they could not perceiue the skaith,
That toward them was appearand,
For why the King of England
Held such friendship, and companie,
With their King that was worthie:
They trow'd that he as good nighbour,
And as friendfull Compositour,
Wold haue iudged in leale Lawtie,
But otherwise yæd all the glie.
A Folke blinded full of great follie,
Had ye bethought once earnestlie,
What perill to you might appeare,
Ye had not wrought in that maneare.
Had ye tane kœpe, how that this King
Alwayes withoutten fainyæing,
Trauell'd for to win Senyeorie,
And through his might did occupie
Lands, that were to him matchand,
As Wales was, and all Ireland,
That he put into such thirlage,
That they that were of hie Parage,
Should run on foot, as Kibalds all,
When he would ane folke assaile.
Durst none of Wales in battell ride,
Nor yet fra Euen fell, abide
Castle, nor walled towne within,
But he should lith and limmes tine,
Into sik thirlage them led he,
Whome he ou'rcame with his poustie,
Ye might sœ he should occupie
Through slight, that he might not through maistrie.
Had ye tane kœpe what was thirlage,
And had considered his vsage,

That gripped ay but gane giuing,
Ye ſhould withoutten his denying,
Haue choſen you a King, that might
Haue holden well your Land at right.
Wales enſample might haue beene
To you, had ye it well forſeene.
And wiſe men ſay he is happie,
That will therein himſelfe chaſtie,
For vnfaire things may fall perfay
The morne, as they did yeſterday:
But ye truſted into lawtie,
As ſimple folke but ſubtiltie,
And wiſt not what might after tide:
For in the world that is ſo wide,
Is none, determinatly that ſhall
Know ony thing that's for to fall,
For GOD that is of moſt Pouſſis,
Reſerv'd it to his Maieſtie,
For to know in his Preſcience,
Of things to come the contingence.
IN this maner aſſented were,
The Barons (as I ſaid you aire)
And thrugh their owne haill conſent,
Meſſengers to him they went.
Then to the holie land boun was he,
To Saracens to weere ſurely.
And fra he wiſt what charge they had,
He buſked him but more abade,
And to England againe is gane,
And left the purpoſe that he had tane.
And ſyne to Scotland word ſent he,
That they ſhould make an aſſemblie,
And he in hie ſhould come to do:
In all thing, as they write him to.

But he thocht weill throw their debait,
That he ſould ſtely find ſum gait,
How that he all the Senzory
Throw his greit micht ſould occupy:
And to Robert the Bruce ſaid he:
Gif thou will hald in cheif of me
For euermore, and thine offspring:
I ſall do ſo, thou ſall be King.
Schir (he ſaid) ſo God me ſaif,
The Kinrik zarne I nocht to haif:
But gif it fall of richt to me:
And gif God will that it ſo be,
I ſall als frely in all thing
Hold it, as longes to a King,
Or as myne Elders befoze me
Held it in freaſt Royaltie.
The vther wzyit him, and ſwair,
That he ſould neuer haue it mair:
And turnit him in wzaith away,
But Schir Iohn Ballioll perfay
Aſſentit ſone till all his will:
Quherethzow eſter fell mekill ill.
He was King but a litill quhyle,
Quhen throw greit ſubtiltie and gyle
For litill encheſoun or for nane,
He was arreiſtit and ſyne tane,
And degradit ſine was he
Of honour and of dignitie,
Quhether that it was wzong or richt,
God wait it, that is moſt of micht.
QUhen Schir Edward the michty King,
Had on this wayes done his liking,
With Iohn the Ballioll, that ſo ſone
Was all degrad and it vndone:

To Scotland went he then in hy,
And all the land can occupy:
So haill, that both Caſtell and Toun,
Were all in his poſſeſſioun:
From Weik anent Orknay,
To Muleſnuke in Galloway,
And ſtuffit all with Engliſhmen,
Schireffs, and Bailleis made he then,
And all kin vther Officers,
That to gouerne the land affeires,
Ye made of Inglis Natioun.
Then worthit they ſo feirs and felloun,
And ſo wickit and ſo greuous,
So heuy, and ſo couetous,
That Scottiſmen micht do nothing,
That euer micht pleis to their liking:
Their wyfes wold they oft ly by,
And their doughters deſpiteouſly,
And gif ony thereat were wraith,
They wold him wait with a great ſkaith:
For they ſould ſone find encheſoun,
To put him to deſtructioun:
And gif ony man neir them by,
Had ony thing that was worthy,
Hound, or hors, or vther thing,
That pleaſand was to their liking:
With richt, or wrong haue it wold they,
And gif ony wold them ganeſay,
They wold ſo do, that he ſould tyne,
Outher lyfe, or land, or liue in pyne:
For they dampnit them euen at their will.
Takand no keip to richt, nor ſkill.
Alace they dampnit them fellounly:
For gude Knichts that were worthy,

For litle encheſoun, and oft for nons
Were hanged by the neckes ilkone.
Alace, they ſore that euer was frę,
And ay in frędome was wont to be,
Through their miſchance and their follie,
Were thirled then ſo wickedly:
That their fors their iudges were:
What wickedneſſe may men haue maire?
O how frędome is Noble thing:
For it makes man to haue liking.
Frędome all ſolace to men giues:
Ye liues at eaſe that frelie liues:
A Noble heart may haue none eaſe,
Nor nought els that may it pleaſe,
If frędome failyę: for frę liking
Is yarned aboue all other thing.
O he that hath ay liued frę:
May not know well the propertie,
The anger nor the wretched dome,
That is coupled vnto thirldome:
But if he had aſſayed it,
Then all perqueir he might it wit:
And ſhould thinke frędome more to priſe,
Then all the gold men may deuiſe.
For contrarie things euer mare,
Diſcouerings of the other are:
And he that into thraldome is,
All that he hath in bandoun is,
To his Lord what euer he be:
Yet he hath not ſo mękle frę,
As frę liking to leaue or do
It, that his heart drawes him to:
And yet Clarkes make Queſtion,
When they fall in diſputation:

If a man bad his thirle ought do:
And in the ſame time came him to
His Wife, and aſked him his det,
Whether he his Lords nęd ſhould bet,
And pay firſt what he ow, and ſyne
Doe forth his Lords commanding:
Or leaue his Wife vnpaide, and do
It that his Lord commanded him to.
I leaue all the ſolution,
To men of more diſcretion.
But ſen they make ſik comparing,
Betwirt the debts of wedding,
And Lords bidding to their will thirl.
We may well ſee though none ſhould tell,
How hard a thing that thraldome is:
For men may well wit that are wiſe,
That wedding is the hardeſt band,
That ony man may take on hand,
And thraldome is well war then dead,
For while a thirle his life may lead,
It marres him both bodie and banes,
And dead annoyes him not, but ones.
Shortlie to ſay, is none to tell
The ſore condition of a Threll.

THus gate they liued in thirlage
Both poore and rich of hie parage.
For of the Lords ſome they ſlew,
And ſome they hanged, & ſome they drew;
And ſome they put into priſon,
Withoutten cauſe or Encheſon,
And among other of Dowglas,
Sir William put in priſoun was,
That of Dowglas was Lord and Syre,
Of him they haue made a Martyre:

For

For in preſoun they him ſlew,
And his lands that were faire anew,
They to the Lord of Cliffurd gaue,
He left a ſonne, a litill knaue,
That then was but a litill Page,
And ſyne came to great vaſſalage,
His fathers death he venged ſa,
That in England Iwnderta,
Was none in life, but they him dred:
For he ſo feill in armes ſched,
That none that liues can it tell.
So wonder hard thinges befell
Till him, or he to ſtate was broucht,
But there was none auentour that mocht
Aſtoney his heart, nor gar it let
To do the thing it was on ſet.
How that he ay thocht ernſtly
To do his dæd auiſedly.
He thocht he was not worth no weill,
That might not of annoyes feill:
And that for to encheif great things,
With hard trauell and barganings,
Sould gar his prize ay doubled be:
Therefore in all his lifetime he
Forſuike neuer paine nor trauell,
Nor neuer wold for miſchiefe faile,
To dryue the thing euen to the end,
And tak the chance that God wold ſend.
¶ His name was Iames of Dowglas,
And quhen he heard his father was
Put in preſoun ſo fellounly,
And that his lands ſo haillely
Were giuen to the Cliffurd, perfay
He wiſt not what to do, or ſay.

For he had nothing to dispend,
For there was none that euer him kend,
Wold do so mekle for him that he
Wicht with sufficience foundin be.
THus was he wonder will of wane,
And suddenly in hart hes tane,
That he wold trauell ouer the sée,
And a quhile into Paris be,
And dræ mischiefe quhere none him kend,
Quhill God sum succour to him send;
And as he thocht, he did richt sa,
And sone to Paris can he ga,
And liued there full simpilly,
Quhere that he glaid was, and isly,
And to sic exercise oft he zeid:
As course craues of zouthheid,
And quhiles in play and vanitie,
The quhilk sumtime may auailze:
For knowledge of mony estates,
May quhiles auailze mony gates,
As to the gude Erle of Artois,
Robert befell intill his dayes:
For oft fenzeing of Ribaldie,
Auailzeit him, and that greatlie,
And Cato sayes intill his writ,
To fenze foly quhyles is wit.
In Paris neir thræ zeires dwelt he,
And then came tything ouer the sée,
That his father was done to dead,
Then was he wonder will of read.
And thocht that he wold home againe,
To loke gif he throw ony paine
Wicht wyn againe his heritage,
And his men out of all thirlage.

The

The first rising of Lord Dowglas.

TO Sanctandrous he came in hy,
Where the Bishop full courteously
Receiued him, and gart him beare
His kniues, to carue to him, and sheare:
And cled him then full honorably,
And ordainde chamber where he should ly.
A well great while there dwelt he,
All men him loued for his bountie:
For he was of full faire affeir,
Wise, courteous, and deboneir,
Large, and louing als was he:
And ouer all thing he loued lawtie,
Lawtie to loue is no follie,
Through lawtie liues men right wiselie.
With one vertue of lawtie,
A man may yet sufficient be:
And but lawtie may none haue prise,
Whether that he be wight or wise:
For where it failyies, no vertue,
May be of price, nor of value:
To make a man so good, that he
May simply good man called be.
He was in all his dædes lœle:
For he deinyied not to deale
With traitourie nor with falset:
His heart on hie honour was set:
And him contented on sik maner,
That all him loued that were him neere:
But he was not so faire that we
Should speake greatly of his beautie.
In visage was he some dœle gray:
And had black haire (as I heard say)
But then of limmes he was well made,

With

With banes great and ſhoulders braid,
His bodie well made, and lenyie,
(As they that ſaw him ſaid to me)
When he was blyth he was louely,
And mæke and ſwæt in company
But who in battell might him ſée,
Another countenance had he:
And in his ſpæch liſped ſome dell,
And that ſet him full wonder well
To gwd Hector of Troy might he
In manie things likened be.
Hector had blacke haire as he had,
And ſtarke limmes, and right well mads.
And liſped alſo as did he,
And was fulfill'd of all bountie,
And was courteous, wiſe and wight:
But of manhæd and mækle might,
As Hector dare I none compare,
Of all that euer in world were:
For in his time ſo wrought he,
That he ſhould greatly loued be.
HE dwelt there thus till on a tide
The King Edward with mækle pride
Came to Starling with great menyie:
For to hold there an aſſemblie,
Hitherward went many a Baroun,
And Biſhop William of Lambertoun
Who hither als, and with him was
His Eſquyre Iames of Dowglas,
The Biſhop led him to the King
And ſaid Sir, here to you I bring
This Child, that claimes your man to be,
And prayeth you for Charitie,
That ye receiue here his homage,

And

And grant to him his heritage.
Quhat lands claimes he, said the King:
Schir, gif that it be your lyking,
He claimes the Lordship of Dowglas:
For Lord thereof his father was.
The King then wrythed him angerly,
And said, Schir Bischop, sikkerlie
Gif thou wold keepe thy fewtie,
Thou mak no sic speaking to me.
His father was ay my felloun:
And died therefore in my presoun:
And was agains my Maiestie:
Therefore I ought his aire to be.
Go purches lands quhere euer he may,
For thereof gets he none perfay,
The Clyffurd shall haue them, for he
Ay leillely he hes serued me.
The Bischop heard him so answer,
And durst then speake to him no mair:
Bot from his presence went on hy,
For he dred sore his fellony:
So that no mors he spoke thereto:
But did that he came for to do.
The King in England went againe,
With mony men of mekill maine.



Yedings who likes for to heare,
The Romanes now begins heere:
Of men that were in greit distres,
And assayed full greit hardynes,
Or they micht come to their intent.
But syne our Lord sic grace them sent,
That they sensyne through greit valour,
Came to greit hicht, and hie honour,
Magre their foes euer ilkone,

That

That were so fell,,that ay for ane
Of them,they were well a thousand,
Bot where God helps,who may wstand?
Zet if we say the suithfastnes,
They were sir moze than they were lesse,
But God that is of mekill micht,
Preserued them in his forezicht,
To venge the harmes and the contrares,
That they fell folke, and oppressares
Did to simple folke and wozthy
That could not saue themselues: foz thy
They were like to the Maccabees,
That as men in the Bible sees,
Throw their great wozship and valour,
Faucht in mony a stalwart stour:
Foz to delyuer their Countrie,
Fra folke that throw Iniquitie
Held them,and theirs into thirlage,
They wrocht so throw their vassallage,
That with few folke they had victozy,
Of michty Kings(as sayes the Stozy)
And delyuered their lands all free,
Quherefoze their names sould loued be.

This Lord the Bruce I spoke of air.
Saw all the Kinrik so forfair,
And so troubled the folke saw he,
That he thereof had great pitie.
Bot quhat pitie that euer he had,
No countenance thereof he made.
Quhill on a time Schir Iohn Cuming,
As they came ryding from Striuiling,
Said to him, Schir, will ze not see,
Howe that gouerned is this Countrie?
They slew our folke but Encheloun,

And

And hes this land againſt reaſoun:
And ye thereof Lord ſhould be.
And if that ye will trow to me,
Ye ſhall thereof gar make you King,
And I ſhall be in your helping:
With thy, ye giue me all the land,
That ye haue now into your hand:
And if that ye will not doe ſwa,
For ſik a ſtate vpon you ta:
All haill my lands ſhall yours be,
And let me take the ſtate on me,
And bring this land out of thirlage:
For there is neither man nor Page,
In all this land, but they will be
With vs, to make themſelues frée.
The Lord the Bruce heard his carping,
And weinde he ſpake but ſothfaſt things:
And for it liked to his will,
Ye gaue ſone his aſſent theretill.
And ſaid, ſen ye will it be ſwa,
I will blythlie vpon me ta
The name for I wote I haue right:
And right makes oft the feeble wight.

THir Barouns thus accorded are:
And that ilk night written were,
Their Indentours, aithes made,
To hold that they foreſpoke had.

But ouer all thing woe worth treaſoun:
For there is neither Earle nor Barroun,
Nor Duke, nor Prince, nor King of might,
Though he be neuer ſo wiſe nor wight,
For wit, worſhip, praiſe, nor renoun,
That euer may keepe him fra treaſoun.
Was not all Troy with treaſon tane

When ten yæres of the siege was gane,
Where there was slaine eight hundzed thousand
Of them thereout through strength of hand,
As Dares in his booke did wzaite,
And dyted their battell and their state.
They might not haue bene tane with might:
But treasoun toke them through her slight,
And Alexander the Conquerour,
That conquered Babylons Towze,
And all this wozld of length and bzæde,
In twelue yære through his doughtie dæde:
Was syne destroyed by poysoun,
In his owne house through treasoun:
But ere he died his land dealt he,
To sæ his death was great pitie,
Iulius Cesar als that wan
Britane and France, as wozthie man,
Africk, Arabie, Egypt and Syrie,
And als Europe all haillelie.
And foz his wozship and valour,
Of Rome was first made Emperour,
Syne in his Capitoll was he
Through them of his counsell priuie,
Slaine with botkins vnto the dead,
And when he saw there was no read,
His ene with hand enclosed he,
Foz to die with moze honestie.
Als Arthur that through Cheualtie,
Had Britane Maistres and Ladie,
Of twelue Kinrikes that he wan,
And also as a Noble man,
He wan through battell France all frée,
And Lucius Tyber vanquisht he.
Then he of Rome was Emperour,

And yet for all his great valour,
Modreed his Sister ſonne him ſlew:
And good men als ma than anew,
Through treaſon and through wickedneſſe,
The Bruce thereof beares witneſſe.
So fell it of this cunning making,
Of the Cuming to the King
Of England, and told all the cace,
But I trow not all as it was.
The Indentour to him gaue hée,
And ſyne ſhawed the iniquitie,
And therefore ſyne hee tholed dead,
That to it could ſet no remead.

WHen the King ſaw the Indentour,
Hée was angrie without meaſure.
And ſwore that hee ſhould vengeance ta,
Of the Bruce that preſumed ſa,
Againſt him for to braull and riſe,
Or to conſpire in ſic a wiſe:
And to Sir Iohn Cumyng ſaid hee,
That hée ſhould for his lawtie
Be rewarded, and that highly,
And hée him thanked humbly,
And thought well to haue the leading
Of all Scotland but gane ſaying:
Fra that the Bruce to death was brought,
But oft failyeis that fooles thought.
And wiſe mens etteling
Comes not aye to that ending,
That they thinke that it ſhould come to:
For GOD wats what is ado,
Of his etling right ſo it fell,
As I ſhall afterwards you tell,

He tooke his leaue, and home is went,
And the King cummed a Parliament
Yes set, then after hastely,
And hidder summon he in hy,
The Barons of his fewtie,
And to the Lord the Bruce sent he,
Bidding to come to that gaddring:
An dhe that had no perceiuing,
Of the treasoun, and the falset,
Rade to the King but langer let:
And in London him harbred he
The first day of their assemblie:
Syne on the morne to Court he went,
The King sat into Parliament,
And before his counsell priuie,
The Lord the Bruce there called he:
And shewed him the Indentour,
He was in full great auentour,
To tyne his lyfe: but GOD of might
Reserued him to hier hight:
That would not that he so were dead,
The King besought him in that stead,
The Indentour, the Seale to see,
And asked if that it sealde hée.
He looked the Seale full tentiuely,
And answered him full mékely,
And said, though that I simple be,
My Seale is not all time with me.
I haue another it to beare:
Therefore if that your wills were,
I aske you respet for to sée
The letter: and therewith auise me
Till the morne that ye be set,
And then but any longer let,

The letter ſall I enter hære
Befoze your Court planeyære,
And there till bzoch dzaw I
Mine heritage all halely.
The King thoght he was traiſt anough,
Gif he his land in Bozrow dzeuch,
And let him with the letter pas,
To enter as fozeſpoken was.

The eſcaping of the *Bruce*, and the dead of *Iohn Cuming*.

THe Bruce went to his Innes ſwyth,
And wit ye well he was full blyth,
That he had gotten that reſpyte,
He calde his Marſhall to him tyte,
And bad him looke on all maneare
That he made to his men good cheare,
Foz he will in his chamber be,
A well great whyle in pzriuitie.
With him one Clarke and no ma.
The Marſhall to the hall can ga,
And did his Lozds commanding.
The Lord the Bruce but moze letting,
Gart pzriuily bzing Stædes twa,
And he, and the Clarke withoutten ma
Lap on withoutten perceiuing,
And day and night but ſotourning
They rade, till on the fift day
Comming to Lochmabene are thay,
His bzother Edward there they fand,
That thoght ferlie he tooke on hand,
Foz to come home ſo pzriuily,
He told his bzother halely:
Hew that he there ſummond was,
And how he eſcaped thzough eare.

So fell

So fell it in the ſamine tide,
That at Dumfreis right there beſyde,
Sir Iohn Cumyng ſoiourne made,
The Bruce lap on but ony bade,
And thoght but ony moze letting,
Foz to quite him his diſcouering,
Hidder he rade but longer let,
And Sir Iohn Cumyng there he met,
In the Friers at the hie Altar,
And ſhewed him with bourding chéere,
The Indentour, ſyne with a knife
Right in that place he reft his life.
Sir Edward Cumyng als was ſlaine,
And other als of mékle maine:
And not foz thy yet ſome men ſayes,
That that debate fell otherwayes:
But whoſoeuer fell in debaite,
Therethzough he died well I waite.
He miſdid that greitly but wére,
That gaue no gyzth to the Altére.
Therefore ſo hard miſchiefe him fell,
That I heard neuer in Romanes tell,
Of man ſo hard ſted as was he,
And after came to ſic bountie.

NOw againe to the King go we.
That on the mozrow with his barnie
Sate into his Parliament,
And after the Lozd the Bruce he ſent,
Right to his Innes with Knights kene,
When he ofttime had called bene.
And his men after him aſked thay,
They ſaid that he ſen yeſterday,
Dwelt in his chamber ithandly,
And a Clarke with him anerly,

Then knocked they at the chamber there:
And when they heard none make answer,
They brak the doore, but they found noght,
He was away that they there soght:
They told the King all haill the cace,
And how that he escaped was,
He was of his escape sorie,
And swore in ire full stalwartlie.
That he sould drawne and hanged be,
He menassed as him thought, but he
Thought it sould passe another way:
And when he, as ye heard me say,
Into the Kirk John Cumyng had slaine,
To Lochmabene he went againe,
And gart men with his letters ride,
To friends vpon ilk side.
They came to him with their menye,
And his men als assembled he,
And thoght that he would make him King.
Quer all the land the word can spring,
That the Bruce had the Cumyng slaine,
And among others letters are gane,
To the Bishop of Androistoun,
That told how slaine was the Baroun.
The Letter told him haill the dead,
And he till his men can it read:
And then he said, full sikkerly,
I hope that Thomas prophecy,
Of Erstiltoun, sall verray be
In him: for so our Lord me se,
I haue great hope he shall be King,
And haue this land all in leading.

The Dowglas Meeting with King *Robert*.

IAmes of Dowglas that aye where
Alwayes before the Bishop share;
Yæ had well hard the Letter red,
And hæ toke also full good heede
To all that the Bishop had said,
And when the wordes downe were laid:
To Chamber went hée then in hy,
And Iames of Dowglas priuily:
Said to the Bishop, Sir, yée sée
How Englishmen through their poustie,
Disherites mée of all my Land,
And men haue gart you understand,
Als that the Erle of Carrike,
Clames to gouerne this Kinrike:
And for your Man that hée hath slaine,
All Englishmen at him againe.
And would disherite him blythly,
And in a Line with him am I.
Therefore Sir, if it bée your will
I would take with him good and ill,
Through him I thinke my Land to win,
Magre the Cliffurd, and his kin.
The Bishop heard, and had pitie,
And said, Sweet Sonne so God mée sée,
I would blythly that yée were there,
So that I not reproued were.
On this maner well worke thou may,
Thou shalt take farrand my Palfray.
For there none Horse is in this Land
So wight, nor yet so well rinnand,
Take him as of thine owne head,
As I had giuen thereto no read.

And gif his kæper oft grunches,
Looke that thou take him magre his,
So sall I moze assonyied be,
Almighty GOD, foz his pouestie,
Grant, that he thou palles to,
And thou so well all time may do,
That ye you fra your foes defend.
He taught him siluer foz to spend:
And syne gaue him his bennisoun,
And bad him passe his way off toun:
Foz he wold sæpe till he was gane,
The Dowglas then his way hes tane,
Right to the hozse as he him bad:
But he that him in kæping had,
Warned him well despiteously,
But he that wzaithes him angerly,
Felled him with a swozdes dynt,
And syne but ony longer stint,
The hozse he sadled hastely,
And lap on him delyuerly:
And passed fozth but leaue taking.
Deare GOD that is ouer all things King,
Saue him and shield him fra his faes:
All him alone the way he taes
Toward the towne of Lochmabane;
And a litle fra Ayrik stane,
The Bruce with a great rout he met,
He rade to Scone foz to be set
In kings stole, and to be King.
And when Dowglas saw his comming,
He rade and hailsed him in hy,
And lowted to him courteously,
And told him hailly all his state,
And what he was and als what gate,

Whe

The Clyfturd held his heritage,
And that he came to make homage
To him, as to his righteous King,
And that he boun was in all thing
To take with him both good and ill.
And when the Bruce had heard his will.
He receiued him in great dayntie,
And men and armes to him taught he.
He trowed well he ſhould be worthy,
For all his frends were ay doughty.
Thus gate made they their acquaintance,
That neuer yet for no miſchance
Departed while they liuing waire.
Their friendſhip ay wart more and maire:
For he ſerued ay lælely,
And the other ay wilfully
That was both worthy, wight and wiſe,
Rewarded him well his ſeruice.
The Lord the Bruce to Glaſgow rade,
And ſent about him till he had
Of his frends a great menye.

Coronatio Regis ROBERTI.

And then to Scone in hy rade he,
And was made King but longer let,
And in the Kings ſtole he was ſet:
As in that time was the maneir,
But of their noble and great affeir,
Their ſeruice nor their royaltie,
He ſall heare now nothing of me.
Duttane that he, of the Barnage
That hidder came toke their homage,
And ſyne he went ouer all the land,
Friends and friendſhip purchaſand:
To maintaine that he had begun.

He

Hée wist ere all the lands were win,
That hee should finde hard barganing
With him that was of England King:
For there was none in life so fell,
So proud, so hie, and so cruell.
And when to King Edward was told,
How that the Bruce that was so bold:
Had brought the Cumyng to an ending,
And how hée had syne made him King,
Out of his wit hee yéd full nære,
And syne gart call him Sir Aymeere,
Of Wallans, that was wise and wight,
And of his hands a doughty Knight,
And bade him men and Armes ta,
And in all hy to Scotland ga,
And burne, and sla, and raise Dungeoun,
And hecht all Fife in warisoun
To him, that might outher take or sla,
Robert the Bruce that was his fa.
Sir Aymer did as hée him bade,
Greit Cheualry with him hée had,
With him was Philip the Mowbray,
Sir Ingrayme Vmfraywile perfay,
That was both wise and als worthie,
And fulfild of greit Cheualrie,
And of Scotland the most party,
They had into their Company.

The first Speaking of King *Robert* with Sir *Aymer*

FOr yet then mekle of the Land
Was into the Englishmens hand.
To Perth they went into a rout,
That then was walled all about,

With

With fell Towres right hie battailled,
For to defend if it wers sailyeid,
Therein dwelt Sir Aymery
With all his great Cheualry,
The King Robert wist he was there,
And what kin Chiftanes with him were,
He assembled all his menye,
And had feill folke of great bountie:
But their foes were mo than they,
By fiftæne hunder as I heard say:
And yet he had there at that néd,
Feill folke that doughtie were indéd,
And Barons that were bauld as Baire,
Two Erles als was with him there
Of Lennox, and Athol were thay
Edward the Bruce was there alsway,
Thomas Randell and Hew de la Hay,
And good Sir Dauid de Barclay,
Fresell, Somerwell, and Inchemertine,
Iames of Dowglas there was syne,
That then was but of litle might,
And other feill forcie men in fight:
Als was good Cristall of Setoun,
And Robert Boyde of great Renown:
And other feill men of mækle might,
But I cannot tell what they hight.
Though they were few they were worthy,
And fulfilde of great Cheualry,
And in battell in good array,
Before Saint Iohnstoun they lay:
And bad Sir Aymer ish and fight:
And he that in his mækle might
Trusted on them that were him by,
Bade his men arme them hastely:

But

But Sir Ingrayme of Vmfrawile,
Thought it was all too great perill,
In plaine battell to them to go,
While that they were arrayde also:
And to Sir Aymer then said he,
Sir, gif that ye will trow to me,
Ye shall not ish them to assailye:
Till they are purvayed in battailye:
For their leader is wise and wight,
And of his hand an noble Knight,
And he hes in his company
Mony a good Knight and worthy,
That shall be hard for to assay
While they are in so good array:
For it sould be full mekle might
That now should put them to the flight.
For when they folke are well arrayed,
And for the battell are purvayed,
With thy that they all good men be
They sall far more be auisie,
And well more to be dred then thay
Were set some deill out of array.
Therefore ye may gar say them till,
That they may this night gif they will,
Gang harbrie them, and slæpe and rest,
And on the morne but longer frist,
Ye shall ishe forth to the battaile,
And feght with them but gif they faile.
So sall they wend to their harbrie,
Some sall to Forray passe sickerlie.
And they that dwells at the ludging,
Gif they come out of trauelling,
Sall in short time vnarmed be,
Then on our best maner may we

With

With all our faire Chevalry
Ryd toward them full hardely:
And they that wenes to reſt all night,
When they ſée vs arrayde to fight,
Comming on them ſo ſuddenly,
They ſhall afrayde be grætumly,
And ere they knit in battell be,
We ſall ſpæd vs ſic ſoꝛt that we
Sall be all readie foꝛ to ſemble,
That ſome foꝛ eryneſſe ſall tremble,
When he aſſailyde is ſuddenly,
That with auiſement is doughty.

The Ludging of King *Robert* in the Parke of *Methwen*.

AS he deuiſed, ſo haue they done,
And to them outwith ſent he ſone:
And bad them harbꝛie them that night,
And on the moꝛne come to the fight.
When they ſaw they might doe no mair,
Toward Methwen ſone can they fare:
And in the Wood them lodged thay,
The third part went to the Forray:
And the laue ſoone vnarmed were,
And ſkailed to lodge them here and there.
Sir Aymer then but moꝛe abade,
With all the folke he with him had,
Iſched enfoꝛcedly to the fight,
And rade into a randoun right,
The ſtraight way toward Methwen
The King that was vnarmed then,
Saw them come on enfoꝛcedly,
And to his men can highly cry.

To

To armes swyth, and make you yaire,
Heere at our hand our foes are:
And they did so in full great hy,
And on their horse lept hastely:
The King displayed his baner,
When that his folke assembled were.
He said, Lordings, now may ye see
That yon folke through subtiltie,
Shapes them to doe with slight,
Ifthat they dread to doe with might.
Now perceiue I, that who will trow
His sa, it sall him sometime grow:
And noght for thy, though they be feill,
GOD may right well our werdes deill:
For multitude makes no victory,
As men haue red in mony Story.
As few folke oft haue vanquisht ma,
Trow ye that we sall doe right sa,
Ye are ilkane wight and worthie
And called of great Cheualrie,
And wate right well what honour is,
Worke ye therefore on sic a wise,
That your honour be saued ay,
And one thing will I to you say,
That he that dies for his Countrie,
In hight of heauen sall harbred be.
When this was said they saw cummand,
Their foes ryding at their hand,
Arrayed right anisedly,
Wilfull to do Cheualry.

THE

The Battell of *Methwen*, and the first Discomfite of King *Robert*.

On either side thus were they there,
And to assemble readie were:
They straght their speares on either side,
And so rudely can raging ryde,
That Speares all to frushed are,
And feill men dead and wounded saire,
The blod out of the beirnes braist,
Of best and of the worthiest,
That wilfull were to win honour,
Plunged into that stalwart stour,
And routes rude about them dang,
Men might haue seene into that thrang:
Knights that wight and worthie were,
Under Horses fete defouled there.
Some wounded and some all dead,
The grasse wart all of blod all red:
And they that held on Horse in hy,
Swapped out Swords deliueredly,
And so fell strokes gaue and toke,
That all the rinke about them shoke,
The Bruces folke full hardely,
Shawed their great Cheualry:
And he himselfe attour the laue,
So hard and heauie dints gaue,
That where hee came they made him way,
His men them put to hard assay,
To stint their foes mækle might:
Than they so fair had of the fight:
That they wan place aye mair and mair.
The Kings small folke nære vanquicht were.
And where the King his folke hes seene,
Begin to failye, for proper teene:

To his

To his Enſenye can highlie crie,
And in the ſtour ſo hardelie.
Ye raged till allthe ſemble ſhoke,
Ye all ſo hew'd that he ouertoke:
And dang on them while he might dree,
And to his folke he cryed hie.
On them, on them, they feble fall,
This bargane may no longer lall,
And with that word ſo wilfullie,
Ye dang on them ſo hardelie:
That who had ſeene him in that fight,
Sould hold him for a doughtie Knight:
Bot though he ſtout was, and hardie,
And other als of his companie,
There might no worſhip there auailie,
For there ſmall folke all haill they failie.
And fled and ſkailled here and there,
But the good that eſcaped were,
Baide fighting in that ſtalwart ſtour,
To conqueſſe them endleſſe honour.
And when Sir Aymer he hath ſeene,
The ſmall folke fleeing haill bedeene,
And ſaw ſo few abide the fight,
Ye drew to him monie a Knight,
And in the ſtour ſo hardelie,
Ye ruſhed with his companie,
That he ruſhed his foes ilkane.
Sir Thomas Randell there was tane,
That then was a young batcheler,
And Sir Alexander the Fraſer,
And Sir Dauid the Barclay,
Inchemertine and Hew de la Hay,
And Somerwell, and other ma,
And the King himſelfe alſwa,

Was set into so hard essay,
Through good Sir Philip the Mowbray,
That rade to him full hardelie:
And hint his renyie, and then can cry:
Helpe, helpe, I haue thee now made King,
With that came griding in a ling,
Christill of Setoun when hee so
The King saw seased with his foe,
To Sir Philip sic routes hee rought,
That thought hee was of meekle mought,
Hee gart him stakker dastlie,
And had to eird gane haillelie:
War not hee held him by the steed,
Out of his hand the bridle yeed,
And the King his Enseigne can cry,
Relieu'd his men that stood him by,
That were so few that they not might,
Indure the force more of the fight.
They pricked then out of the preasse,
And the King that all angrie was:
For hee his men saw flee him fro,
Said then, Lordings, sen it is so
That weere runneth againe vs heere,
God is wee passe off their danger,
While God vs send eftsones some grace,
And it may fall, if they will chace.
Quite them combate some deill wee shall.
To that word they assented all.
And from them walloped vppermere,
Their foes also they wearie were:
That of them all they chased nane.
But with prisoners that they had tane,
Right to towne they held the way,
Right glade and joyfull of their Prey.

That night they lay all in the towne.
There was none of so greit renowne,
Nor none so hardie of them all.
That durst harbrie without the wall:
So dread they sore the gane comming
Of Sir Robert the doughtie King,
And to the King of England sone,
They wrote haillie as they had done:
And hee was blyth of that tything,
And for despite bade drawe and hing
All the prisoners, though they were mo,
But Sir Aymer did nothing so:
To some both life and land gaue hee,
To leaue the Bruce and his fewtie,
And serue the King of England,
And of him for to hold their land:
And warie the Bruce as their foe,
Thomas Randell was one of tho.
That for his life became their man,
And others that were taken then,
Some they ransomde, and some they slew,
And some hanged, and some they drew.

In this maner rebuted was
The Bruce that greit mourning mais:
For his men that were slaine and tane,
And hee was also will of wane:
For hee trowde in none sikkerlie,
Except them of his companie
That were so few they scarce might bee,
Fiue hunder men of haill menyie,
His brother also was him by,
Sir Edward that was so worthie,
And with him was a bold Baroun,
Sir William the Halyburtoun,

The Erle of Atholl he was there:
Bot ay sen they discomfite were.
The Erle of Lennox was away,
And was put to full hard assay,
Ere he met with the King againe,
Bot alwayes as a man of maine,
He him maintained manfully,
The King had in his company
James also Lord of Dowglas
That wise, wight, and worthy was.
Sir Gilbert de la Hay alswa,
Sir Neill Campbell and other ma:
That I their names cannot tell,
And Outlawes went to daill and fell,
Dreing in the mountaines pine,
And eat flesh, and dranke water syne,
He durst not into plaines ga,
For all the Commons went him fra:
That for their liues were full faine,
To passe to English peace againe.
So fares it alwayes commonly,
In Commons may no man affy,
Bot he that may their warrand be:
So fare they then with him, for he
Them fra their foes might not warrand,
They turned all to the other hand,
Bot thraldome that men gart them feele,
Gart them ay yarne, that he fare well.

THus in the hilles liued he,
Till the most part of his Menye
Was reuen and rent, and no schoone had,
Bot as they then of Hydes made:
Therefore they went to Aberdene,
Where Neill the Bruce came, & the Queen

And other Ladies faire and pleasand,
Ilkone for loue of their husband:
And for læle loue and loyaltie,
Partner of their paines would be.
They choosed rather with them to ta
Anger and paines, than be them fra:
Syne loue it is of sik a might,
That it does all the paines make light,
And mony times makes tender wight,
Als of sik strength, and of sik might:
That they may mœkle paine indure,
And to forsake none auenture,
That euer may fall: with thy that thay
Therethrough succour their liues may.
¶ Wen reades when Thebes was tane,
And King Adrestus men were slaine,
That allieged the Citie,
All the women of his Countrie,
Came for to fetch him home againe.
When they heard all his folke was slaine,
Where that the King Campeus
Through the Dast of Menestheus,
That came through cace ryding them by,
With thræ hunder in company,
That through the Kings prayer assailyéd,
And yet to take the towne had failyéd,
War not the wiues that thrilde the wall,
With pikkes where the assailyeours all
Entred and destroyed the toun,
And slew the people but ransoun:
Syne when the Duke his waies was gane
And all the Kings men were slaine:
The Wiues had him to his Countrie,
Where was no liuing man but he,

In women mækle comfort lies,
And great ſolace in mony wiſe.
So fell it here for their comming
Comforted gretumly the King:
For why euerilk night he woke.
And his reſt on the day he tooke,
A good while there he ſoiourne then,
And eaſed wonder well his men,
While that the Engliſhmen heard ſay,
That he there with his menyie lay:
At all kin eaſe, and ſikkerly,
Their Maſt aſſembled they in hy.
And trowed there him to ſuppriſe:
But he that in his dædes was wiſe,
Wiſt, they aſſembled were, and whare:
And wiſt that they ſo monie were:
That he might not againſt them fight:
His men in hy he gart them dight,
And buſke them of the toun to ride,
The Ladies rade hard by his ſide:
Then to the hilles they held their way,
Where great default of meat had thay:
Bot worthie Iames of Dowglas,
Ay trauellde he, and buſie was,
For to purchaſe the Ladies meat:
And æles in monie wiſe wald get:
For whyles venniſon he them broght,
And with his hands whyles he wroght.
Girnes to take Geddes, and Salmons,
Troutes, Eeles, and Menons,
And whyles they went to the Forray,
And ſo their meat purchaſed thay
Ilke man trauellde for to get,
And purchaſt them that they might eat,

But of all that euer there were,
There was not one among them there,
That with the Ladies moze praisde was,
Than was Sir Iames of Dowglas:
And the King oft comfozted was
Throughh his wit, and his businesse,
On this maner then gouernde they,
Till they came to the head of Tay,

How *Iohn* of *Lorne* discomfist King *Robert*.

THe Lozd of Lorne winned thereby,
That was Capitall enemie,
To the King foz his Emes sake
Iohn the Cumyng, and thought to take
Weng ance vpon cruell manære.
When the King wist hæ was so nære:
Hæ assembl d his Men in hy,
And had into his companie,
The Barons of Argyle alswa.
They were a thousand well and ma,
That come foz to suppzesse the King,
That was well ware of their comming,
But all to few with him hæ had:
And yet hæ boldlie them abade:
And feill of them at their first mæting
Was laid at eird but recouering:
The Kings folke full well them bare,
And slew and feill wounded sare:
But the folke of the other partie
Faught with ares so fellounly:
Foz they on foote were euerilkane,
But they feill of their Hozse hes slaine,
And to some gane they wounds wide,
Iames of Dowglas was hurt that tid,

And als Sir Gilbert de la Hay,
The King his men saw in affray,
And his Ensenye right fast gan cry:
And in the stour full hardelie,
Hæ rade, and rushed among them all,
And feill of them there gart hee fall:
But when hæ saw they were so fell.
And saw them so greit dints deale,
Hee dread to tine his men for thy,
His solke to him hee can rely.
And said Lordings, it folly were,
To vs for to assemble mare:
For they feill of our Horse haue slaine,
And if wee feght with them againe:
Wæ shall tyne of our small Menzie,
And our selues shall in perill bæ,
Therefore mæ thinke most according,
To withdraw vs, wæ defending,
Till wee come out of their danger,
Our strength is at our hand well neere.
Then they withdrew them haillelie:
But that was nothing cowartly,
For samin into a sop held they,
And the King him abandound ay,
To defend behind his Menyie:
And through his worthip so wrought hæ,
That hæ rescued all the flæars,
And so astonisht all the chasers.
That none durst ont of battell chase:
For at their hand alwayes hæ was.
So well defended hæ his men,
That who so euer had seene him then
Prowe so worthie vassalage:
And turne so oft-time his visage,

Hée ſhould ſay, hée ought well to bée,
A King of full greit Royaltie.
WHen that the Lord of Lorne ſaw,
His men ſtand of him ſik aw,
That they durſt not follow the chaſe.
Right angrie in his heart hée was.
And ſair wondred that hee ſhould ſo,
Stoney them him allone but moe,
Hée ſaid, Hée thinke Martheokes ſonne,
Right as Golmakmorne was wonne,
To haue from Fyngall his menyie,
Right ſo from vs all his, hes hée,
Hée ſet enſample thus him lyke,
The whilk hée might moze manerlyke,
Likened him to Gaudifer Delatyſe:
When that the mightie Duke Betyſe
Aſſayed in Gaders the Forrayours,
And when the King them made recourſe:
Duke Betyſe toke on him the flight,
And would no moze abide the fight,
But good Gaudifer the wozthie
Abandound him ſo hardelie.
Foz to reſcue all the flæars:
And foz to aſtoney the chaſers:
That Alexander to eird hée bare,
And ſo did hee Ptolome there,
And good Corneus alſo,
Danchine, and alſo other moe,
Eut at the laſt there ſlaine hée was,
In that failzied the liklineſſe.
Foz that the King Cheualruoſly,
Defended all his companie,
That was ſet in full greit danger,
And yet eſcaped haill and fære.

How

Howe the King ſlewe the three men that ſwore his death.

TWo brether were into the land,
That were the hardieſt of hand,
There were in all that ſame Countrie:
And they had ſworne if they might ſee
The Bruce and him ouer ta,
That they ſhould die, or then him ſla,
Their Surname was Makindorſer,
That is als meekile to ſay heere,
As Durwarts ſonnes perfay,
Of their conuéene the third had they:
That was right ſtout, ill and felloun.
When they the King of greit renoun
Saw ſo behind his Menzie ride,
And ſaw him turne ſo mony a tide,
They abade ay while that hee was
Entred into a narrow place,
Betwirt a Loch and a narrow Bra,
That was ſo ſtrait I vnderta,
That hee might not well turne his Stéed:
Then with ane will to him they yéed,
And ane him by the Bridle hint:
But hee raught to him ſik a dint,
That arme and ſhoulder flaw him fra,
With that another can him ta
By the Leg, and his hand can ſhote
Betwirt the ſtirop and his foote,
And when the King felt there his hand,
In ſteroppes ſtythlie can hee vp ſtand.
And ſtrake with Spurres his Stéed in hy,
And hee lanced deliueredly:
So that the other failzied feete.
And nought for thy his hands was yet,

Vnder the ſterop magre his.
The third in full greit hy with this,
Right to the braes ſide hæ yæd.
And ſtert behind him on a Steed.
The King was then in full greit preaſſe,
The whilk bethought, as hæ that was.
In all his dædes auiſie,
To doe an outragious bountie:
Hee hint him that behind him was,
And magre him hee can him raiſe.
From behind him though hæ had ſworne,
And laid him euen him beforne:
Syne with his ſword ſic dints him gaue.
That hee the head till harnes claue.
Hæ ruſhed downe of blood all red,
As hee that ſtound felt of the dead:
And then the King in full greit hy,
Strake at the other bigorrallie,
And at the firſt ſtrake hee him ſlew,
That hee after his ſterop drew.
On this wiſe him deliuered hee,
Of all theſe felloun foes thræ.
WHen Iohn of Lorn hes ſeen ȳ King
Set for himſelfe ſo greit helping,
And defend him ſo manfully:
Was none among them ſo hardie:
That durſt aſſailzie him more in fight,
So dred they of his mækle might.
There was a Baroun Maknaghtane,
That in his heart greit kæpe hes tane
Vnto the Kings greit Cheualrie,
And praiſde him in his heart greitly,
And to the Lord of Lorne ſaid hee.
Surelie Sir may now yæ ſæ

Betane the ſtarkeſt pondlayne
That in your lifetime ye ſaw tane,
For yon knight through his doughtie déd
And through his courragious mânhéd,
Hes felled into a litle tide
Thræ men of mækle might and pride,
And ſtoneyed all our menyie ſwa,
That efter him dare no man ga,
And turnes ſo mony time his Stéd,
It ſæmes of vs he hes no dread.
Then can the Lord of Lorne ſay,
It ſæmes it likes thæ perfay,
That he ſlayes yone gate our menyie.
Sir ſaid he, ſo our Lord me ſæ,
To ſaue your peace, it is not ſa,
Bot whether he be friend or fa,
That winnes praiſe of Chevalrie,
Men ſould ſpeake thereof lækely,
And ſikkerly in all my time,
I heard neuer in ſong, nor ryme,
Tell of a man that ſo ſmertly,
Enchæfed ſo great Chevalry.
Sik ſpeaking of the King they made,
And he efter his menyie rade,
And to ſic ſauitie them led,
Where he his foes nothing dred:
And they of Lorn againe are gane,
Mæning the ſkaith that they had tane.
The King that night his watches ſet,
And gart ordaine that they might eat.
And bade them comfort to them take,
And at their nights merie make:
For diſcomfort as then, ſaid he,
Is the wyrſt thing in world may be:

For

For through mækle discomforting,
Men ofttimes falles in desparing.
And fra a man despared be,
Then vtterly vanquisht is he:
And fra the heart be discomfite,
The bodie is not worth a myte:
Therefore he said, attour all thing,
Kæpe you well from discomforting,
And thinke, though we now harmes fæle,
That GOD may yet relieue vs well.
Men reades oft of mony that were
Far harder sted, then wee yet are:
And syne our LORD sik grace them lent,
That they came well to their intent:
For Rome vmwhile so hard was sted,
When Hannibal them vanquisht had:
That of Kings with rich stane,
That was off Knights fingers tane,
He send three bolles to Carthage,
And syne to Rome tooke his voyage,
For to destroy the Citie all,
And they within both great and small,
Had fled when they saw his comming,
Had not bene Scipio the ying,
That ere they fled would them haue slaine,
And so he turned them againe:
And syne for to defend the Citie,
Thrilled, and seruants made he frée,
And made them Knights euerilkane:
And of the Temple syne hes tane,
The armes that their Elders bare,
In name of victorie effæred there.
And when they armed were and dight,
Thay stalwart Carles were and wight,

And saw that they were frée alswa,
They thought that they had rather ta
The dæd: than let the toun be tane:
And with common assent as ane,
They ished of the toun to fight,
Where Hanniball of mækle might,
Against them arrayed was:
Bot through the might of Gods grace,
It rainde so hard and so heauie,
That there was none so hardie.
That durst then into the plaine abide,
But sped them all in hy to ride.
The one part to the Pallioums,
And the other part to the tounes.
The raine thus letted the fighting:
So did it twise thereafter syne.
When Hanniball saw this ferly,
With all his great Cheualry,
He left the towne, and held his way,
And syne was put to sik assay,
Through the power of that Citie,
That his life and his land tint he,
Sen so whæne and so bulworthie
Man sik a knight, and so mightie:
Ye may well by example sée,
That no man sould despared be,
Nor let his heart be vanquisht all:
For no mischiefe that euer may fall:
For nane wate in how litle spacs,
That GOD will sometime send his grace,
Had they fled and their wayes tane,
Their foes sould the toun haue tane:
Therefore men that wæring are,
Sould set their intent euermare,

To stand

To ſtand againſt their foes might,
Outher with ſtrength or els with ſlight:
As they thinke to come to purpoſe,
And gif that they were ſet in choſe,
To die or to liue cowardly,
They ſhould erer die Cheualrouſly.
THus gate them comforted the King,
And to comfort them in can bring,
Old Stories of men that were
Set into hard aſſayes feere,
And that Fortoun contraried faſt,
And came to purpoſe at the laſt:
Therefore he ſaid, that he that would
Their harts vndiſcomfite hald,
Hould ay thinke Ithingly to bring
All their purpoſes to good ending.
As whylum did Ceſar the worthie,
That trauellde ay ſo buſilie,
With all his might following to make
End of the purpoſe that he would take
That him thought he had done right noght
Ay to doe while he left ought:
For thy great things enchæued he,
As men may in his Storie ſee,
Men may ſee by his Ithand will,
And it ſould als accord to ſkill,
That who takes purpoſe intierly,
And followes on it Ithandly:
Withoutten fainting or falding,
With thy it be cunnable thing,
Bot he the more be vnhappie,
He ſall enchæue it be partie
Haue he lifedaies it may befall,
That he ſall well enchæue it all.

For they should none haue desparing,
For to enchœue a full greit thing:
For if it fall, hee therefore failye,
The fault may ly in his travailye,
HEe preached to them on this maner,
And fainzied to make better cheare,
Then hee had matter to, be far,
For his cause yeed from ill to war,
They were ay in so hard trauaile,
While the Ladies began to faile:
That might the trauele dree no mare,
So did other als that were there,
The Erle Iohn was one of thay,
Of Atholl, when that hee saw say,
The King thus bee discomfist twise,
And so feill folke against him rise,
And leaue him in sik trauell and dout,
His heart began to faill all out:
And to the King vpon a day,
Hée said, if I durst to you say,
Wee liue into so meekle dread,
And of meat hes so meekle need,
And is ay in sik trauelling,
With Cald and Hunger and waking,
That I set of my selfs in so,
I count not of my life a stro.
Thir angers may I no more dree.
For thought mee worthed therefore to die.
I mon sojourne where euer it bee.
Leaue mee thereto for Charitie,
The King saw that hee thus gate failzied,
And that hee was so sair trauailyied,
Hee said Sir Erle wee shall soone see,
And ordaine how it may best bee.

Where euer yee bee our Lord you send
Grace, from your foes you to defend.
With that in hy to him calde hee,
They that were to him most priuie,
Then among them they thought it best,
And ordainde for the likeliest,
That the Queene and the Erle also,
And the Ladies in hy should go,
With Neill the Bruce to Kildromy
For they thought they should sikkerly
Dwell there, while they were vittaild well
For so starke was the Castell.
That it with strenth was hard to get,
While that within were men and meat,
As they ordainde they did in hy,
The Queene and all her company,
Lap on their Horse, and forth they fare,
Men might haue seen who had been there,
At lieue taking Ladies grat,
And made cheekes with teares wat:
And Knights for their loues sake
Both sigh and weepe, and mourning mak.
They kist their loues at their departing,
The King bethought him of a thing
That hee fra thyne on fote would goe,
And take on foot both well and woe,
And would no Horsemen with him haue,
From them there all haill they gaue,
To the Ladies that mister had.
The Queene forth her wayes rade,
And safelie came to the Castell,
Where her folke were receiued well,
And eased well with meat and drinke:
Yet might none ease let her to thinke

On the King that so hard was stad,
That but two hunder with him had.
The whilke them well gouerned ay,
God helpe them that all mights may.

The paine of King *Robert* among the Mountaines

THe Quéene dwelt thus in Kildromie,
And the King and his companie.
They were two hunder and no mo,
Fra they had sent their Horse them fro:
Wanred among the hie mountaines,
Where hee and his oft tholled paines:
For it was to the Winter néere,
And so fell foes about them were,
That all the Countrie them weirrayed.
With so hard noy they them assayed.
Of hunger, cold, and shoures snell,
Is none that liues that can tell,
The King saw how his men were stad,
And what annoy else that they had:
And saw was Winter drawing néere,
And that hée might on no manére,
Dzée in the Hilles the cold lying,
Nor yet the long nights waking,
Hée thought hée would to Kintyre gone,
And so long sojourne there to mone,
While Winter weather were away,
And then hée thought but more delay,
In the maneland for to arriue,
And to the end his weirds driue.
And for Kintyre lyes in the sea,
Sir Neill Campbell before sent hée,
For to get him Nauing and meat,
A certaine time to him hee set,

When hée should mæt him at the sea,
Sir Neill Campbell with his Menzie,
Went his way but moze letting.
And left his bzother with the King,
And in ten dayes so trauelde hée,
That hée gate shipping good plentie,
And vittaile in greit abundance,
So made hée Noble Chenisance:
Foz his friends winned thereby,
That helped him full willingly.

How the King past ouer *Lochlowmond*.

THe King after that hée was gane,
To Lochmabene the way hes tane:
And came there on the third day:
But there about no Boat fand they,
That might them ouer the Water beare,
Then were they noyed in greit maner.
Foz it was far about to ga,
And they were into doubt alswa:
To mæte their foes that spzed were wide,
Therefoze endlang the Loch side,
They sought so busilie and so fast,
While Iames of Dowglas at the last,
Fand a litle sinking Bait,
And it to land they dzew full hait:
But it so little was, that it
Might but thzée ouer the Water sit.
They send thereof wozd to the King,
That was joyfull of that finding:
And first into the Baite is gone,
With him Dowglas: the third was one,
That rowed them ouer deliuerlie,
And set them on the land all dzie:

And

And rowed so oft syes to and fra,
Fetching ay ouer twa and twa:
That in a night and in a day,
Commed ouer the Loch are thay:
For some of them could swomme full well,
And on his back beare a Fardell,
So with swomming and with rowing,
Thay brought them ouer, & all their thing.
The King a whyle merily,
Read to them that was him by,
Romanes of worthie Feventheas,
That worthely ouercommen was,
With the right doughtie Olyuer,
And how the doughtie Dutchpeeres were,
Assieged into Egrymor,
Where King Lanyn lay them before,
With mo thousands than I can say,
And but eleuen with him were thay,
And a woman: that were so stad,
That they no meat there with them had:
But as they fra their foes it wan.
Yet they conteined so them than,
That they the toun held manely,
While that Richard of Normandy,
Wagre his foes warned the King,
That was ioyfull of that tything:
For he weind they had all bene slaine,
Therefore he turned in by againe:
And wan Monetribill and past Flagote:
And syne Lauyn, and all his flote,
Despiteously discomfite he,
And deliured his men all free.
And wan the Saules and the Speare,
And the Crowne that IESUS beare,

And of the Crosse a great partie,
He wan through his great Cheualrie.
The good King vpon this maner,
Comforted them that were with him nære,
And made him gaming and solace,
While that his men ouerpassed was.
When they had past the Water braide,
Suppose they feill of foes had,
They made them merie, and was blyth,
Yet not for thy full feill lyth,
They had full great defaute of meat,
And therefore Venison to get,
In twa parts are they gane.
The King himselfe was into ane,
And good Sir Iames of Dowglas,
Into the other partie was,
Then in the hight they held their way.
And hunted lang whyle of the day,
They sought Shawes, and feattes set:
Wot litle good gate they to eat.
Then hapned in that time throughfare,
That the Erle of Lennox was,
Among the hilles neare thereby,
And when he heard sik blow and cry,
He had wonder what it might be,
And on sik maner spyed he,
That he knew well it was the King,
And then but ony more dwelling,
With all them of his company,
Right to the King he went in hy.
So blyth and so ioyfull, that he
Might on no maner blyther be:
For he the King weind had bæne dead,
And he was also will of read:

That

That he durſt reſt into no place,
Sen that the King diſcomfite was
At Methwen: he heard neuer tithing,
That euer certaine was of the King:
Therefore in full great daintie,
The King full homely hailſed he,
And he him welcommed right blythly,
And kiſſed him full tenderly,
And all the Lords that were there,
Were ioyfull of their mæting there.
And kiſſed him in great daintie,
It was great pitie for to ſée,
How they for ioy and pitie grat,
When that they with their fellowes met,
That they weind had bene dead: for thy
They welcommed him more hartfully:
And he for pitie grat againe:
That neuer of mæting was ſo faine.
Though I ſay, that they grat ſothly,
It was no græting properly,
For I trow traiſtly that græting,
Comes to men through miſliking:
And that none may but anger græt,
Bot it be women that can wæt
Their chækes, when them liſt with teares
The whilk oft times none ill them dæres.
Bot I wate right well but léeſing,
Where euer men hes of ſik græting,
That mækle ioy and great pitie,
May gar men ſo amoued be,
That water fra their heart will riſe.
And wæt their æne on ſik a wiſe,
That it is like to be græting,
Though it be not like in all thing.

For when men grætes inkerly,
The heart is sorowfull or angry:
Bot for pitie, I trow græting,
Be nothing but an opening
Of heart: that shawes the tenderne§,
Of reuth, thatin it closed is.
THe Barons vpon this maner,
Through Gods grace assembled were
The Erle had meat, and that plentie,
And with blyth heart, them it gaue he:
And they, eate it with full good will,
And sought none other sauce theretill,
Bot appetite that oft men takes,
For well scowred was their stomackes.
They ate and dranke sik as they had,
And to the Lord sik louing made,
And thanked him with full good cheare,
That they were met on that maner,
The King at them then asked yarne,
Sen he them saw, how they had farne:
And they full piteously can tell,
Of auentures that them befell:
And great annoyes. and pouertie.
The King thereat had great pitie,
And tauld them piteously againe,
The noy, the trauell, and the paine.
That he had tholed sen he them saw,
Was none among them hie, nor law:
But he hath pitie, and pleasance,
When he heard make remembrance
Of the perils that passed were.
For when men ought at liking are,
To tell of paines passed by,
Pleases the hearing wondrously.

And to rehearse their olde diseases,
Does them oft comfort, nor eases.
With thy thereto follow no blame,
Dishonour, Wickednes, nor Shame.

How the King past to the Sea, and how the Erle of Lennox was chaist.

After the meat some raise the King,
When hee had leaued his speaking,
And busked him with his Menzie,
And went in by toward the sea,
Wher Sir NeillCampbell some them met
Both with shippes and with meat,
Sailes, Aires, and other thing,
That was spædfull to their faring.
When shipped they withoutten mair,
Some went to Stære, and some to Aire,
And rowed about the Ile of Boote,
Men might sæ mony frælie fote,
About the Coastes there bowning,
As they on Aires were rowing.
And næues that stalwart were and square
That wont to span greit speares were.
So spanned Aires that men might sæ,
Fæle of their Hide left on the træ:
For all was doing, Knight and Knaue,
Was none that other disport might haue,
From Stære, from Aire and from rowing
To further them in their flitting,
But in the samine time that they,
Were shipped, as yee heard mæ say,
The good Erle of Lennox was,
(I cannot tell you through what cace)
Left behind all with his Baillay,
While the King was far on his way.

And when that they of his Countrie,
Wist, that so left behind was hee,
By sea with shippes they him sought,
And hee that saw that hee was nought
Of pith, to feght with these traitours:
And that hee had no nere succours,
Nor the Kings flote: for thy
Hee sped him after them in hy:
But the traitours him followed so,
That they well nere can him ouerta:
For all the might that hee might doe,
Aye nere and nere they came him to.
And when hee saw they were so neere:
That hee might well their ſmanance heare,
And saw them nere and nere come aye,
Then to his Menzie can hee say,
But if wee find some subtiltie,
Wee shall all sone ouertaken bee:
Therefore I rede but more letting,
That outtaken our arming.
Wee cast all thing into the sea,
And fra our ship so lighted bee,
Wee shall all row and speed vs so,
That wee shall well escape them fro,
With that they shall make dwelling,
Upon the sea to take our thing,
And wee shall row but resting aye,
Till wee escaped bee them fray
As hee diuised so haue they doone,
And their ship haue they lighted sone,
And rowed soone with all their might,
And when their ship was made so light.
Shee raiked sliding through the sea,
And when their foes can them see.

Befoze them alwayes maire and maire.
The things that there fleeting were
They toke and turned fyne againe,
And so they leesed all their paine.
WHen that the Erle on this maner,
And his Menzie escaped were.
After the King hee can him hy,
That then with all his companie
Into Kintyre arriued was.
The Erle hee told him all the cace,
Yow hee was chased on the sea,
With them that should his owne men bee:
And how hee had beene tane but dout,
War not it that hee wapped out.
All that hee had him light to ma,
And so escaped hee them fra
Sir Erle, said the King perfay,
If thou escaped is away,
Of thy tynsall is no plenyeing:
But I will tell thee well ane thing:
That there will fall thee greit folly,
To passe oft from my companie:
Foz oft syes when thou art away,
Thou art set in full hard assay:
Therefoze mee thinke it best foz thee,
To hold thee alway nære by mee.
Sir, said the Erle, it shall bee so,
I shall no wayes passe far you fro,
Till G D D giue grace wee bee of might,
Against our foes to hold our right.
ANgus of the Iles that time was syze
And Lord, and leader of Kintyre.
The King right well receiued hee,
And vndertake his man to bee:

And him and his on mony wise,
Yee abandounded to his seruice:
And for more sikkernesse gaue him syne,
His Castle of Donabardyne:
To dwell therein at his liking,
Full greitly thanked him the King.
And receiued his seruice:
Yet not for thy on mony wise,
Hee was dreading for treasoun aye:
And therefore as I heard men say,
Hee trusted in none sikkerlie,
While that hee knew him vtterlie.
But what kin dread that euer hee had,
Fair countenance to him hee made,
And in Donabardyne dayes three:
Hee sojourde still with his Menyie:
Syne gart his men all make them yare,
Toward Ranchoyn by sea to fare,
That is ane Ile into the sea,
And may well in the midway bee,
Betwixt Kintyre and Ireland,
Where als greit streames are rinnand,
And als perillous and mair,
For to saile them in ship fair,
And the greit Raes of Britanye,
Or Straites of Marroke into Spainye,
Their Shipes to sea they set,
And made readie but longer let,
Ankers, Rapes, both Saile, and Aire,
And all that needed to Ship-fare,
When they were boun, to ship they went,
The wind was well to their intent,
They raised Sailes, and swith they fare,
And by the Mule they passed there.

And entred ſone into the Raes,
Whereat the ſtorme ſo ſturdy was,
With waues wyde that bolning were,
Waltering as hilles here and there.
The ſhips ouer the waues ſlade,
For wind at will blowing they had:
But not for thy, who there had bene,
A great ſtertling he might haue ſéne
Of ſhips. For while ſome would be
Right on the waues ſummitie:
And ſome ſlade fra the hight ſo law,
Right as they downe to hell would draw:
Syne on the waues ſtert ſuddenly,
And other ſhips that were by,
Delyuerly dryfs to the Dépe,
It was great Cunning for to képe,
Their Takle into ſik a thrang,
And waite ſik waues ay amang,
That reft them oft ſight of the land,
When that they to it were marchand.
And when ſhips were ſayling nére,
The ſea would riſe on ſik maner:
That of the waues the waltering hight,
Would reaue them oft off their ſight:
Yet into Raughring ſikkerly,
They arriued ilkone ſafely,
Right blyth, and glade that they were ſa,
Eſcaped the hiddeous waues fra.

IN Raughring they arriued are,
And to the land they went but mare,
Armed vpon their beſt maner:
When the folke that there winning were,
Saw men of armes in their Countrie,
Arriue into ſik quantitie:

They

They fled in hy with their Cattell,
Right toward a ſtalward Caſtell,
That in the land was nere them by:
Men might heare women highly cry,
And flee with Cattell here and there:
Bot the Kings folke that were
Delyuer of foot, them can ouer-hy,
And them arreſted hailiely,
And brought them to the King againe.
So that none of them all was ſlaine.
Then with them treated ſo the King,
That they to fulfill his yarning,
Became his men euerilkane:
And hes him truely vndertane,
That they and theirs loude and ſtill,
Sould be in all things at his will:
And while him liked there to leind,
Euerilk day they ſould him ſend
Vittaile for thrée hunder men:
And ay for Lord they ſould him ken,
So that their Fortreſſes might be,
For all his men their owne frée.
The Cunnand on this wiſe was made,
And on the morne but longer bade:
Of all Raughring both man and page
Knéled, and made the King homage,
And therewith ſwore to him fewtie,
To ſerue him into léle lawtie:
And held him therewith léle Cunnand.
For while he dwelt into that land,
They gaue meat to his companie,
And ſerued him right faithfullie.

How

How the *Queene*, and other Ladies were tane, and prisoned, and her men slaine

AT Raughring leaue we now the King,
In rest withoutten barganing:
And of his foes a whyle speake we,
That throgh their might and their poustie,
Wade sik a persecutioun,
So hard, so straite, and so felloun,
On them, that to him louing were,
Or kyn or friend in ony maner.
That it to heare was great pitie,
For they spared none of no degrée,
That they trowed his friends were,
Nouther of the Kirke nor Seculare.
For of Glasgow Bishop Robert,
And Marcus of Maine they sythis spared
Both in fetters and in paisoun,
And als good Crisstall of Setoun
Into Lochdon betrayed was,
Through a Disciple of Iudas.
Maknaght a false Traitour that ay
Was with him dwelling night and day,
Whome to he made good company,
It was far war than traitourie,
For to betray sik a persoun,
So Noble, and of so good Renoun:
Bot thereof had he no pitie,
In Hell condemned mot he be.
For when he him betrayed had,
The Englishmen right with him rade
In hy in England to the King:
And gart draw him, and head and hing,
Withoutten pitie or mercie,
It was great sorrow sikkerlie,

That

That so worthie a person as he,
Sould in sik maner hanged be.
Thus gate ended the worthines
Of Craufurd als, Sir Reynald wes,
And Sir Bryse als of the Blaire,
Were hanged in a barne at Aire.
The Quœne and Dame Mariory,
Her Doughter that syne worthely,
Was coupled into Gods band,
With Walter Stewart of Scotland,
That would in no wise longer ly
In the Castle of Kildromy,
To bide a Siege. Bot ridyng faith
With Knights and with Squyars baith,
To Rosse, right to the gryth of Thane.
Bot that trauell they made in vane.
For they of Rosse they would not beare
For them no blame, nor no danger.
Out of the gryth them als hes tane,
And syne hes send them euerilkane:
Right into England to the King,
That gart draw all the men and hing,
And put the Ladies into prison,
Some in Castle and some in Dungeoun.
It was great pitie for to heare,
Folke troubled on sik maner.

How Englishmen sieged the Castell of Kildromy.

THat time was into Kildromy,
Good men that were wight, & worthy,
Sir Neill the Bruce this wate ye well,
And the Erle also of Atholl,
The Castle right well vittailde thay,
And meat, and fuell they can puruay:

And enfor

And enforced the Castell so,
That them thoght no strength might ta it,
And when it to the King was told
Of England: how they shoope to hold
The Castell: hee was all angry,
And calde his Sonne to him in hy,
The Eldest and appearand aire,
A young Batchler, starke and faire,
Sir Edward of Carnaluerane:
That was the starkest man of ane,
That might bee found in a Countrie:
Prince of Wales that time was hee,
And hee gart call Eries two,
Glocheſter and Hartfoorde were tho,
And bade them wend into Scotland,
And set a Siege with stalwart hand,
To the Castell of Kildromy,
And the holders all haillily,
Hee bade destroy them but raunsoun,
Or bring them to hir in prisoun.
WHē this mandament they had tane
They assembled an Host on ane:
And to the Castell went in hy,
And it allieged vigorously:
And mony a time it hard assailyied:
And yet to take it oft they failyied:
For they within were right worthie,
And them defended doughtely,
And repugned their foes oft againe:
Some baisled, some wounded, & some slain,
And mony a time ishe they would,
And bargaine at the Barras hold,
And wound their foes oft and sa,
Surely they them contemned sa,

That

That they thereout despaired were,
And through England againe to fare,
For so starke saw they the Castell,
And thought that it was weaponde well;
And saw the men defend them sa,
That they none hope had it to ta,
None had they done all that sessoun,
Gif it not war right false treasoun.
For there within was a Traitour,
A false Lurdane, a Losyngeour:
Osbarne to name made the tressoun,
I wate not for what enchesoun:
Nor whome with hee made the comuine,
But as they said, that were within,
Hee tooke a Coulter hoat glowing,
That red was in a fire burning:
And went into the meekle Hall,
That then with corne was fulles all.
And high vp in the mow it did,
But it full long was not there hid.
For men sayes oft that fire nor pride,
But disconering may no man hide:
For the pompe of the pride forthshawes,
Or else the greit boast as it blawes.
Nor there may no man fire so couer,
But it shall low or reeke discouer.
So it fell heere: for fire so cleare
Some through ỳ thicke boord can appeare.
First as a Sterne syne as a Moons,
And well braider thereafter sone.
The fire out son in bleases brast,
And the reeke raise so wonder fast:
The fire ouer all the Castell sprad,
There might with forces no man it red,

Then

When they within drew to the wall,
That at that time was battailde all
Within, right as it was without.
That battalling withoutten doubt,
Saued their liues, for to brake,
Fire-blasts that them would ouertake.
And when their foes that mischiefe saw
To armes went they in a thraw.
And assailled the Castell fast,
Where they durst come for fires blast;
But they within that mister had,
So great defence and worthie made,
That they full oft their foes rushed,
For no kin perill they refused.
Nor trauell for to saue their liues,
But Weird, that to the end all driues,
The Worlds things them so trauelled:
That they on two sids were assailled.
Within with fire, that them so brolyied:
Without with folke that them so tuilyied;
That they brint magre theirs the zet,
But for the fire that was so het,
They durst not enter so sone in-hy,
Therefore their folke they gart rely,
And went to rest for it was night,
Till on the morne that day was light.

AT sik mischiefe as yee may see,
Were they within, which was pitie,
They them defended doughtely:
Contemming them so manfully,
That they ere day throw mekill paine,
Had timmered vp the zat againe:
But on the morne when day was light.
And sunne was shinning faire and bright:

Then they without in haill battaile,
Came puruayed ready to assaile:
But they within they were so stad,
That they not meate nor fewell had.
Where with they might the Castell hald,
Treated first, and syne them yald,
To bee into the Kings will.
That aye to Scottish men was ill:
As sone after well was knawne:
For they were hanged all and drawne.
When this Cunnand thus treated was,
And affirmed with sikkernesse,
They toke them off the Castle sone,
And in short time so haue they done,
That all a quartter of Snawdoun,
Right to the eird they tumbled downe,
And toward England held their way:
But when that King Edward heard say,
How Neill the Bruce held Kildromy,
Against his sonne so stalwatrly,
Hee gathered greit Cheualry,
And toward Scotland went in hy.
And as hee in Northumberland,
Was with his greit rout rydand.
A sickneſſe tooke him by the way,
And put him to so hard assay,
That hee might neither gang nor ryde,
Him behoued magre his abyde,
Into an Hamelet was thereby,
A little towne and vnworthy,
With greit paine they him hither brought,
Hee was so stad, that he na moght
His breath but with greit paines draw:
Or speake but if it were well law.

But then he bad they ſould him ſay,
What place was that where he in lay.
Sir, they ſaid, Burgh in the ſand:
They call this place into this land.
Call they it Burgh, alas (ſaid he)
My hope is now forgone to me:
For I weind neuer to thole the paine
Of death: while I through mœkle maine,
The Burgh of Ieruſalem had tane,
My life there weind I ſould be gane.
In Burgh, I wiſt well I ſould die,
But I was neither wiſe nor ſlie,
To other Burghes help for to ta.
Now may I no wiſe further ga,
Thus plenyied he him of his folie,
As he had matter ſikkerlie.
When he weind to wit certaintie
Of it, that none might certein be.
Yet ſome men ſaid, incloſde he had
A Spreit that him an anſwere made,
Of things that he would inquyre:
But he was fole withoutten wœre,
That gaue traiſt to that Creature:
For Feynds are of ſik nature,
That they to Mankinde haue enuie:
For they will on no wiſe truelie,
That they that well are liuing here,
Sall win the Siege, where fra they were
Tumbled through their mœkle pride.
Wherethrough oft times will betide,
That when Feynds diſtrenyied are,
They will appeare, and make anſwere,
Through force of conjuration:
But they ſo falſe are, and ſo fellonn,

That they make ay their answering,
Into double vnderstanding,
To deceiue them that will them trow.
Ensample will I set you now,
Of a Were, as I heard tell,
Betwirt France and the Flemings fell.
The Erle of Flanders Mother was
A Negromancer, and Sathanas
She raised: and him asked syne,
What sould wozth of the feghtyne,
Betwirt the French King, and her Sonns.
And he (as all time he was wone)
Into deceit made her answere,
And said to her thir verses here.

Versus Belli de Bosbek.

Rex ruet in bello, tumulique carebit honore.
Ferrandvs (comitissa) tuus, mea chara Minerva,
Parisios veniet, magna comitante caterva.

This was the spæch he made persay.
And is in English thus to say.
The King sall fall in the feghting,
And sall failye honour of eirding,
And thy Ferrand, thy Nephew, my Dears,
Sall right to Paris wend but wéere:
Following him a great companie,
Of Noble men, and of wozthie.
This is the sentence of the Saw,
That he in Latine can her shaw.
He called her his deare Minerue.
Foz she was ay wont foz to serue
Him, till she læsed at his deuise:
And foz she made the samine seruice,

His Minerue and her called he:
And als through his subtilitie,
He cald her Deare, her to deceiue:
That she the titter should conceiue,
Of his speech the vnderstanding,
That most pleased to her liking.
His double speech her so deceiued,
That throughit her sonne the dead receiued:
For she was of his answere blyth,
And to her sonne she told it swyth,
And bade him to the battell spéd,
And he sould Victor be but dread:
And he that heard her sermoning,
Sped him in hy to the fighting.
Where he discomfite was and shent,
And taken and to Paris sent:
But in the fighting not for thy,
The King through his Cheualry,
Was laid at eird and laimed baith:
But his men horsed him well raith.
And when Ferrandus Mother heard,
How her sonne in the battell farde:
And that he was so discomfite:
She raisde the ill Spirit tyte,
And asked him why he lyed had,
Of the answere he to her made,
And he said, that he said sooth all.
I said héé, that the King sould fall
In the battell, and so did he,
And failyéd eirding, as men may sée,
And I said héé, that thy sonne sould go
To Paris: and he did right so:
Following him sik a menyie,
That neuer in his lifetime, he

Had sik a Wenye into leading.
Now sæs thou, I made no læsing.
The Wife conuicted was perfay,
And durst no moze to him then say.
Thus gate through double vnderstanding,
That bargaine came to sik ending,
That the one part deceiued was.
Right so fell it vpon this cace,
At Ierusalem trowed he,
Grauen into the Burgh to be,
At the whilk Burgh into the sand,
He swelt right in his owne land.
And when he to the death was nære,
The folke that at Kildromy were,
Came with the prisoners they had tane:
And sone vnto the King are gane,
And for to comfort him they tauld,
How they the Castle to them yald:
And how they to his will were brought,
To doe with them what euer him thought.
Asked what they sould with them do:
Then looked he angerlie them to,
And said girning, gar hang and drawe.
It was great wonder of sik saw:
That he, that to the death was nære,
Sould answere vpon sik maner,
Withoutten meaning of mercie:
How might he trust on him to crie,
That soothfastlie dæmes all thing,
To haue mercie for his crying.
Of him that through his fellonie,
Into sik point had no mercie.
His men his mandament haue done,
And he died thereafter soone.

And syne was brought to Burying,
His Sonne syne after him was King.

How *Iames* of *Dowglas* past into *Arrane*.

TO King Robert againe goe wée
In Raughring with his Menzie
Lay, till al the winter neer was gan
And of that Ile his meat hes tane
Iames of Dowglas was angrie,
That they so long should idle lie.
And Sir Robert Boyd said hée,
The poore folke of this Countrie,
Are Charged vpon greit maner,
Of vs that idle lyes here.
I haue heard say: that in Arrane,
In a strong Castle made of stane,
Are Englishmen, that with strong hand,
Holds the Lordship of that Land.
Goe wée hidder, and well may fall,
Annoy them in some thing wée shall.
Sir Robert said, I grant theretill,
To ly here moire were little skill:
Therefore to Arrane passe will wée.
For I know right well the Countrie,
And the Castle also know I.
Wee shall come there so priuilie,
That they shall haue no perceiuing,
Nor yet knowledge of our comming,
And wée shall neere inbushment bee,
Where wee their comming well may sée.
So shall it on no maner fall,
But catch them in some wise wee shall:
With that they busked them on ane,
And at the King their leaue hes tane.

And went ſone foorth vpon their way,
Into Kintyre ſone come are they:
Syne rowed alwaes by the land,
While that the night was nære at hand,
Then to Arrane they held their way,
And ſafely their arrived they.
And in a Glen their Gaillay dreugh,
And ſyne it hailled well eneugh.
Their Takle aires, and all their Stære,
They had all on the ſame maner:
And held their way then in the night,
So that ere Day was dawen light:
They were enbuſht the Caſtle nære,
Armed vpon their beſt maner:
And though they wet were and weary,
And long faſting all hungrie:
They thought to hold them all priuie.
Untill that they their time might ſæ,
Sir Iohn the Haſtings at that tide,
With Knights of full mækle pride,
And with Squyers and Yemanrie,
And had a well greit company:
Was in the Caſtle of Brathwyke:
And oft time when it would him lyke,
Hæ went to hunt with his menyie,
And ſo the Land abandoundhæ.
That none durſt warne to doe his will,
Hee was into the Caſtle ſtill,
The time that Iames of Dowglas,
So nære hand by enbuſhed was,
So hapned at that time through chance,
That with vittaile and purveyance,
And with clæthing and als arming,
The day before in the Euening,

The Vnder Wardane arriued was,
With thzee Baittes right nære the place,
Where the folke I spake of aire,
Full pziuily enbushed were.
Some from the Baittes saw them goe,
Of Englishmen thzetty and moe,
Charged all with sundzie things,
Some bare wine, and some armings,
The remanent all charged were,
With things of sundzie maner.
And other sundzie yæd them by,
And they were Wasters idlely:
They that enbushed were them saw,
And then withoutten dzead oz aw,
Their bushment on them they bzake,
And slew all that they might ouertake.
They cryed hiddeously and hie,
And they that dzeeding were to die,
Right as beastes can rairre and cry,
And they slew them without mercy,
So that into the samine stead,
Were neer to fourtie that were dead.
When they that in the Castle were,
Heard the folke so cry and raire,
They ished foozth to the fighting,
But when the Dowglas saw their comming,
His men to him hee can rely.
And went to meete them hastely.
And when they of the Castle saw,
Him come on them but dzeed oz aw,
They fled withoutten moze debate,
And they them followed to the yate,
And slew of them as they in past:
But they their zets barred so fast,

That

That they at them might doe no mair,
Therefore they left them like one there,
And turned to the place againe,
Where that the men before was slaine,
And when they that within the Baittes,
Saw them comming, and what gaites
They had discomfite their Menyie,
In by they put them to the sey,
And rowed fast with all their maine,
But the wind was them againe:
And so greit the Land birst rise,
That they might wæld the sea no wise.
For they durst not come to the Land,
But held them there so long hobland.
That of thrée Baits drowned two,
And when Dowglas saw it was so,
Hée tooke the arming and the clæthing,
Wittaile, and wine, and other thing,
That they found there: and held their way
Right glad and joyfull of their prey.
¶ On this maner Iames of Dowglas,
And his Menyie through Gods grace,
Were well relieued with arming.
And with Wittaile and als Clæthing.
Syne to a strait they held their way,
And them full manlie gouernde they,
While on the tent day that the King,
With all that were in his leading,
Arriued were in that Countrie,
With threttie Gaillaies come and thrée,
The King arriued in Arrane,
And syne to the Land is hee gane:
And in a towne tooke his Harbrie,
And syne speared full speciallie,

If ony men could tell tithand,
Of ony strangers in that land.
Yes said a woman, Sir, perfay.
Of strange men, I can you say,
That are come into this Countrie,
And short while syne through their bounty
They discomfited our Wardane,
And mony of his men haue slaine,
And to a stalward place hereby,
Repaireth all their company.
Dame, said the King, wilt thou me wis,
To the place where their repaire is,
I sall reward thée but léesing:
For they are all of my dwelling,
And I right blythly would them sée,
And as I trow, so would they me.
Yes Sir: said she, I will blythly,
Goe with you and your company,
While that I shew you their repaire.
That is enough, my sister faire,
Now goe we forward, said the King.
Then went they forth but more letting
Following her. And she them led.
While at the last she shew the stéd
To the King in a woodie Glen:
And said, Sir, yonder saw I the men
That ye spære after, make ludging,
Here trow I, is their repairing:
The King then blew his horne in hy,
And gart the men that were him by,
Hold them still in priuitie,
And syne againe his horne blew he:
Iames of Dowglas heard him blow,
And well the blast sone can he know.

And

And ſaid, ſureiy yone is the King,
I ken him well by his blowing,
The third time therewith als he blew,
And Sir Robert Boyd him knew:
And ſaid, yone is the King but dræd,
Go we will forth to him good ſpæd,
Then went they to the King in hy,
And to him inclined courteouſly,
And blythly welcommed them the King,
That was ioyfull of their mæting,
And kiſſed them, and ſpeared ſyne
How had they farne in their huntyne:
And they him told all but læſing:
Syne loued they GOD of their mæting,
Then with the King to his harbry
They went, both blyth and ioyfully.

How the King ſent his man to ſpy in *Carrik*, who were to him frendly.

THE King vpon the other day,
To his priuie men can ſay:
Ye know all well, and well may ſæ,
How ye are out of your Countrie
Baniſht through Engliſhmens might,
And that which ours ſould be with right,
Through their maſtrie they occupie,
And would alſo without mercie,
Gif they had might, deſtroy vs all:
But GOD forbid, that it ſould fall
To vs, as they make menaſſing,
Then were there no recouering,
And manhæd bids vs, that we
To procure vengeance buſie be:

For ye may sée we haue three things,
That makes vs admonishings.
For to be worthie, wise, and wight,
And to annoy them at our might.
One is, our liues safetie:
That could in no wise saued be.
Gif they had vs at their liking.
The other that makes vs egging,
Is that they our possession
Holds with strength against reason:
The third is, the ioy that we abide,
Gif that it happens (as well may tide)
That we haue victorie and maistrie,
To ouercome all their fellonie.
Therefore we sould our hearts raise,
So that no mischiefe sould vs abase:
And shape alwayes to that ending,
That beares in it mense and louing:
And therefore Lordings, if that ye sée,
Among you, that it spædfull be:
I will send a man in Carrik,
To spie and speare how the Kinrik
Is led: and who is frend or fo.
And gif he sées we land may to:
On Turneberyse-nuke he may
Make a fire on a certane day,
To make takning to vs, that we
May there arriue in safetie:
And if he sées, we may not sa,
Loke on no wise the fire he ma.
So may we thereof haue witting
Of our passage, and our dwelling.
To this spæch all assented are,
And there the King withoutten mare,

Calde

Calde one that was to him priuie,
And borne was of Carrik Countrie:
And charged him in life, and mair,
As ye heard he deuiſed aire:
And ſet him certaine day to mo
The aire: gif he ſaw it were ſo,
That they had poſſibilitie,
To maintaine weere in that Countrie:
And he that was right well in will,
His Lords yarning to fulfill,
As he that worthie was and léele,
And could his ſecret well concéele.
Said, he was boun into all thing,
For to fulfill his commanding,
And ſaid, he ſould do ſo wiſelie,
That no reproofe ſould after lie.
Syne at the King his leaue hes tane,
And forth vpon his way is gane.

NOw goes the Meſſenger his way,
That hight Cuthbert (as I heard ſay)
In Carrik ſone arriued he:
And paſſed through all the Countrie:
But he found few therein perfay,
That good would of his Maſter ſay.
For feill of them durſt not for dread,
And other ſome right into déed,
Were faes to the Noble King,
That rewed ſyne their barganing,
Both hie and low the land was then,
All occupied with Engliſhmen:
That deſpiſed attour all thing,
Robert the Bruce the doughtie King.
Carrik was giuen then wholleie
To Sir Henrie the Lord Percie,

That

That into Turnberyse Castle then,
Was well neere with three hundreth men,
And danted so all haile the Land,
That all to him were obeyand.
This Cuthbert saw his fellony,
And saw the folke so haillely,
Be worthen English, both rich and poore,
That he to none durst him discouer:
But thought to leaue the fire vnmade:
Syne to his Master went but bade:
All that conuyne to him to tell,
That was so angrie, and so fell.

Of the fire the King saw burning

THe King that into Arrane lay.
When that commin was the day,
That hee set to his Messenger,
As I to you deuised aire,
After the fire hee looked fast,
And sone as the Mone was past,
Hee thought well that hee saw a fire,
By Turneberie burning faire and shyre,
And to his men hée couth it shaw,
Ilkane thought well that they it saw,
Then with blyth heart the folke can cry.
God King, spéd you deliuerly,
So that wée sone in the Euening,
Arriue withoutten perceiuing.
I grant (said hée) now make you yare,
God further vs into our fare:
Then in short time men might them sée,
Shot all their Gaillayes to the sea,
And bare to sea, both Aire and Stéer:
And other things that néedfull were.

And as

And as the King vpon the ſand,
Was ganging vp and downe bydand,
His menyie till they ready were:
His Hoſtes came right to him there,
And when that ſhee him hailſed had,
A priuie ſpeake ſhee to him made:
And ſaid, Take good kéepe to my Sawe,
For ere yée paſſe, I ſhall you ſhawe,
Of your Fortune a greit partie,
And attour all thing eſpecially,
A wittering héere I ſhall you ma.
What end that your purpoſe ſhall ta.
For in this Land is none truely,
Wats things to come ſo well as I.
Yée paſſe now foorth in your voyage,
To venge the harme and the outrage,
That Engliſhmen hes to you done,
But yee wat not what kin Fortune.
Yée mon dréé in your weeraying,
But wit yee well without léeſing,
That fra yee haue now taken Land,
There ſhall no might nor ſtrength of hand
Gare you paſſe out of that Countrie,
While all to you abandounde bée,
Within ſhort time yée ſhall bée King,
And haue the Land at your lyking,
And ouercome your foes all,
But fell annoyes féele yee ſhall,
Or that your purpoſe end haue tane:
But yee ſhall them ouerdriue ilkane.
And that yée trow this ſtikerly,
My two ſonnes with you ſhall I
Send: to take part of your trauaile,
For I wot well, they ſhall not faile.

To be reiwarded well at right,
Wihen yæ are raiſed to your hight.
¶ The King that heard all her carping
Thanked her in mœkle thing,
For thee comforted him ſome deill,
And hee trowed not all weill
Her ſpæch: For hee had greit ferly,
How hæ ſhould wit it ſikkerly.
As it was wonderfull perfay,
How ony mans ſcience may
Know things that are to come,
Determinatly, either all or ſome,
But if that hæ inſpired were,
Of him that all thinges euermare
Sæs, in his owne Prefctence,
As it were aye in his preſence.
As was Dauid and Ieremy,
Samuell, Ioſeph, and Eſay.
That through his holy grace could tell
Feill thinges that afterwards befell,
But theſe Prophets ſo thin are ſowne,
That none in eird may now bee knowne.
But feill folke are ſo curious,
And to wit things ſo couetous,
That they trow through their great Clergie,
Or elſe through their deuitie,
Of thir twaine maners makes finding,
Of things to come to haue knowing,
Ane of them is Aſtrologie,
Wherethrough Clerkes that are wittis,
May know Conjunction of Planets,
And whidder that their courſe them ſets,
In ſoft Sieges, or in angrie,
And of the Yeauen all haillelie,

How that the diſpoſitioun
Wirkes vpon things hœre downe:
On Regions or on Climates,
That all where worketh not all gaites.
Yet may they faile the trueth to ſay,
In things that them happen may.
For whether that man inclined bee,
To vertue or iniquitie:
Hœ may right well refraine his will,
Either through vertue or through ſkill,
And to the contrare turne it all,
As hath bœne mony time ſœne fall,
That men kyndlie to ill giuen,
Through their greit wit away haue dréuen
Their ill: and worthen of renowne,
Agre the conſtellatioun.
As Ariſtotle, if as men réedes,
Hœ had followed his kindly deedes:
Hœ had beene falſe and couetous,
But his wit made him vertuous,
And ſyne that man may on this wiſe,
Worke againſt the courſe, that is
Principall cauſe of their deeming,
Hœ thinke they déeme no certaine thing,
Negromancie another is,
That kens men on ſundrie wiſe:
Through ſtalwart Conjuration:
And als through Erhortation
To gar Spirites to them appeare.
And giue them anſwere on ſeir maner,
As whylum did the Pithoneſſe,
That when Saul abaſed was,
Of the Philiſtimes might,
Raiſed through her meekle ſight.

Samuels Spreit als tite,
Or in his stead the euill spreit,
That gaue right graith answere her to:
But of her selfe right noght wist sho,
And man is into dræding ay,
Of things that he hes heard say,
Namely that are to come, while he
Know of the and the certainetie:
And sen they are in sik wening,
Withoutten certen witting:
We think, who sayes he knowes things
To come: he makes great gabings.
But whidder she that told the King,
How his purpose sould haue ending,
Weind, or wist it vtterlie,
It fell after all hollelie,
As she said, for syne King was he,
And reigned into fræ poustie.

Of the Kings Hansaling in *Carrik*, at his first arriuing.

THis was in Ver, when Winter tide,
With his blasts hideous to bide,
Was ouerdriuen: and birds small,
As Turtle, and the Nightingale,
Began right sweetlie for to sing,
And for to make their solacing.
Swæt notes and sounds sære,
And melodies pleasant to heare.
And træs begouth breaking to ma
Burgeons, and syth bloomes alswa,
To win the hewing of their head,
That wicked Winter hath them mads,
And all gersse begouth to spring.
In that sweet time the Noble King,

With his flote, and a few menyie.
Four hunder I trow they might be,
Went to the sea out of Arrane,
A litle before the Euen was gane.
They rowed fast with all their might,
While that vpon them fell the night,
That wort mirke on great maner:
So that they wist not where they were,
For they no nædle had nor stane,
But rowed alwayes forth in ane.
Stæring alwayes vpon the fire,
That they saw burning light and shire.
It was but auentour them led,
And they in short time so them sped,
That at the fire arriued they,
And went to land but more delay:
And Cuthbert that hath sæne the fire,
Was full of anger and of ire,
For he durst not doe it away.
And he was also doubting ay,
That his Lord sould passe to the sea,
Therefore their comming waited he.
And met them at their atriuing:
He was right sone brought to the king:
That spæred at him how he had done:
And he with sore heart told him sone:
How there was none there well willand:
But all were foes, that euer he fand.
And that Sir Henry the Percy
With nære thræ hunder in companie,
Was in the Castle there beside:
Filled full of despite, and pride,
But more then two parts of his rout,
Were harbred in the townes about;

And despises you more, Sir King,
Then men may despise any thing,
Then said the King in full great ire,
Traitour why made thou then the fire?
Ah (Sir) he said, so God me sæ,
The fire was neuer made through me:
For ere this night I wist it noght:
But fra I wist it, well I thought,
That ye and wholly your Menyie,
In hy sould put you to the sea,
For thy come I to mæte you here,
To tell perills that may appeare.
The King was at his spæch angry,
And asked his priuie men him by.
What that they thoght was best to doe.
Sir Edward answered first thereto,
His brother that was so hardie:
And said, I say you sikkerlie,
There sall no perill that may be,
Driue me againe vnto the sea.
Mine auenture here take will I,
Whether it be easefull or angrie,
Brother (he said) sen ye will sa,
It is good we the samine ta,
Disease, or ease, or paine, or play.
After as GOD will vs purvay.
And sen men sayes, that the Percy,
Mine heritage will occupy:
And his Menyie so nære vs lies.
That vs despises mony wayes.
So we venge some of the despite,
And that may we haue done full tyte:
For they lie traistlie but dreding
Of vs, or of our here comming:

And thought we sleeping slay them all,
Reprowue vs thereof no man sall:
For werrayour no force should mo,
Whether he might ouercome his fo,
Through strength, or great subtiltie,
But at good faith ay holden be.
When this was said, they went their way,
And to the towne sone commen are they,
So priuilie but noise making:
That none perceiued their comming,
They skailled through the toun in hie,
And broke vp doores sturdelie:
And slew all that they might ouertake,
And they that no defence might make,
Full piteouslie can raire and the crie:
And they slew them without mercie,
As they that were in full great will,
To venge the anger and the ill,
That they & theirs to them had wrought
With so felloun a will them sought:
That they slew them vp euerilkone,
Except Makdowell him alone,
That escaped through meekle slight,
And through the mirkenes of the night.
In the Castle the Lord Percie,
Heard well the noise and the crie.
And so did the men with him were,
And full instrainly got their geire:
But of them none was so hardie,
And durst ishe foorth to crie,
In sik affray baide they that might,
While on the morne that day was light,
And then ceased into partie,
The noise, the slaughter and the crie.

The King gart then departed bee,
All haill the spraith to his Wenyie,
And dwelt there syne dayes three,
Sik hansell to these folke gaue he:
Right in the first beginning,
Newlings at his Incomming.

WHen that the King and his folke were,
Arriued, as I tould you aire.
A while in Carrik leinded hee,
To see who friend, or foe would bee,
And hee found litle tenderneſſe.
But not for thy the people was,
Inclined to him in party;
But Engliſhmen ſo angerlie.
Led them with danger and with aw,
That they no friendſhip durſt him ſhaw
But a Ladie of that Countrie,
That was to him in neere degree,
In Coſinage, was wonder blyth
Of his arriuing, and als ſwyth;
Sped her to him in full greit hy,
With fourtie men in companie,
And betaught all vnto the King,
To helpe him in his warraying.
And he receiued them in daintie,
And her full greitlie thanked hee,
And ſpeered tithings of the Quéene,
And of his friendes all bedéene,
That hee had left in that Countrie:
When that hee put him to the ſea,
And ſhée him told ſighing full ſaire,
How that his brether token were:
In the Caſtle of Kildromy,
And ſyne deſtroyed villanouſly.

And the Erle of Atholl alſo,
And how the Quæne and other moe,
That his partie were holdand,
Were tane and led into England
Were put into felloun priſoun,
And how good Chriſtall of Setoun
Was ſlaine: greting: ſhe told the King,
That was ſorrowfull of that tithing.
And ſaid when hee had thought a thraw,
The words that I ſhall to you ſhaw,
Alace, hee ſaid, for loue of mee,
And for their mickle leele lawtie,
They Noble men; and they worthie,
Are deſtroyed ſo villanouſlie:
But if I liue in liege pouſtie,
Their death right ſone ſhall venged bee,
Yea, whether the King of England,
Thought that the Kinrike of Scotland:
Was all to litle for him and mee,
Therefore I will it mine all bee.
But of good Chriſtall of Setoun,
That was ſo worthie of Renowne,
That hee ſhould die were greit pitie.
Where ony worſhip might prœnd bee,
THe King thus ſighing made his mane
And the Lady her leaue hes tane:
And ſyne went home to her winning.
And feill ſyes comfort ſhee the King,
Both with ſiluer and with meate,
Sik as ſhee in the land might get,
And hee oft ryoted the land,
And made all his that euer he fand,
And ſyne he drew him to the bight,
To ſtint better his foes might.

In that time was the Percie,
With a full ſimple companie:
In Turneberiſe Caſtle yet lying,
For the King Robert ſore dræding,
That hee durſt not iſh forth to fare
Fra thyne to the Caſtle of Aire.
That was then full of Engliſhmen,
But lay lurking in a Den,
While the men of Northumberland,
Should come armed with ſtrong hand,
And conduct him to his Countrie,
For to them ſend his Poiſt hath hée,
And they in hy aſſembled then,
Paſſing attour a thouſand men:
And aſked counſell them amang,
Whether that they ſhould dwell or gang:
But they were ſtoniſht wonder ſaire,
So far in Scotland for to fare,
For a Knight Sir Gawter de Lile,
Said it was too greit perill,
So nære theſe Souldiers to goe:
His ſpæch diſcomforted them ſo.
That they had left all the voyage.
Were not a Knight of greit courage,
That Sir Roger of Sainct Iohn hight,
That them comforted with his might,
And ſic words can to them ſay,
That they together held their way,
To Turnebery where the Percy
Lay on, and went with them in hy.
In England his owns Caſtle till,
Without diſtroublance or more ill.
Now in England is Percy,
Where I trow he a while ſhall ly,

Or that hée shape him for to fare,
To weirray Carrik ony mare:
For hee wist that he had no right:
And als hee dred the Kings might:
That in Carrik was dwelland,
In the most strengths of that Land.
¶ Where Iames of Dowglas on a day
Came to the King, and can him say,
Sir, with your leaue I would goe sée
How that they doe in my Countrie.
And how my men demained are,
For it annoyes mee wonder sare:
That the Cliffurde so peaceably,
Brookes and holds the Seneory,
That should be mine with all kin right,
But while I liue, if I haue might,
To lead a Yeaman or a swane:
Hée shall not brooke it but bargaine,
The King said, Certes, I cannot see,
How that yee yet may sikker bee.
Into that Countrie for to fare,
While Englishmen so mightie are:
And thou wat not who is thy friend,
Yee said, Sir, needlesse I will wend,
And take the auenture God will giue,
Whether it bee to die or liue.
The King said, Sen that thou wilt so
And sik a yarning hes to goe:
Thou shalt passe foorth with my blessing,
And if thee happens ony thing,
That annoyous or skaithfull bee,
I pray thee speed thee soone to mee:
Take wee together what euer may fall.
I grant, hee said, and therewithall

Ye louted, and his leaue hes tane,
And is toward the Countrie gane.

The first winning of the Castle of *Dowglas*.

NOw takes Iames his voyage,
Toward Dowglas his heritage.
With two men withoutten ma,
This was a simple stoze to ta,
Castle oz land of weere to win.
But fast he yarned to begin,
To bring his purpose to ending:
And good helpe lies in beginning:
Foz good beginning and hardie,
Gif it be followed wittilie,
May gar oft syes vnliklie thing,
Come to right good and fair ending:
So did he here: foz he was wise,
And saw he might not on no wise,
Wearie his foe with euen might:
Therefoze he thought to wozke with slight,
In Dowglasdaill his owne Countrie:
Upon an Euening entred he,
And then a man winned thereby,
That was of frends right mighty,
And rich of monie and of Cattell,
And had bene to his father leell:
And to himselfe in his Youthhead,
Had done mony a thankfull deed.
Thomas Dikson was his name perfay,
To him he send, and can him pray,
That he would come allanerlie,
Foz to speake with him priuilie,
And but danger to him he gaes:
But when he told him what he was,

Ye grat

He grat for ioy, and for pitie,
And him right to his house had he.
Where in a chamber priuilie,
He held him and his companie:
That none of him had perceiuing,
And meat, and drinke, and other thing,
That might them ease, they had plentie:
So wrought they with their subtiltie,
That all the leile men of the land,
That with his Father were dwelland,
This good man gart come one and one:
And make him manrent euerilkone:
And he himselfe first homage made.
Dowglas in heart great gladnesse had.
That the good men of his Countrie,
Would this wise to him bounden be,
He spæred the conuæne of the land.
And who the Castle had in hand:
And they him told all haillelie,
And syne among them priuilie:
They ordainde that he still sould be,
In hiddles and in priuitie,
Till Palmesunday that was nære hand,
The third day after followand.
For then the folke of that Countrie,
Assembled at the Kirk would be:
And they that in the Castle were,
Wold als be there their Palmes to beare.
As folke that had no dræd of ill:
For they thought all was at their will,
Then sould he come with his two men,
Before that folke sould not him ken.
He sould a mantle haue old and bare,
And a flaile, as he a Tarker were.

Under the mantle not for thy,
He sould be armed priuilie:
And when the men of his Countrie,
That sould all boun before him be:
His Ensenyie might heare him crie,
Then sould they all right enforcedly,
Right in mids the Kirke assaill,
The Englishmen with hard battaill.
So that none might escape them fra,
For therethrough trowed they to ta
The Castle: that beside was nære:
And when this, that I tell you here
Was deuised and vndertane,
Ilkone home to his house is gane:
And held this speake in priuitie,
Untill the day of their assemblie.

How *Dowglas* in Sanct *Brydes* Kirke, With the Englishmen can wirke.

THE folke vpon the Palmesunday,
Held to Saint Brydes Kirk their way:
And they that in the Castle were,
Ished out both lesse and maire:
And went their Palmes for to beare,
Except a Cooke and a Porter.
Iames of Dowglas, of their comming:
And what they were had good witting,
And sped him to the Kirk in hy:
But ere he came, so hastely,
One of his men cried Dowglas, Dowglas,
Thomas Dikson, that nerest was,
To them that were of the Castell,
That were then Inwith the Chancell.

When

When they the Dowglas so heard crie,
Drew out his sword, and fellounlie
Rushed among them to and fro,
And one other withoutten mo.
But they in hie were left lyand,
With that Dowglas came neere at hand,
And they enforced on them the cry:
But they the Chancell sturdelie
Held, and them defended well,
Whyle of their men were slaine some dell.
But, the Dowglas so well him bare,
That all the men that with him were,
Had comfort of his well doing.
And he himselfe spared nothing:
But prooued so his force in fight,
That through his worship and his might,
His men so keenelie helped than,
That they the Chancell on them wan.
Then dang they on so sturdelie,
That in short time men might see lie,
The twa part dead, or then dieand.
The laue were sealed soone in hand:
So that of threttie liued nane,
But they were slaine ilkane or lane.
Iames of Dowglas when this was done,
The prisoners hes tane full soone,
And with them of his companie,
Toward the Castell went in hie:
Or onis noise of cry sould rise.
And for he would them soone suppryse:
That in the Castle leaued were,
They were but two withoutten mare,
Fiue or sex before send he,

That fand all open the entrie,
And entred, and the Porter toke,
Right at the zet, and syne the Coke.
With that the Dowglas came to the zet,
And entred in without debaite,
And found the meat all ready graithed,
With bordes set, and claithes laide,
The zets then hee gart them spare,
And sate at meat all at laisair,
Syne alt the goods tursed they,
That they thought light to beare away.
Siluer, treasure, and als clæthing,
And namelie weapons, and all arming,
Wittailethat might not tursed bee,
On this maner destroyed hee,
All the Wittaile outtaken salt,
And Wheate, and Floure, and Meale and Malt,
In the wine Cellar gart hee bring.
And syne alt on the Flore downe fling,
And the Prisoners that hee had tane,
Right there in gart hee hid ilkane,
Syne off the Tunnes the hedes out strake:
A foul melle there gart hee make.
For Meale, and Malt Bread, and Wine,
Ran together in a melline:
That was vnseemlie for to see.
Therefore the men of that Countrie,
Called it the Dowglas Ladnaire.
And will bee called this mony yære,
Then tooke hee Salt as I heard tell,
And dead Horse and forded the Wall,
And syne burnt all outtaken stone,
And is forth with his Menyie gone.

To

To his reſet: for hæ trowed well,
If hee had holden the Caſtle,
Hæ ſhould had bæne allieged raith:
And that thought him to mækle ſkaith.
For hæ none hope had of reſcuing,
And als it was right perillous thing,
In Caſtle allieged for to bee,
When a thing wants of thir thrée:
Wittaile, or meat, with arming,
Or els good hope of reſcuing,
And for hæ dred thir things ſhould faile;
Hæ choſed forward to trauaile,
Where hæ might at his larges bee,
And ſo drives foorth his Deſtinie:
IN this wiſe was the Caſtle tane,
And ſlaine that were therein ilkane,
The Dowglas ſyne all his menyie,
Gart in ſeir places parted bæ,
That men ſhould wit leſſe where they were
That yæd aye parted here and there,
Them that were wounded gart hæ ly,
Into hiddles all priuily,
And gart good Læches to them bring,
While that they were into læching:
And himſelfe with a few menyie,
While one, while two, and whiles thrée,
And ſometime, hee himſelfe alone,
In hiddles through the Land is gone.
So dred he Engliſhmens might,
That he durſt not well come in ſight:
For they that time were all wældand:
As Maſters and Lords ouer all the Land,
But thir tithingswere ſkailled ſone,
Of this dæd the Dowglas had done.

Eame

Came to the Cliffurdes eare in hy:
That for his tynsell was right sory.
And mæned his men that were slaine:
And syne he hes to purpose tane,
To big the Castle vp againe.
Therefore as men of mækle mane
Hæ assembled a great companie,
And syne to Dowglas went in hy,
And bigged vp the Castle swyth,
And made it right stalwart and styth:
And put therein Wittaile and Wen.
And ane of the Thrilwailes then,
Hee left behind him the Captaine,
And syne to England went againe.

How one man and his sonnes twa,
Vndertooke King *Robert* to sla.

INto Carrik yet was the King.
With a full simple gaddering,
Hee past not two hundreth men,
But yet Sir Edward his brother then
In Galloway was neere hand by,
With him another companie,
They held the Strengths of the Land,
For they durst not yet take on hand,
To ryde ouer all the Land plainelie,
For of Wallange Sir Aymery,
Was into EDINBVRGH lyand,
And als was Wardane of the Land,
And when hee heard of his comming,
Of King Robert and his Menyie,
Into Carrik, and how that hee,
Had slaine so of the Persies men:
His counsell hee assembled then.

And with consent of his Counsaile,
Hæ sent to Aire him to assaile,
Sir Ingrame Bell that was hardie,
And with him a greit companie,
And when Sir Ingrame come was there,
Him thought not spædfull for to fare,
For to assailyie him in the hight,
Therefore he thought to worke with slight,
And lay still in the Castell than,
While he gat speering of a man
Of Carrik that was slie and wight,
And als a man of mækle might:
As ony man of that Countrie,
Was to King Robert most priuie,
As hæ that was his sibbe man nære,
And when hæ would, without danger,
Might to the Kings presence goe,
The whilke man and his Sonnes two,
Were winniug still in that Countrie,
For they would not perceiued bée,
That they were speciall to the King,
They made him mony time warning,
When that they might his tynsell sæ,
Therefore in them affyed hée,
His name I cannot tell perfay,
But I haue heard of soth men say,
Forsoth that his ane eye was out.
But hæ so sturdie was and stout,
That hæ was the most doughtie man,
That into Carrik was liuing than,
And when Sir Ingrame gat witting,
Forsoth this was no léesing.
After him in hy hæ sent.
And hæ came at his commandement,

Sir Ingrame that was slie and wise,
Treated with him on sik a wise:
That he made sikker vndertaking,
With treasoun for to slay the King:
And he sould haue for his seruice,
Gif he fulfilled this deuise:
Well fourtie pounds worth of land,
To him and all his aires liuand.
THE treasoun thus is vndertane,
And he home to his house is gane:
And waited opportunitie,
To fulfill his iniquitie.
In great perill then was the King,
That of this treasoun wist nothing:
For he, that he trowed most of ane,
His dead hes fully vndertane.
None may betraise tittar than he,
That man introwes into lawtie.
The King in him traisted: for thy,
He had fulfilled his fellony,
Were not the King through Gods grace,
Got warning how his purpose was:
And how, and for how mickle land,
He tooke his slaughter vpon hand.
I wate not who the warning made:
But in all time sik hap he had:
That when men shupe him to betrayse,
He got witting thereof allwayes:
And mony a time as I heard say
Through women that him loued ay:
That would tell all that they might heare,
And so may fall that it did here,
But how so euer it fell pardie,
I trow he sall the warrer be.

Yet not for thy the Traitour ay,
Had in his thought both night and day:
How he might best bring to ending,
His treasonable vndertaking.
Till he bethought him at the last:
And in his mind can vmbecast,
That the King had in custome ay,
For to rise airlie euerie day:
And passe well far from his Menyie:
When he would passe to the Priuie,
And sœke a couert him alone,
And at the most had with him one.
There thought he with his sonnes twa,
For to suppryse the King, and sla:
And syne wend to the Wood their way:
But yet of purpose failyied thay.
And for this cause came all thrée,
Into the couert that was priuie:
Where that the King was wont to ga,
His priuie nœdes for to ma.
There hid they them till his comming,
And the King airlie in the morning
Raise, when that his liking was,
And right toward the Couert gaes:
Where lying were the Traitours thrée,
For to doe there his priuitie.
To treasoun then he toke no hœd:
But he was wont where euer he yœd,
His sword about his halse to beare:
And that auailde him greatlie there.
For had not GOD all things weildand:
Sik helpe set in his owne hand,
He had bœne dead withoutten dread:
A chamber Page then with him yœd:

And so withoutten fellowes mo.
Toward the Couert can he go.
Now but GOD help the Noble King,
Ye is nære brought to his ending.
For that Couert that he yæd till,
Was on the other side of the hill:
That none of his men might him sæ:
Thitherward went his Page and he.
And when he commen was in the Shaw,
Ye saw the thræ comming on raw,
Against him full sturdelie.
Then to his boy he said, in hie.
Yone men will slay vs, if they may.
What weapons hast thou? ah Sir, persay
I haue a bow, but and a wyre.
Giue me them smertlie, he said, ah Sir,
What will ye then that I sall do?
Stand on far, and behold vs to.
If thou me sæs abone to be,
Thou salt haue weapons great plentie,
And if I die, withdraw thæ soone:
And with the sword withoutten hone,
Ye tooke the bow out of his hand,
For the Traitours were nære cummand.
The Father had a sword but maire:
The other both sword and handare bare:
The third a sword had, and a speare.
The King perceiued by their affære,
That all was soth, men to him told,
Traitour (he said) thou hes me sold:
Come thou no further, but hold thæ there,
I will thou come no furthermare.
Ah Sir, bethinke you then said he,
How nære that I sould to you be.

Who sould come nærer you then I?
The King said, I will sikkerlie,
At this time that thou come not nære,
Thou may say what thou wilt on fære,
But he with false wordes flæching,
With his two sonnes was nære comming.
When the King saw he would not let,
But ay came on with flæching falset:
He takes the wyre and lets it flee,
And hit the Father right in the eye:
While that it in the harnes ran,
And he backward fell downe right than.
The brother that the hand are bare,
That saw his father selled there.
A gird right to the King can make,
And with the are can him ouertake.
But he that had his sword on hight
Kaught him sik routes in randoun right:
That he the head to harnes claue,
And dead downe to the eird him draue.
The other brother that the speare bare,
Saw his brother was fallen there:
With the speare as an angrie man,
In a race to the King he ran.
But the King that him dred some thing,
Waited the speare at the comming:
And with a wiske the head off strake.
And ere the other had comming to take
His sword, the King sik swak him gaue,
That he his head to the harnes claue:
He rushed downe of blood all red:
And when the King saw they were dead,
All thræ lying, he wipes his brand.
With that his boy came fast rinnand.

And said

And said, Our Lord mot loued bée,
That granted you might and pouestie,
To fell the fellony and the pride,
Of thir thrée in so little tide.
The King said, So our Lord mée sée
They had bæne worthie men all thrée,
Had they not beene full of treasoun,
But that made their confusioun.

¶ The King is went to his ludging,
And of this dœde came some tithing:
To Sir Ingrame of Vmfrawile:
That thought his subtiltie, and gyle
Had all failyied in that place.
Therefore hee so annoyed was,
That hee againe to Lochmabane,
To Sir Aymer his way is gane,
And to him told all haile the case,
But hée thereof sore wondred hes.
How ony man so suddenly,
Might doe so greit a Cheualry,
As did the King, that him allane,
Vengeance of the thrée Traitours hes tane,
And said, Now may men well pardie
Wit that it is all in certainetie,
That Ire aye helpes the hardy men,
As by this dead wée may well ken,
Were hée not so outragious hardy,
Hée had not so vnabasedly:
And so smertly done his auantage.
I dread that his greit vassalage,
And his greit trauell bring to end,
The thing that men full litle wend.
Sik speaking made they of the King,
That they withoutten Sojourning,

Trauelde in Carrik hære and there,
His men from him so skailled were.
To purchase their necessitie,
And als the Countrie for to sée,
That they left not with him sirtie,
And when the Gallowayes wiste surelie,
That hee was with so few Wenyie.
They made a priuie assemblie,
Of well two hunder men and ma:
And a sloth-Hound can with them ta.
For they thought him for to supprise:
And if hee fled in ony wise,
To follow him with Hounds so,
That hee should no wise passe them fro:
They shupe them in ane Euening,
To supprise suddenlie the King,
And to him held they straight the way:
But hee that had his Watches ay,
On ilke side: of their comming,
Long ere they came had sure witting,
And how feill folke that they might be,
Therefore hée thought with his Wenyie,
To withdraw him out of that place,
For the night nære hand fallen was,
And for the Night he thought that they,
Should not haue sight to hold the way:
That hée were past with his Wenzie,
And as hée thought, right sodid hée,
And went him downe to a Warace,
On a Water that rinning was:
And in a Boge hee found a place,
Was strait, and well two Bow-drawght was,
From that watter they passed had,
Hæ said, here may wæ make abade:

And reſt you all a while and ly,
I will goe wait all priuilie,
If I heare ought of their comming:
And if I heare of ony thing,
I ſhall gare warne you, ſo that yee,
At your aduantag ay ſhall bee.

How hee diſcomfiſt him allane,
Two hunder, and ſlew fifteene certaine.

THe King now taks his gate to go,
And with him toke ſeruants two,
And Sir Gilbert de la Hay left he
There, for to reſt with his Menzie.
To the Water hee came in hy,
And harkened full tentfully,
If hee might heare of their comming,
But yet then might hee heare nothing,
Endlang the water then yæd hæ,
On either ſide greit quantitie,
And ſaw the braes high ſtanding,
The Water how through ſyke rinning:
And fand no Ford, that men might paſſe,
But where himſelfe ouerpaſſed was.
And ſo ſtrait was the vpcomming,
That two men might ſcarce through it thring,
Nor on no maner might guid them ſo,
That they together long might goe.
And when hæ long time had bæne there,
Ye hearkned and heard as horſemen were
And Hounds whilſtilling vpon feer,
That aye he thought came neere and neere
Hee ſtod ſtill for to hearken maire:
And aye the longer hee ſtod there,

Hee

Hée heard it néere and nære command:
But hæ thought he would still yet stand,
While that hæ heard moze takinning,
Then foz a Hounds whilsilling,
Hæ would not waken his Menyie.
Therefoze hæ would abide, and see,
What folke they were: and whether they
Held toward him the right way:
Oz past another gaite far by,
The Mone was shining right clearely:
So long hee stod, that hee might heare,
The noyse of them that commen were,
Then his two men in hy sent hee,
To waken and warne his Menyie,
And they are fozth their wayes gone:
And hæ left still there him alone,
And so long stood hee hearkenand,
While that hee saw come at his hand,
The haill rout in full greit hy,
Then hee bethought him hastely,
If hee held toward his Menyie,
That ere hee might repaired bee:
They should be past the foozde ilkane,
And then behoued to chose him ane
Of these two: outher flee, oz die,
But his heart that was stout and hie,
Counseld him alone to bide:
And keepe them at the Fozdes side,
And defend well the vpcomming,
Sen hee was garnisht with arming.
That hee their arrowes should not dzeed.
And if hee were of greit manheede:
Hee might astoney them ilkane,
Sen they could come but ane and ane,

Hee did

Hæ did right as his heart him bade:
For manhæd, strength and courage he had
When he so stoutlie him allane,
For litle strength of earth hes tane:
To feght with two hunder or moe,
Therewith hee to the Ford can goe;
And they vpon the other party,
That saw him stand allanerlie,
Thringing in the Water rade,
For of him litle doubt they had,
And came to him in full great hy:
Hæ smote the first so rigorously,
With his Sword that sharplie share,
While hee downe to the eird him bare,
The laue came on in a randoun:
But his Horse that was borne downe,
Cumbred them the vpgang to ta,
And when the King saw it was sa,
Hæ stikked the Horse, and hee can fling,
And syne fell in the vpcomming.
The laue with that came with a shout,
And hæ that stalward was and stout,
Met them right stoutly at the bra,
And so good payment can them ma,
That fiue some in the Ford hæ slew.
The laue then some deill them withdrew,
That dred his strakes wonder sair:
For hæ in nothing them forbare.
Then said ane, Certes wee are to blame:
What shall we say when wæ come hame,
When one man feghts against vs all,
When saw men euer sik foully fall,
As vs, if wee it thus gate leaue?
With that all haill a shout they gaue.

And cryde

And cryed on him, he may not last.
With that they preassed on him so fast,
That had he not the better bene,
He had bene dead withoutten wene.
But he so great defence can make:
That where he hit with euen strake,
There might no thing against him stand.
In litle space he left lyand
So feill that the vpgang was then,
Ditted with slaine horse, and men.
So that his foes for that stopping,
Might not come to the vpcomming.
Ah deare GOD, who had bene by,
And sæne how he so hardely,
Addressed him against them all:
I wate well that they sould him call,
The best that liued in his day:
And if that I the soth would say,
I heard neuer in no time gone,
One stint so monie him allone.

Example how *Tydeus* slew forty nine men,
And the Lieuetenāt thold shame & paine.

EVen like when that Achilles,
Fra his brother Polynices,
Was sent to Thebes in message,
To aske wholly the heritage
Of Thebes, to hold it for a yēre:
Two twynnes of one both they were.
They straue: for either King would be.
But the Barnage of that Countrie,
Gart them assent on that maner,
That the one sould be King one yēre,

And th

And the other with his Wenyie,
Sould not be found in that Countrie,
While the first brother reigning were.
Syne sould the other reigne ane yære,
And then the first sould leaue the land,
While that the other were reignand.
Thus ay one yære sould reigne the one,
The other one yære, when that were gone.
To aske holding of this assent,
Was Tydeus to Thebes sent:
And so spake for Polynices,
That of Thebes Eteocles,
Bad his Constable with him ta,
Ten armed well, and so forth ga:
To mæt Tydeus in the way:
And sla him but longer delay.
The Constable his way is gane,
And nine and fourtie hes with him tane:
So that he, with them made fiftie,
Into the Euening priuilie,
They set a bushment in the way,
Where that Tydeus behou'd to ga,
Betwirt an hie Craig and the Sea.
And he, that of their Wanitie
Wist nothing: his way hes tane,
And toward Grece againe is gane,
And as he rode into the night,
So saw hee with the Moones light,
Shining of shields great plentie:
And had wonder what it might be.
With that all haill they gaue a crie:
And he that heard so suddenlie
Sik noise, some deill affrayed was:
But in short time he to him taes

His

His ſpreits full hardelie:
For his gentle heart and worthie,
Aſſured him into that nēd:
That with ſpurres he ſtrake the ſtēd,
And ruſhed in among them all.
The firſt he met he gart him fall,
And ſyne his ſword he ſwapped out,
And raught about him monie a rout:
And ſlew ſerſome well ſoone or ma
Then vnder him his horſe they ſla:
And he fell: but he ſmertlie raiſe,
Stryking about him rowme he mais,
And ſlew of them a quantitie.
But wounded wonder ſore was he.
With that a litle rod he fand,
Up toward the craig ſtrykand:
Hither he went in full great hie,
Defending him right doughtelie:
While in the craig he clam ſomedeill,
And found a place incloſed well:
Where none but one might him aſſaill.
There ſtood he, and gaue them battaile,
And they aſſailyied him ilkone:
And oft ſyes when that he ſlew one,
As he downe to the eird did dryue:
He would beare downe well foure or fiue.
There ſtood he, and defended ſo,
While he had ſlaine the halfe and mo.
A great ſtone then by him ſaw he:
That through the great mauitie,
Was lowſed readie for to fall.
And when he ſaw them comming all,
He tumbled downe on them the ſtane,
And eight men therewith hath he ſlaine.

And

And so astoneyed the remnand,
That they were neere all retærand.
Then would hee prison hold no maire.
But on them ran with sword all baire:
And hewed and slew with all his maine,
While hee had nyne and fourtie slaine,
The Constable syne can hæ ta,
And gart him sweare that hæ should ga:
To King Eteocles, and tell,
The auentures that them befell:
TYDEVS bare him doughtelie,
That ouercame him allane fiftie.
Yæ that this reades, judge yæ,
Whether that moze should praised bee:
The King that with his auisement
Under toke sik hardement:
As to stynt him allone but feare,
The folke that fully two hundzeth were,
Oz Tydeus that suddenly
Fra they had raised on him the cry,
Through hardement that they had tane,
Wan fiftie men all him alane:
They did their dæde both in their night,
And faught both with the Mones light,
But the King hæ discomfit ma,
And Tydeous the ma can sla.
Now dæme yee whidder moze loning
Should Tydeus haue oz the doughtie King
In this maner as I haue told,
The King that stark was stout and bold
Was feghting on the Fozdes side,
Giuing and taking routes red:
While hee sik martyzdome had made,
That hæ the Fozd all stopped had:

That

That none of them might to him ryde,
Then thought they folly for to byde,
And haillelie the flight can ta,
And went homeward where they came fra.
Then the Kings men with the cry,
Waknèd, and full frayedlie,
Came for to sæke the Lord the King,
The Galloway men heard their comming
They fled, and durst no longer byde,
The Kings men that dreading were that tyde,
For their King full spædilie,
Came to the Forde: and syne in hy
They found the King sitting allane,
And had his Basnet off tane,
To take the aire: for hæ was heat,
Then spæred they at him his state:
And hæ told them all haill the cace,
And how that hæ assailyied was.
And how that GOD him helped so,
That hæ escaped haill them fro:
Then loked they how feill were dead:
And they found lying in that stead,
Fiftæne that was slaine with his hand,
Then loued they fast God all weildand,
That they their Lord fand haill and feir,
And said, they would in no maner
Dread their foes, sen their Chiftane
Was of sic heart and of sik mane:
That for them had vndertane,
With so feill folke to feght allane.
SIk Wordes spake they of the King,
And of his hie vndertaking,
They ferlied and yarned him to sæ,
That wont was oft with him to bæ

Ah, how worship is a perfite thing,
Worship makes men to haue louing,
If it be followed worthelie,
But pryse, and worship not for thy,
Is hard to win but great trauell,
Oft to defend, and oft assaile,
And to bee in their deeds wise,
Barres men of worship win the prise.
There may no man haue worthheed,
But hée haue wit to stœre the deed:
And sée what is to liue or ta,
Worship extremities hes twa,
Fole hardement the formest is,
And the other is Cowardise.
And they are both to forsake.
Fole hardement all will ouertake:
Aswell things to leaue as ta,
But Cowardise does nothing sa,
But vtterlie forsaketh all.
And that were wonder for to fall,
Were not wanting of discretion:
For thy hes worship sik renowne,
That it is mid betwirt the twa,
And taketh that it will vnta:
And leaues that is to leaue. For it
Hes so greit garnishing with wit,
That it all perills well can sée:
And all auantage that may bee.
It would to hardement hold holie.
With thy away were the folie,
For Hardement with folie is,
But Hardement that melled is
With wit, is worship aye, par die,
For but wit worship cannot bée.

THis Noble King that wée of read,
Melled all time Wit with Manhæd,
That may men by his mellie see,
His Wit shewde him the strait entrie
Of the Foord, and the ishing alswa,
That him thought was hard to ta,
Upon a time that was worthie.
Therefore his hardement hastely
Thought well, it might bee vndertane,
Sen atanes him might assaile but ane;
Thus hardinesse gouernde with wit,
That hee in all time together knite,
Gart him of worship winne the prise,
And oft ouercame his enemies.

How *Iames* of *Dowglas* with a traine,
Slew *Thriswaile*, and his men of maine.

THe King in Carrik dwelt then still,
His men assembled fast him till,
That in the Land were trauelling,
When they of this deed heard tything,
Then thought they well with him to ta.
Their hap, that sik defence can ma.
But yet then Iames of Dowglas
In Dowglasdaile dwelling was,
Or else well nére hand thereby,
In hiddles some deill priuilie.
For hée would sés his gouerning,
That had the Castle in keeping,
And gart make mony jeopardie,
To see if hee would ishe blythly,
When hée perceiued well, that hée
Would ishe blythly with his Menzie,

Hée made

He made a gaddering priuilie,
Of them that were of his partie:
That were so fell, that they durst fight
With Thrisswaile, and all his haill might
Of them that in the Castle were,
He shupe in one night for to fare
To Sandylands, and neere thereby,
He him embushed priuily:
And sent a few a traine to ma,
That sone in the morning can ta
Tattell, that were the Castell by.
And syne withdrew them hastely
Toward them that embushed were.
Then Thrisswaile withoutten maire
Gart arme his men withoutten bade,
And ished with all the men he had:
And followed fast after the ky.
He was armed at point cleanly,
Duttaken that his head was bare.
Then with the men that with him were,
The Tattell followed he good spæd.
Right as a man that had no dread,
While that he of them got a sight,
Then pricked they with all their might:
Following them out of array:
They sped them fleing, while that they
The bushment by some deill were past:
And Thrysswaile chased them right fast.
And then they that embushed were,
Rushed on them both lesse and more:
And raised suddenlie the cry,
And they that saw so suddenly,
That folke came egerly prickand,
Betwixt them, and their warrand:

When were they in full great effray:
And for they were out of array.
Some of them fled, and some abade
And Dowglas that there with him had.
A great Menyie, full egerlie
Assailyied, and skailled them hastelie.
And in short time them cumbred so,
That well nære none escaped them fro.
Thrifwaill that was their capitane,
Was there into the Bargane slaine:
And of his men the most partie.
The laue fled full effrayedlie,
Dowglas Menyie fast can chase:
And the flæars their wayes gaes.
To the Castell in full great hie:
The formest entred spœdilie:
But the chasers sped them so fast:
That they ouertooke some at the last,
And them without mercie can slá.
And when they of the Castle swa
Saw them sla of their men them by:
They closed the zets hastely,
And in hy to the walls ran,
James of Dowglas Menyie than
Seazed well hastelie in hand,
All that they about the Castle fand
To their reskel: syne went their way,
Thus Thrifwaile ished to that essay.
When Thrifwaile vpon this manœre
Had ished, as I tell you hære:
James of Dowglas and his men
Busked them altogidder then,
And went their way toward the King
In great hy: for they heard tything,

That

That of Wallance Sir Aymery
With a full greit Cheualry,
Both of Englisch, and of Scotischmen,
With greit fellony were ready then
Assembled for to sæke the King,
That was that time with his gaddering,
In Cummok, where it straitest was,
Hidder went Iames of Dowglas,
And was right welcome to the King,
And when hee told had that tithing,
How that Sir Aymer was command,
For to hunt him out of the Land,
With Hounds and Horne, right as he were
A Wolfe, or else a theifes fære.
Then said the King, It may well fall,
Though hee come and his power all,
Wæ shall abide in this Countrie,
And if hee comes, wee shall him sée,
The King then spake on this maner,
And of Wallance then Sir, Aymer,
Assembled a greit company,
Of Noble men and right worthie,
Of England and of Louthiane:
And hee hes also with him tane,
Iohn of Lorne, and all his might,
That had of worthie men and wight
With him aught hunder, and ma,
A Slouth-hound had hee there alswa
So good that change would for nothing,
And some men sayes yet, that the King,
As a traitour him nourisht had,
And aye so mœkle of him made:
That his owne hands would him fæde,
Yee followed him where euer hee yæde:

So that the Hound him loued sa,
Through him he thought the King to ta:
For he wist that he loued him sa,
That he would passe no wayes him fra.
But how that Iohn of Lorne him had,
I heard neuer no mention made:
But men said, it was certaine thing,
That he had him in his leading,
And through him thought the King to ta:
For he wist that he loued him sa,
That fra that he might ones fæle
The Kings Sent, he wist right well,
That he would change it for nothing.
This Iohn of Lorne hated the King,
For Sir Cumyng his Emes sake:
Might he him outher sla or take,
He would not prise his life a stra:
But if he vengeance might of him ta.

How Sir *Aymer* and *Iohn* of *Lorne*, Chased the King with Hound and horne.

THis Wardane then Sir Aymery
With Iohn of Lorne in company:
And other of great renoum alswa:
Sir Thomas Randell was one of tha,
Came in Cumnok to sæke the King.
That was well war of their comming:
And was vp in the strengths then,
And with him well thræ hundreth men,
His brother that time with him was,
And als Sir Iames of Dowglas.
Sir Aymers rout there they saw,
That held the Plaines and the Law,

And in haill battell was arrayed,
The King that no supposing had,
That they were moe then hee saw there:
To them, and nouther else where
Had eye: and wrought vnwittily.
For Iohn of Lorne full craftely,
Behind thought to surprise the King,
Therefore with all his gaddering,
About an Hill hee held his way,
And held him into Couert aye,
While he so nære came to the King,
Ere hee perceiued his comming,
That hee was at his hand well nære.
The other Hoste, and Syr Aymer,
Preassed vpon the other party,
The King was in greit seopardy,
That was on either side beset
With foes, that to sla him thret.
And the least partie of the two,
Was starker than the other two,
And when hee saw them preasse him to,
Hæ thought in hy what was to doe.
Hee said, Lordings wee haue no might,
At this time for to stand in fight.
Therefore depart wee vs in thrée,
So shall wee not all sailyied bée,
And in three parts hold on your way,
Syne to his Menyie can hee say,
Betwirt them into priuitie,
In what stæde their repaire should bee.
With that their gate all are they gane,
And in thrée partes their way haue tane,
Iohn of Lorne came to the plate,
Wherefra the King departed was.

And in his trace the Hound is set,
That then withoutten longer let,
Held euen the way efter the King,
Right as hee had of him knowing.
And left the other parties twa,
As hee no kæpe would to them ta
And when the King saw his comming,
Efter his rout into a ling:
Hæ thought hæ knew that it was hæ,
Therefore hæ said to his Menyie,
Yee then in thræ depart you sone,
And they did so withoutten hone:
And held their wayes in thræ parties.
The Hound did there so greit Maistresse,
That hæ held aye without changing,
Efter the rout where was the King.
And when the King hes sæne them so,
All in ane rout efter him goe
The way, and followed not his men,
Hæ had a greit perceiuing then,
That they knew him, for thy in hy,
Hee bad his men right hastely
Skaill, and ilke man holde his way
Right by him: and so did they
By themselfe and sundrie gates are gane:
And the King hes with him tane
A Foster-brother withoutten ma,
And togedder held their gate they twa,
The Hound alway followed the King,
And changed not for no parting,
But ay followed the Kings trace,
But wauering, as hæ passed was.
And when that Iohn of Lorne saw
The Hound so fast efter him drawe,

And followed fast efter them twa:
Hæ knew the King was one of tha,
And bade fiue of his company,
That were right wight men and hardy:
And als of foote the spædiest were,
That they might find among them there:
Run efter him, and him ouerta:
And let him no wise scape you fra.
And fra they haue heard his bidding,
They held their way efter the King,
And followed him so spædily,
That they well sone can him euerby,

How the King slew the fiue men,
That *Iohn* of *Lorne* sent to him then.

THe King that saw them comming weere,
Was annoyed in great maner.
For hæ thought, if they were hardie,
They might him trauell, and tary,
And hold him still so tariand,
While the remnant were at hand.
But hadh ée dred but anerly
They fiue, I trow full sikkerly,
Hée should not haue full mækle dréed:
And to his Fellow as hée yéede:
Hæ said, thir fiue are fast cummand,
They are well neere now at our hand.
Say, Is there ony helpe in thée?
For wée shall sone assailyied bée.
Yea Sir (hee said) all that I may,
Thou sayes well, said the King per fay:
I see them comming to vs nærre,
I will no farther, but right hærre

Abide

Abide while I am into aynd,
And ſæ what force that they will faynd.
The King then ſtood full ſturdelie:
And the fiue men in full greit hy,
Came with greit ſhoꝛe and manaſſing.
And thꝛæ of them went to the King,
And to his man the other two,
With Swoꝛds in Hand can ſtoutly goe.
The King met them that to him ſought,
And to the firſt ſik rout hee rought,
The Eare and Chæke doiwne to the halſe,
Hæ ſhare off, and the ſhoulders als,
Hee ruſhed doiwne, all deſily,
The two that ſaw ſo ſuddenly
Their Fellow fell: effrayed were,
And ſtart a litle backermare.
The King with that blenked him by,
And ſaw the two men ſturdely,
Againſt his men ſik mellie ma,
With that hee left his oiwne twa,
And to them that fought with his man,
A loupe right lightly made hee than,
And ſmote the Head quite off the one,
To his oiwne two ſyne is hee gone,
That came on him right ſturdely:
Hæ met the firſt ſo egerly,
That with the ſwoꝛd that ſharply ſhare
The armes hee from the body bare,
What ſtrakes they gaue I cannot tell,
But to the King ſo ſoꝛe befell.
That though hee trauell had and paine,
Hee of his foes foure hes hee ſlaine.
His Foſter-bꝛother efter ſoone,
The fift hes out of his dayes doome.

And when

And when the King ſaw that all fiſe,
Was on this wiſe brought out of life,
To his fellow can he ſay:
Thou hes helped right well perfay.
It likes you to ſay ſo(quod he)
But ouer great part to you tooke ye:
Ye ſlew foure of the fiue alone.
The King ſaid, as the gle is gone,
Better than thou I might it do:
For I had more leiſure thereto.
The two fellowes that delt with the,
When they me ſaw aſſembled with thre,
Of me right no kin doubt they had:
For they weind I was ſtraitly ſtad.
And for thy that they dred me nought,
Noy them more than thou I moght,
But let vs thanke GOD of his grace,
That fra our foes vs deliuered hes:
With that the King looked him by,
And ſaw of Lorne the company,
Well nere with their ſloothhound cumand
Then to a Wood that was nere hand
Ye went; with his fellow in hy,
GOD ſaue them for his great mercy.

How the King ſcaped fra his faes,
And how the ſloothhound ſlaine was.

THe King toward the Wood is gane,
Wearie for ſweit, and will of wane.
Into the Wood ſone entred he,
And held downe toward a baillie,
Whereth rough the Wood a water ran:
Hidder in great hy went he than,

And be-

And begouth for to reſt him there:
And ſaid, he might no further fare.
His man ſaid, Sir, that may not be:
Bide ye ought long, ye ſall ſone ſee
Fiue hunder yarning you to ſla,
And that is monie againſt vs twa.
And ſen we may not deale with might:
We man help that we may with ſlight.
The King ſaid, ſen that thou wilt ſo,
Goe foorth, and I ſall with thee go;
But I haue heard oft times ſay,
That who endlong a Water ay,
Would waide a bowdraught, he ſould gar
Both the ſloothhound and his leidar,
Tyne the Sent that men gart them ta,
Proue me if it will now doe ſwa.
For were yone deuliſh Hound away:
I rek not all the leue perfay.
As he deuiſed ſo haue they done,
And entred in the Water ſone:
And held downe endland it their way,
And ſyne vnto the Land yede they,
And held their way as they did aire,
And Iohn of Lorne with greit effeire
Came with his rout right to the place,
Where that his fiue men ſlaine was,
Hee maned them When hee them ſaw:
And after ſaid, in a litle thraw,
That hee ſhould ſone reuenge their dead,
But otherwiſe the gaming yede,
There would hee make no more dwelling,
But forth in hy followed the King.
Right to the Burne they paſſed were,
But the Sloth-hound made ſtinting ther:

And ſwauered long time to and fro,
That he no certaine gate could go.
While at the laſt that Iohn of Lorne
Perceiued the Hound the Sent had forne:
And ſaid: we haue tint this trauaile,
To paſſe further may not auaile:
For the Wood is both long and wide,
And he is far forth by this tide,
Therefore is gud we turne againe,
And waſt no more trauell in vaine.
With that reſyed he his Menyie,
And his way to the Diſt toke he.
THus eſcaped the Noble King:
But ſome men ſayes, his eſcaping,
Upon another maner fell:
Then through the waiding, as they tell,
That the King a good Archer had.
And when he ſaw his Lord ſo ſtad:
That he was left ſo anerly.
He ran on ſide allwayes him by,
While he into the Wood was gone.
Then ſaid he to himſelfe allone:
That he right there a reſt would ma,
To looke if he the Hound might ſla:
For if the Hound might laſt on line,
He wiſt, right well that they might driue
The Kings trace, while they him ta:
And he wiſt well they would him ſla.
And for he would his Lord ſuccour,
He put his life in auentour:
And ſate into a buſh knæland,
While that the Hound came to his hand,
And with an arrow ſone him ſlew:
And to the Wood ſyns him withdrew,

But whether his escaping fell,
As I told first, or I now tell:
I wate not, but without lesing,
At that Burne escaped the King.

What maner that the thieues three,
Made to the King slight lawtie.

THe King is forth his wayes tane,
And Iohn of Lorne againe is gane,
To Sir Aymer, that fra that chase
With his Menyie repaired was:
That sped but litle in their chasing.
And thought that they made following
Full egerlie, they wan but small:
Their foes were escaped all.
Wen sayes, Sir Thomas Randell than
Chasing, the Kings banner wan:
Wherethrough in England with the King
He had great prise, and hie louing.
When the chasers relyed were,
And Iohn of Lorne had met them there:
He told Sir Aymer all the cace,
How that the King escaped was:
And how that he his fiue men slew,
And to the Wood syne he him drew.
When Sir Aymer heard tell in hy,
He sained him for this ferly:
And said, he is greatly to praise,
I know none liuing in thir dayes:
That at mischiefe can helpe him sa.
I trow he sall be hard to ta,
And he were bodin euenlie,
On this wise spake Sir Aymerie,

And the

And the good King held forth his way,
Betwixt him and his men, while they
Passed out through the Forrest were:
Then in a Wyre they entred are,
That was both hie, long and braid,
And by the halfe they passed had,
They saw on side three men cummand:
Like to light men, and wauerand,
Swordes they had, and axes als,
And one of them about his Hals,
A mœkle boundin Wedder bare,
They met the King, and hailsed him faire,
The King againe them hailsed yald,
And asked them whether they wald:
They said, Robert the Bruce they sought,
To mœte with him, if that they mought,
Their Man-rent to him would they ma,
The King said, If that you will swa,
Hold forth your wayes now with mœ,
And I shall gar you sone him sée.
They perceiued by his speaking,
And his effœres, hœ was the King,
They changed countenance, and late,
And held not in the first estate:
For they were foes to the King,
And thought to come into talking:
And dwell with him, while that they saw
Their point, and bring him out of daw,
They granted to his Speake for thy,
But the King that was aye witty,
Perceiued well by their hauing,
That they loue him well nothing.
Hœ said, Fellowes yee must all thrée,
(Farther acquanted while that we bee)

All by

All by your ſelfe befoꝛe vs goe,
And on the ſamine wiſe wee two
Shall follow you behind well nœre,
Sir (ſaid they) it is no miſtœre
To trow into vs ony ill.
None doe I (ſaid hœ) but I will
Yœ goe befoꝛe vs a little waie,
Better with other knowne while wée bée,
Wee grant (they ſaid) ſen yœ will ſo,
And fooꝛth vpon their gate they goe.

The ſlaying of the Thieues three,
And how the King his death was nie.

THus yéed they while the night was néere,
And then the foꝛmeſt commed were,
To a waſte Husband Houſe, and there
They ſlew the Wedder that they bare:
And ſtrake fire foꝛ to make their meat,
And aſked the King if hœ would eat,
And reſt him while the meat were dight:
The King that hungrie was, I hight,
Aſſented to their ſpœch in hy,
But hœ ſaid, hœ would alanerly
Betwirt him and his Fellow bœ
At a fire, and they all thꝛée,
In the end of the Houſe ſhould ma
Another fire, and they did ſwa,
They dꝛew them to the Houſe end,
And halfe the Wadder to them ſend:
And they roſted in hy their meat,
And fell right freſhlie it to eat:
Foꝛ the King right long faſted had,
And had full mœkle trauell made:

Therefoꝛ

Therefore hee ate full egerly,
And when hee eaten had hastely,
Hee had to sleepe so meekle will,
That hee might make no let theretill,
For when the Veines filled are,
The body is heauie euermare,
And to sleepe draweth heauinesse,
The King that all fortrauelde was,
To his Foster brother sayes,
Certes, mee behoues to sleepe need ways.
Say, may I trust thee mee to wake,
While I a litle sleeping take.
Yes Sir (hee said) while I may dree,
The King then winked a little wie,
And slept, but not right inderlie,
And glifned vp oft suddenly,
For hee had dred of the three men,
That at the other fire were then:
That they his foes were well hee wist,
Therefore hee sleeped as fowle on twist.
The King sleeped but litle than.
While sik a sleepe fell on his man.
That hee might not hold vp his eye,
But fell on sleepe and snored hie.
Now is the King in greit perill:
For sleepe hee so a litle while,
Hee shall bee dead withoutten dread,
For the three tratours toke good heed,
That hee on sleepe was, and his man,
In full greit hy they gate vp than,
And drew their Swords full hastelie,
And went toward the King in hy,
And sleeping thought him for to sla,
And his Foster brother alswa.

To him they yæd a full greit pace,
But in that time, through Gods grace,
The King vp blenked suddenly,
And saw his man sleæping him by:
And saw comming the Traitours thræe,
Deliuerlie on fote start hæ:
And drew his sword, and syne them met,
And as hee yæd his foot hee set,
Upon his man right heauily,
Hæ wakned and rose desily,
For the sleæpe mastered him sa,
That ere hæ gate vp, ane of tha,
That came vp for to sla the King,
Gaue him a straike in his rising,
That hee might helpe himselfe no maire
The King so straitly stad was there,
That hæ was neuer yet so stad,
Were not the arming that hee hade,
Hæ had bæne dead withoutten wære,
Yet noughtheleſſe on this manære,
G D D helped him so in that bargane,
That the thræ traitours hes hee slaine,
Through Gods grace, and his manhæd,
His Foster brother there was dead,
Then was hæ wonder will of wane.
When hæ saw hæ was left allane,
His Foster-brother sore mæned hæ,
And waried all the other thræ,
And syne his way toke him alone,
And is toward his tryst then gone,
The King went forth right wrathfully
Wænand his man full tenderly,
And held his way all him alone,
And right toward the House is gone,

Where hee set tryst to meet his men.
It was well neere the night by then,
Hee came soone in the House and land,
The House-wife on the Benke sittand,
Shee asked him sone what hee was,
And whence he came, and whether he gas:
A trauelling man good Dame (said hee)
That trauells here through the Countrie,
Shee said, all trauelling men heere
For anes sake more welcome are.
The King said, God Dame what is hee?
That garres you haue sik specialtie
To men that trauells? Sir perfay,
(Quoth the Goodwife) I will you say.
The King Robert the Bruce is he,
Whilke is right Lord of this Countrie,
His foes now holds him in thrang,
But I thinke to see ere it bee long,
Him Lord and King ouer all this Land,
When that no foes shall him withstand;
Dame loue yee him so well, said hee:
Yea Sir (shee said) so GOD mee se,
Dame (hee said) loe him heere the by:
For I am hee, I say thee sothfastly,
Ah, Sir (shee said) and where are gone
Your men, that yee are thus alone,
At this time, Dame, I haue na ma,
(Shee said) it may no wise bee sa,
I haue twa Sonnes wight and hardy,
They shall become your men in hy.
As shee deuised so haue they doone,
His sworne men became they soone,
The Goodwife gart him sit and eat;
But hee sat short whyle at the meat.

When that he heard great stamping,
About the house: then but læsing,
They stert vp the house for to defend:
But sone efter the King hes kend
Iames of Dowglas: then was he blyth,
And bade open the doores swyth:
And they came in all that they were,
Sir Edward his brother was there,
And Iames also of Dowglas,
That was escaped fra the chase,
And with the Kings brother met:
Syne to the tryst that there was set,
They sped them with their companie,
That was a hunder and fiftie.
And when that they haue sæne the King,
They were ioyfull of that mæting:
And asked how he scaped was:
And he them told all haill the cace:
How the fiue men him preassed fast,
And how he through the Water past,
And how he met the thieues thræ,
And how he slæping slaine sould be:
When he wakned through Gods grace,
And how his Fostir brother was
Slaine, he told them haillelie.
Then loued they GOD almightie,
That their Lord was escaped so.
Then spake they words to and fro:
While at the last the King can say,
Fortoun hes traueld vs fast this day,
That skailled vs so suddenlie.
Our foes this night traistlie lie:
For they trow we so skailled are,
And fled to warrand here and there,

That

That we ſall not thir daies thrée,
All togidder aſſembled be.
Therefore this night they ſall traiſtlie,
But Watches take their eaſe and lie:
And this day they haue done deſpite.
Therefore this night I would them quite:
Wherefore who knew their harberie:
And would come on them ſuddenlie:
With few Menyie men might them ſkaith,
And yet eſcape withoutten waith.

Here tranoynted the Noble King,
And to his faes made an affraying.

PErfay (quoth Iames of Dowglas)
As I came hitherward by race,
I came ſo nære the harberie,
That I can bring you where they lie:
And would ye ſpæd you yet ere day
It might well happen that we may
Doe them a greater ſkaith well ſoone,
Than they vs all this day hes doone:
For they lie ſkailled as them lift,
Then thought they all it was the beſt,
To ſpæd them to them haſtelie:
And they did ſo in full great hie,
And came on them in the dawing.
Right as the day begouth to ſpring,
So fell it that a companie
Into a toun had tane harbrie,
Well fra the Diſt a mile, or maire:
Men ſaid, that they two hunder were.
There aſſembled the Noble King:
And ſoone eſter their aſſembling,

They that ſleeping aſſailyied were,
Right hidouſlie can cry and reare,
And other ſome that heard the cry,
Ran forth ſo right effrayedlie:
That ſome of them all naked were,
Fleeing to warrand here and there.
And ſome their Harneſſe to them drew.
And they withoutten mercie them ſlew,
And ſo cruell vengeance can ta,
That the two part of them and ma,
Were ſlaine into that ſamine ſtead,
And to their Hoſt the remnand fled.
The Diſt then heard the noyſe and cry,
And ſaw their men ſo wretchedlie,
Come naked fleeing here and there,
Some all haill, ſome wounded ſare,
Into full greit effray they roſe,
And ilke man to his Baner goes:
So that the Diſt was all on ſtoure,
The King and they that with him were,
When they on ſtoure the Diſt ſaw ſo,
Toward their wartand can they goe,
And there in ſauitie came they,
And when Sir Aymer heard ſay,
How that the King their men had ſlaine.
And how they were turned againe,
Yee ſaid, Now may yee clearelie ſee,
That Noble heart where euer it bee,
Is hard to ouer come with Maſtrie,
For where an heart is right worthie,
Againſt Stoutneſſe it is ay ſtout,
And as I trow there may no doubt,
Gar it all out diſcomfite bee,
While body liuing is in pouſtie,

As by

As by this melle may bee ſeene:
Wæ weind Robert the Bruce had bæne
So diſcomfite, that by good ſkill,
Hæ ſhould haue neither heart nor will,
Sik jeopardie to vnder ta,
For hee was put at vnder ſa,
That hee was left all him alone,
And all his men were from him gon,
And hee was ſo ſore trauelled,
To put them off that hee aſſailyied:
That hee ſhould haue yarned reſting,
More than feghting and trauelling,
But his heart full is of bountie,
So that it vanquiſht may not bee.
IN this wiſe ſpake Sir Aymery,
And when they of his company
Saw that they trauelde had in vaine:
And how the King their men had ſlain
That at his larges was then all frée,
Them thought it was but Micitie,
For to make there longer dwelling,
Sen they might not annoy the King,
And then ſaid Sir Aymery,
That vnbethought him haſtely:
That hee to Carlile then would ga,
And there a while ſojourney ma:
And leaue his ſpyes on the King,
To knowe alwayes his contening,
And when that hæ his time might ſée.
Hæ thought that with a greit Menyie,
Hee ſhould ſet on them ſuddenlie,
Therefore with all his companie,
To England hæ his way hes tane.
And ilk man to his Houſe is gane.

A while to Carlyle went is hée,
And therein thinked for to bée,
While hæ his time ſaw of the King,
That then with all his gaddering,
Was in Carrik as hée was wount,
And would wend with his men to hunt.

How the King and his Hounds twa,
Three men in the Wood can ſla.

SO happned it vpon a day,
Hæ went to Hunt for to aſſay,
What gaming was in that Countrie,
So happned it that day when hæ
By a Wood ſide to a ſeate is gane.
With his two Hounds him allane,
But hee his ſword ay with him bare,
Hee had but ſhort while ſitten there,
When hée ſaw from the Wood command,
Thræ men with bowes in their hand,
That toward him came ſpœdily,
And hée perceiued them in hy,
By their effœre and their haſting,
That they him loued no kind thing,
Hæ raiſe vp, and his Lœch drew hee,
And læt his Hounds gang all frœ,
GOD helpe the King now for his might:
For bot he baith bee wiſe and wight,
Hee ſhall bee ſet in mœkle preaſſe,
For tha thræe men withoutten lies,
They were his foes all verely,
And waited him ay buſilie,
To ſœ when they might vengeance take
Of him: for Sir Iohn Cumyngs ſake,

And

And they thought then they leasure had.
And sen he him alone was stad.
They thought in hy they should him sla.
And if that they might cheuish sa,
That they might win the Wod againe:
Fra that they had the good King slaine.
His men they thought they should not dread.
In yre toward the King they yed,
And bent their bowes, when they were neere.
And that he dred on greit manere
Their arrowes: for hee naked was,
In hy a speech to them hee mais:
And said, you aught to shame yardie,
Sen I am one and yee are three,
For to shot at mee vpon feere.
But had you hardiment to come neere,
And with your swords to essay.
Win mee on sik wise if yee may,
Yé shall all out maire praised bee,
Perfay, quoth one then of the three:
Shall no man say wee doubt of thee sa,
That wé with arrowes shall thee sla,
With that their bowes away they kest,
And came on fast but longer frist,
The King them met full hardelie,
And smote the first so rigorouslie,
That hé fell dead downe on the greene,
And when the Kings Hounds had séene,
Two men assailyie their Master sa,
They lap to one, and could him ta,
Right by the necke. full sturdely,
While top ouer taile they gart him ly,
And the King that his sword out had.
Saw the Hounds sik succours made.

Ere hé

Ere hee that fallen had might vp rise,
Hæ him assailyied on sik a wise,
That hæ the backe straike euen in two,
The third that saw his fellow so,
Without recouering to be slaine,
Tooke to the Wood his gate againe,
But the King followed speedily,
And als the Hounds that were him by,
When they the man saw flee him fra,
Ran to him soone, and can him ta
Right by the necke while hæ him dreugh,
And the King that was neere aneugh.
In his rising a straike him gaue,
That starke dead to the eird him draue.
The Kings Menyie that were nære
When that they saw on sik maneer,
The King assailyied so suddenly,
They sped them toward him in hy,
And asked how that cace befell:
And hæ all haill it can them tell:
How they assailyied him all thræ.
Perfay (say they) wee may well see
That it is hard to vndertake,
Sik mellie with you for to make,
That so smertlie hes slaine three,
Withoutten hurt: Perfay (said hæ)
I slew but one withoutten ma.
GOD and mine Hounds hes slaine twa,
Their treason cumbred them perfay,
For right wight men all three were they.
WHen that the King through Gods grace,
On this maner escaped was,
Hæ blew his Horne, and then in hy,
His good men can to him rely.

Then homeward buskde he him to fare:
For that day would he hunt no maire.
In Glentrolle a while he lay,
And went oft times to hunt and play,
For to purchase them vennisoun:
For then the Deire were in season.
In all that time Sir Aimery,
With noble men in companie,
Lay in Carlile his time to sæ.
And when he heard the certainetie,
That in Glentrolle was the King,
And went to hunt and to playing:
He thought then with his Cheualrie,
To come vpon him suddenlie,
And from Carlile on nights ride,
And in Couert on daies bide:
And thus gate with his tranoynting,
He thought for to suppryse the King,
He assembled a great Menyie,
Of folke of full great Renounie,
Both of Scots and Englishmen,
Their way togidder held they then,
And rade on nights priuilie,
While they came to a Wood neere by
Glentrolle: where lodged was the King,
That wist right nocht of their comming:
Into great perill now is he.
For but GOD through his great bountie
Saue him, he sall be slaine or tane:
For they were sex where he was ane.

How the

How the King with a few Menyie,
Discomfite Sir *Aymer* in *Glentrolle*.

WHen Sir Aymer (as I haue told)
With his men that were stout and bold,
Were comming so nære the King that they
Were but a myle, fra him off way.
He toke auisement with his men,
On what maner they sould doe then.
For he said them that the King was
Ludged, into so strait a place,
That horsemen might him not assailyie:
And if fut-men gaue him battailyie,
He sould be hard to win, gif he
Might of their comming witted be,
Therefore I red all priuilie
We send a woman him to spie:
That porelie sall arrayed be.
She may aske meat for Charitie,
And sæ their conuæne haillelie.
Upon what maner that they lie,
And in that while we and our Menyie,
Comming out through the Wood may be,
On fut, all armed as we are.
May we doe so, that we come there
On them, or they wit our comming,
We sall finde in them no stynting,
This counsell thought they was the best:
Then send they forth but longer frist,
The woman that sould be their spy:
And she her way held foorth in hy,
Right to the Ludging wher was the King,
That had no dread of suppriſing:
For in Glentrolle was the King,
That was nære brought to suppriſing,

Pad

Yed vnarmed, merrie and blyth.
The woman hes he sæne all swyth.
Ye saw her vncouth, and for thy
Ye beheld her more tentiuely:
And by her countenance him thought,
That for good commen was she nought.
Then gart he men in by her ta:
And she that dred men sould her sla,
Told them now that Sir Aimery,
With the Clyffurde in company,
And the flowre of Northumberland,
Were comming on them at their hand.
WHen that the King heard that tything,
Ye armed him but more dwelling:
So did they all that with him were,
Syne in a sop assembled there.
I trow they were thræ hundreth nære.
And when they all assembled were:
The King his banner gart display,
And set his men in good array.
But they standen had but a thrain,
Right at their hand when that they saw
Their foes through the Wood cummand,
Armed on fot, with speare in hand:
They sped them full enforcedlie,
The noise begeuth then and the crie:
For the good King that formest was
Stoutlie toward his foes gaes:
And hynt out of a mans hand,
That nære beside him was gangand.
A bow, and a brade arrow als,
And hit the formest in the hals,
While throppell and wellband yed in two,
And he downe to the eird can go.

The laue

The laue with that made a ſtinting,
And then but moze the Noble King,
Hint from His Wancrman his Waner,
And ſaid, vpon them : foz they are
Diſcomfiſt all, and with that wozd,
Hæ ſwapped ſmertlie out his Swozd,
And on them ran ſo hardelie,
That all they of his companie,
Toke hardement of his good dæd.
And ſome that firſt their wayes yæd,
Againe came to the feght in hy,
And met their foes vigozouſlie.
That all the fozmeſt ruſhed were,
And when they that were backer mair,
Saw that the fozmeſt left their ſtæde,
They turned all their backe and fled.
Out of the Wood they them with dzew,
The King but few men of them ſlew,
Foz they right ſoone their gait can goe,
Foz it diſcomfozted them ſo,
That the King and his men was,
All armed to defend the place:
When they weind thzough their tranoynting,
To haue winning without feghting,
That they effrayed were ſuddenly,
And hee them ſought ſo angerly,
That they in full greit hy againe
Out of the Wood can to the Plane:
Foz they failzied of their intent.
They were that time ſo foully ſhent:
That fifteene hondzeth men and ma.
With a few were rebuted fa:
That they withdzew them ſhamfullie,
Therefoze among them ſuddenlie.

Raiſe

Raiſe greit debate, and greit diſtance,
Ilkane with other of their miſchance,
The Cliffurde and Vanis made a mellie,
Where Cliffurde raught him routes thrée
And either ſide drew to parties.
But Syr Aymer that was ay wiſe,
Departed them with mœkle paine,
And went to England home againe,
Hée wiſt, fra ſtrife raiſe them among,
They ſhould not hold togider long,
Without debate or moze melle,
For thy to England turned hee,
With moze ſhame than hée went off toun,
When ſo mony of ſik Renoun,
Saw ſo few men dyde them battaile.
Where they right hardy were to aſſaile.

How *Iames* of *Dowglas* diſcomfite than,
At *Edenfoord Philip Mowbray* with mony man,

THe King fra Sir Aymer was gane
Gathered his Menzie euerilkane:
And left both Wods and Mountaines,
And held the ſtraight way of the Plaines.
For hée would fane that end were made
Of that, that he begunnen had.
And hée wiſt well hee could not bring
It to good end but trauelling.
To Kyle firſt went hée, and that land.
Hée made to him all obeyſand.
And of Cuninghame the moſt party,
Hée gart yéld to his Senourie.
In Bothwell then Sir Aymer was,
That in his heart greit anger tacs,

For

For them of Cuninghame and Kyll,
That were obeysand to his will.
And had left Englishmens fewtie,
Thereof sane venged would hee bee,
And sent there Philip the Mowbray
With a thousand (as I heard say)
That armed were in his leading,
In Kyll, for to weirray the King,
But Iames of Dowglas that all tide,
Had Spyes out vpon ilk side,
Wist of their comming: and that they
Would hold downe Makyrnoks way.
Hee tooke with him all priuilie,
Them that were of his companie,
That were sirtie withoutten ma,
Syne in a strait place can they ga,
That is into Makyrnoks way.
The Nether Ford that hecht perfay,
And lyeth betwirt Marraises two,
Where that none Horse on like may goe,
On the South halfe where Iames was,
Is an vpgang, and a narrow place,
And on the North halfe is the way,
So ill, as it appeares this day.
Dowglas with them hee with him had.
Embushed him, and there abade.
Hee might well farre see their comming,
But they of him might see nothing.
They bade in bushment all that night.
And when the Sun was shinning bright.
They saw the battell come arrayed,
The Vangard with Banner displayed,
And syne efter the remanand,
They saw well neere behind cummand.

Then held they them still and priuie,
While the formost of their menyie,
Were entred in the Forde them by,
Then shout they on them with a cry:
And with the weapons that sharply share.
Some in the Ford they backward bare:
And some with arrowes were bleded brad
Sik martyrdome on them they made:
That they can thraw to voyde the place.
But behind them so stopped was
The way: that they fast might not flé,
And that gart of them mony dié:
For they no wise might get away,
But as they came: except that they
Would through their foes hold their gate,
But that way thought they all to hate,
Their foes met them so sturdelie,
And continued the feght so hardely:
That they so dreding were, that they,
The first might flée, fled fast away.
And when the Reeregard saw them so
Discomfite: and their wayes fast goe,
They fled on far, and held their way,
But Sir Philip the Mowbray,
That with the formest ryding way,
That entred was into that place,
When that hée saw how hée was stad,
Through the grett worship that hee had.
With Spurs hee strake the Sted of prise,
And maugre all his enemies
Through the thickest of them hée rade,
And but taking escaped had,
Were not ane hynt him by the brand,
But the good Steed that would not stand,

Hé lanced foorth deliueredlie,
Bnt the other so stubburnelie
Held, while the belt brist from the brand
And sword, and belt left in his hand.
And hæ but sword his wayes rade.
Well outwith them, and there abade,
Beholding how his Menyie fled:
And how his foes obtænde the Stæd.
That were betwirt him and his men:
Therefore hæ toke his wayes then,
To Kilmarnok and to KILWINNYNE
And to Ardrossen efter syne:
And through the Larges him alane,
To Enerkip the way hes tane,
Right to the Castle that well then,
Was stuffed all with Englishmen.
That him receiued in greit daintie.
And fra they wist what sort that hée
So far had ridden him alane,
Through men that were his foes ilkane,
They praised him full gretumlie,
And loued mækle his Cheualrie,
Sir Philip thus escaped was:
And Dowglas, that was in the place,
Where hee sirtie had slaine, and ma,
The laue foulie their gate can ga,
And fled to Bothwell home againe.
Whereof Sir Aymer was not fane:
When he heard tell on what maner.
That his Menyie discomfist were.

How the

How the King vnder *Lowdon* hill,
Discomfist Sir *Aymer* his power still.

WHen to King Robert he it told,
How that the Dowglas that was so bold
Vanquisht so feill with so few Menyie.
Right glad into his heart was he:
And als his men comforted were:
For they thought well both lesse and mare,
They sould the lesse their foes dræde:
Sen their purpose so with them yæd.
The King then lay into Gastoun,
That is right euen anent Lowdoun:
And to his peace tooke the Countrie.
When Sir Aymer, and his Menyie
Heard how he rioted all the land,
And how that none durst him withstand.
He was into his heart sorie,
And with one of his companie,
He sent him word, and said, if he,
Durst him into the Plaines sæ,
He sould on the tent day of May,
Come vnder Lowdoun hill alway.
And gif that he would mæte him there:
He said, his worship were the mare,
And more be turned to Noblenesse,
To mæte him in the Plaine hard wayes,
With hard dynts and euen fighting,
Than for to doe into stalking,
The King that heard his Messinger,
Had despite on a great maner,
That Sir Aymer spake so proudlie:
Therefore he answered angerlie.

And to the Meſſenger ſaid he,
Say to thy Lord, gif that I be
In life: he ſall me ſée that day
Well nére, gif he dare hold the way
That he hes ſaid, for ſikkerlie
At Lowdon hill méete him ſall I.
The Meſſenger but more abade,
To his Maiſter his wayes rade.
And his anſwere told him all ſwyth:
That was no néede to make him blyth:
For he thought through his méekle might,
Gif the King durſt appeare to fight:
That through the great Cheualrie,
That he ſould lead his companie,
Ye ſould ſo ouercome the King,
That there ſould be no recouering:
And the King on the other partie,
That was ay wiſe, and right wittie,
Rade for to ſée, and chooſe the place:
And ſaw the hie gate lying was,
Néere a faire field both faire and dry.
But vpon other ſide there by,
Was a great Moſſe, méekle and braide:
And fra the way was that men rade,
A bow-draught well on other ſide.
But that place thought he all too wide,
To abide men that horſed were:
Therefore three dykes ouerthort he ſhare,
From both the Moſſes to the way:
That were ſo far from other, that they
Were euen a bowdraught, or maire,
So holl, and hie tha dykes were,
That men might not but méekle paine
Paſſe them, though none were thē againe:

But ſloppes in the way left he,
So large, and of ſik quantitie:
That fiue hundreth might togidder ride
In at the ſloppes ſide for ſide.
There thought he battell for to bide,
And bargane them, for he no dread
Had, that they ſould behind aſſail:
For yet on ſide giue them battaill.
And before, he thought well that he
Hould from there might defended be,
Three dæpe dykes there gart he ma:
For gif he might not well ouerta
To mæte them at the firſt: that he
Hould haue the other at his pouſtie:
Or then the third, gif it fell ſo,
That they had paſt the other two.
On this wiſe ordained he:
And ſyne aſſembled his Menyie:
That were ſex hundreth feghting men,
But Rangald that was with him then,
That were als feill, as he, or ma,
With all that Menyie can he ga:
The Euen forow the field ſould be,
To Lowdon Bog, where that he
Would abide to ſée their comming.
Syne with the men of his leading,
He thought to ſpéd him, ſo that he
Hould at the dykes before them be.
SIr Aymer on the other partie,
Gaddered ſo great Cheualrie:
That he was well three thouſand néere,
Armed and dight on good manére.
And as a man of greet Noblay,
He held toward the tryſt his way.

When the set day commen was,
He sped him fast toward the place,
That he had named for to fight.
The Sunne was risen shining bright,
That blenked on the shields brade,
In battels two ordainde he had,
The folke that he had in his leading.
The King well sone in the morning,
Saw comming sone the first battell,
Arrayed sæmely, and wonder well:
And at their backe they saw cummand,
The other battell followand.
Their Basnets burnisht all were bright,
Against the Sunne lemand of light.
Their speares, pennons, and their shields,
With light illuminate all the fields.
Their best and browdred bright Baners,
And horse helped on seire maners:
And coat-armours, of seire colours:
And Hawbrækes that were white as floures
Made them glittering, that they were like
To Angels hie of heauens kinrike.
THE King said, Lordings, now ye sie,
How yone men through their great poustie
Would if they might fulfill their will,
Sla vs, and make sembland theretill.
And sen we know their fellonie,
Go we and mæte them hardelie,
That the stoutest of their Menyie,
Of our mæting abased be:
For gif the formest egerlie
Be met, ye sall sæ suddenlie,
The hindmest full abased be,
And though they be far mo than we,

That

That ſhould abaſe vs litle thing,
For when wee come to the feghting,
There may méete vs no moe than wée:
Therefore, Lordings, ilkane ſhould be,
Of worſhip, and of greit valour,
For to maintaine héere our honour.
Thinke what worſhip vs abides,
If that wee may, as well betides.
Haue victorie of our foes here:
For there is no man far nor néere,
In all this Land that wée them doubt.
Then ſaid they all that ſtod about,
Sir if GOD will, wee ſhall ſo doe,
That no reproofe ſhall ly vs to,
Now goe wée foorth, then ſaid the King,
And hee that made of nought all thing,
Leade vs, and ſaue vs for his might,
And helpe vs for to hold our right.
With that they held their way in hy,
Well ſex hundreth in company:
Stalward and ſtout, worthy and wight.
But they were all to few I hight,
Againſt ſo feill to ſtand in ſtour.
Were not their outragious valour.

¶ Now goes the Noble King his way
Right ſtoutly into good array,
And to the formeſt dykes is gane,
And in the ſlop the field hes tane,
The Carage men, and the pouerall,
That were no worthy into battaile,
Behind him leaued hee all ſtill,
Sitting together vpon an Hill.
Sir Aymer the King hes ſéene,
With his men that were cant and kéene,

Came to the Plaine downe from the Hill,
As him thought, into full good will,
For to defend or then assaylyie,
If ony man would come into battailzie,
Therefore his men comforted hée,
And bade them wight, and worthie bée:
For if that they might win the King,
And haue victorie of that feghting,
They should greitly rewarded bée,
And eke greitlie their Renounie,
With that they were right nære the King,
And heard well oft his manassing:
And gart trumpe vp to the assembly,
With the formest of his Menyie,
They embraced to them shields braide,
And right syne together rade,
With heads stouping and spears straught,
Right to the King their way they raught.
That met them with so greit vigour,
That of the best and most valour.
Were laid at eird at their mæting,
Where men might heare sicke a breaking
Of speares: that too frushed were,
And the wonnded so cry and raire,
That it annoyous was to heare.
For they that first assembled were
Fonyeed, and faught full sturdely,
The noyse begouth then, and the cry.
O mightie GOD who had there bæne,
And had the Kings worship seene,
And his brother that was himby,
That them contained so manfully.
That their good deed and their bountie,
Gaue greit comfort to their Menyie.

And holy

And how the Dowglas so manfully,
Comforted them that was him by,
Yee should well say, they had good will,
To win honour and come theretill,
The kings men so worthie were,
That with their speares that sharply share,
They stiked men, and Steds baith:
While red blood ran of wounds raith,
The Horse that stikked were can fling,
And rushed the folke in their slinging.
So that they that formost were,
Were stikked in stoppes here and there,
The King that saw them rushed so.
And saw them reilling to and fro,
Ran vpon them so egerly,
And dang on them so hardely,
Yee feill gart of his foes fall.
The field well neere was couered all,
Both with slaine Horse, and with men,
For the good King that followed then,
With fiue hundreth with weapons bare,
That would nothing their foes spare,
They dang on them so hardely.
That in short time men might see ly,
At eird an hundreth well and maire,
The remnant well the weaker were,
Then they begouth them to withdraw.
And when they of the Rereguard saw,
Their Vangard be so discomfite,
They fled withoutten more respite,
And when Sir Aymer hes seene,
His men flying all bedene,
Wit yee well hee was full woe,
But hee could not admonish so.

That ony

That ony for him would turne againe,
And when hæ ſaw hæ tint his paine,
Yee turned his bridle, and to goe,
For the gud King them preaſſed ſo,
For ſome were dead, and ſome were tane,
And all the laue thair gate were gane.
THe folke fled on this maner
Withoutten reſt: and Sir Aymer,
Againe to Bothwell is hæ gane,
Wænand the ſkaith that hee hes tane,
So Shamefullie that hee vanquiſht was.
Then to England in hy hæ gaes.
Right to the King, and ſhamefullie,
Hæ gaue vp all his Wardanerie:
Nor neuer ſyne for no kin thing,
But if hee come right with the King,
Come hæ to wære into Scotland.
So heauie toke hee that in hand,
That the King into ſet battell:
With few folke like a Pouerall,
Vanquiſht him with a greit Menyie.
That were renouned of greit bountis,
Sik anger had Sir Aymery:
And King Robert that was worthie,
Abade all ſtill into the place,
While that his men had left the chace,
Syne with priſoners they had tane.
They are toward their Innes gane.
Faſt louing GOD of their welfare:
Yee might haue ſæne that had bæne there,
Folke that right merrie were and glad,
For their victorie, and als they had,
A King ſo ſwæte, and debonaire,
So wiſe, and of ſo faire affære,

So blyth

So blyth, and als so well bourdand,
And in battell so stout to stand,
So wise, and also so worthie,
That they had great cause blyth to be.
So were they blyth withoutten doubt;
For feill that winned thereabout,
Sra they saw the King vse them sa,
To him their homage can they ma.
Then wart his power more and maire:
And he thought well that he would fare,
Out ouer the Mount with his Menyie,
To loke who there his friend would be.
Into Sir Alexander Fraser
He trasted for they Cousings were;
And his brother Simon alswa.
He had great mister of mony ma;
For he had foes mony ane,
Sir Iohn Cumyng Erle of Buchane,
And Sir Iohn the Mowbray syne,
And Sir Dauid of Brechine,
With all the folke of their leading,
Were foes to the Noble King:
And for he wist they were his faes,
His voyage hitherward he taes:
For he would see what kin ending,
They would make of their menasling.
The King busked and made him yare,
Northward with his men to fare.
His brother can he with him ta:
And Sir Gilbert de la Hay alswa.
The Erle of Lennox als was there,
That with the King was ouer all where,
Sir Robert Boyde and other mo.
The King can forth his wayes go.

He left Iames of Dowglas,
With all the folke that with him was,
Behind him, for to looke if he
Might recouer his owne Countrie.
He put himselfe in full great perill:
But efter in a litle while,
With his great Worship so he wrought,
That to the Kings peace he brought,
The Forrest of Ettrik all haill,
And euen so did he Dowglasdaill,
And Iedburgh Forrest alswa:
And who so well on hand would ta,
To tell his worshippes one and one:
He sould of them find monie one:
For in his time as men told me,
Thretteine times vanquisht was he:
And had victorie times seuen and fiftie
He sæmed not long time idle to lie:
By his trauell he had no will.
He thinke, men sould him loue of skill:

How *Iames* of *Dowglas* slew *Webtoun*,
And wan his Castell, & kest it downe.

THis Iames when the King was gane,
All priuilie his men hes tane:
And went to Dowglasdaill againe,
And priuilie hes made a traine,
To them that in the Castle were,
A bushment slelie made they there,
And of his men fourtæne and ma
He gart, as they would sekkes ta,
Filled with gers, and syne them lay
Upon their horse, and hold their way,

Right

Right as they would to Lanerik fare.
Out with where they embushed were.
And when they of the Caſtell ſaw,
So feill lades ganging on raw,
Of that ſight were they wonder fane,
And told it to their Capitane:
That hecht Sir Iohn of Webtoun,
That was both ſtarke, ſtout and felloun:
Joiie alſo, and couragious.
And for that he loued Paramours,
He would iſhe far the lightlier.
He gart his men all take their geare,
And iſhe to get them vittaile,
For it that they had faſt did faile.
They iſhed all aboundantlie,
And preiked forth ſo wilfullie,
To win the lades that they ſaw pas,
Till the Dowglas and his men was
Betwixt them and the Caſtell.
The lade-men then perceiued well,
And they caſt downe their lades in hie,
And their gownes deliuerlie,
That heilled them, they caſt away.
And in great hy their horſe hynt they:
And ſtart vpon them ſturdelie,
And met their foes with a crie.
They had great wonder when they ſaw,
Them that were eir lurking full law,
Come vpon them ſo hardelie,
They were abaſed ſuddenlie.
And at the Caſtle would haue bene.
When on the other ſide they haue ſæne,
Dowglas breake his Embuſhement,
That againſt them ſo ſtoutlie went,

They

They wist not what to doe or say,
Their foes on ather side saw thay,
That strake on them without sparing:
That they might help their selfe nothing,
But fled to warrand where they moght:
And they so angerlie them soght,
That of them all escaped nane.
Sir Iohn of Webtoun there was slaine:
And when he dead was as ye heare,
They fand into his Awmanneir
A letter, that to him sent a Ladie,
That he loued for Drowrie.
That said when he had kept one yeere,
In weere as worthie Batchelere,
The auentrous Castell of Dowglas,
That for to keepe so perilous was:
Then might he well aske a Ladie,
His Armours, and her Drowrie.
The Letter spake on this maner:
And when they slaine on this wise wer,
Dowglas right to the Castell rade,
And there so great debate he made:
That in the Castell entred he:
I wate not all the certaintie,
Whether it was through strength or slight:
For he wrought so with his great might,
That the Constable, and all the laue,
That was therein both man and knaue
He tooke, and gaue them dispending,
And sent them home but more grieuing,
To the Cliffurde, in their Countrie:
And syne so busilie wrought he,
That he all tumbled downe the wall:
And destroyed the houses all.

Syni

Syne to the Forrest held his way,
Where hee had many hard assay:
And mony faire points of weere befell,
Who could them all rehearse or tell,
Hee should say that his name should bee
Lasting in full greit Renounis.

How ouer the *Month* past the King,
And there fell sicke in his passing.

NOw will wee leaue in the Forrest
Dowglas, that shall haue litle rest.
While the Countrie deliuered bee,
Of Englishmen, and their pouestie:
And turne wee to the Noble King,
That with the folke of his leading,
Toward the Month hes tane his way,
Right short, into full good array,
Where Alexander Fraser him met.
And als his brother that Simon het:
With all his folke they with him had.
The King of their comming was glad:
And cherisht them in all kin thing.
And they told him of the comming
Of Sir Comyng Erle of Buchane,
That to him helpe, had with him tane
Sir Iohn Mowbray, and other ma,
And Sir Dauid Brechine alswa:
With all the folke of their leading,
And yarnes more than ony thing
Uengeance of you, Sir, King to take,
For Sir Iohn Cumyng his Emes sake,
That whilum at Drumfreis was slaine,
The King said, So our Lord mee sane,

I had

I had greit cauſe him for to ſla.
And ſen that they on hand will ta.
Becauſe of him to weere on mæ,
I ſhall abide a while and ſæ,
On what wiſe they will prowue their might,
And if it fall that they will fight.
If they aſſaile, wæ ſhall defend:
Let fall efter what God will ſend.
Efter this ſpæch the King in hy,
Yeld ſtraight his way to Enrowry:
And there hæ tooke ſik a ſickneſſe,
That put him to ſo heard diſtreſſe:
That hæ forbure both drinke and meat.
His men no Medicine might get,
That euer might to the King auailyie,
His heart all haill begouth to failyie:
That hæ might nouther ride, nor goe.
Then wit yee well his men were woe,
For none was in that company.
That would haue bæne halfe ſo ſory,
For to haue ſæne his brother dead:
Lying before them in that ſtead,
As they were all for his ſickneſſe,
For all their comfort in him was,
And good Sir Edward the worthie,
His brother that was ſo hardie,
And wiſe and wight, ſet mækle paine,
To comfort them with all his maine.
And when Lords that were there,
Saw that the cuill aye mair and maire
Traueld the King: they thought in hy,
It was not ſpeedfull there to ly,
For there all plaine was the Countrie,
And they were but a few Menyie.

To ly but ſtrength into the Plaine.
Therefore while that their Captaine,
Were recouered of his mækle ill,
They thought to wind ſome ſtrengths till:
For folke withoutten Captaine,
But they the better be in paine,
Shall not bes all ſo good indeed,
As they a Lord had them to lead,
That put himſelfe in auenture:
But abaſing to take the Vre
That God will ſend: for when that hee
Of ſik will is and ſik bounty,
That hee dare put him to eſſay,
His folke ſhall take example ay,
Of his good deede, and his bountie,
And ane of them ſhall bee worthy thee,
Of them, that wicked Chiftane hes,
His wretchednelle ſo in them gaes,
That they their manlineſſe ſhall tyne.
Through wickednelle of his conuyne.
For when the Lord that them ſhould lead,
May doe nought, but as hee were dead.
Or from his folke holds his way
Flæing: trow yee not that they
Mincuſt ſhall in their hearts bee.
Bes ſhall they, as I trow pardie:
But if their hearts bee ſo hie,
They will not for their worſhip flee,
And though ſome bee of ſik bountie,
When they the Lord and his Menyie
Sees flee, yet ſhall they flee a paine:
For all men flees the deed full faine,
See what hee does, that ſo foullis,
Flees thus for his Colwardzie:

Both him and his vanquishes hee,
And garres his foes abone bee:
But hee throughy his greit Nobilay
To perill him abandounes ay,
For to recomfort his Menyie,
Garres them bee of sik greit bountie,
That mony time a vnlikelie thing
They bring right well to good ending,
So did this good King as I of read,
That throughy his courageous manhead,
Comforted his men on sik maner:
That none had radnesse where hee were,
They would not feght while that hee was]
Lying in sik greit sickneſſe,
Therefore in Litter they him lay,
And to the Slenath held their way.
And thought into that Strength to ly,
While passed was his Malady.

How the Kings men with feghting,
Defended the King in his lying.

BOt fra the Erle of Buchane
Wist, that they were hidder gane:
And knew that so sick was the King
That men doubted of his recouering,
Hee sent efter his men in hy,
And assembled a great company.
For all his owne men were there,
And als his friends with him were,
There was Sir Iohn the Mowbray
And his brother, as I heard say,
And als Sir Dauid of Breching
With feill folke of his leading.

And when

And when they all assembled were,
In hy they toke their way to fare
To the Slenath, with all their men,
For to assailyie the King, that then
Was lying into his sickneſſe.
This was after the Martimeſſe,
When snow ouerhailed all the land.
To the Slenath they came nære hand,
Arrayed on their beſt maner:
And then the Kings men that wer
Ware of their comming, them apparelled
To defend gif they were assailyied,
And not for thy, their foes were
Ay two for one, or els maire.
The Erles men nære comming were,
Trumping, and making mickle fare,
And made Knights when they were nære,
And they that in the Woodside were,
Stood in array right sturdelie,
And thought to bide there hardelie
The comming of their enemies:
But they would vpon no kin wise
Ithe to assailyie them in feghting,
While recouered were the Noble King.
And gif other would them assailyie,
They would defend, vailyie quoth vailyie.
And when the Erles companie
Saw that they wrought so wiselie:
That they their strength shupe to defend,
Their Archers forth to them hes send,
To bikker them as men of mane:
And they sent Archers them againe,
That bikkered them so sturdelie,
That they of the Erles partie,

Right to their battell driuen were,
Foure daies on this wise laie they there,
Bikkering them euerilke day:
But the Bowmen the war had ay.
And when the Kings companie,
Saw their foes before them lie,
That ilk day wart ma and ma:
And they were whæne, and stad were sa,
That they had nothing for to eat:
But gif they trauelled it to get.
Therefore they tooke counsell in hie,
That there they would no longer lie:
But hold their way where they might get
To them, and theirs, vittaile and meat.
In a Litter the King they lay:
And graithed them vpon their way,
That all their foes might it sée.
Ilke man busked in their degrée
To fight, if they assailyied were.
In mids of them the King they bare,
And yéed about him right worthelie,
And not full greatlie can them hie.
The Erle, and they that with him were,
Saw that they busked them to fare:
And how with so litle affray,
They held forth with the King their way.
Readie to fight, who would assailyie:
Their hearts then begouth to failyie,
And in peace léete them passe away,
And to their houses home went they.

How the King discomsist at *Enrowry*,
The Erle of *Buchane* shamefully.

The Erle his way toke to Buchane:
And Sir Edward the Bruce is gane
Right to Strabogie with the King:
And so long made their Soiourning,
While he begouth to recouer and ga.
And syne their wayes can they ta
To *Enrowrie* straught againe:
For they would lie into the Plaine
The Winter season: for vittaile
Into the Plaine they might not faile.
The Erle wist that they were there,
And gaddered Menyie here and there:
Brechine, Mowbray, and their men,
All to the Erle assembled then,
They were a full great companie
Of men arrayed iolelie,
To old Meldrome they held their way:
And there with their men lodged they.
Before Yule-Euen one night but maire.
A thousand trow I well they were:
They lodged them there all the night,
While on the morne that day was light,
The Lord of Brechine, Sir Dauy,
Is went toward Enrowry.
To loke gif he in any wise,
Might doe skaith to his enemies.
And to the end of Enrowry,
He came riding so suddenlie,
That of the Kings men he slew
One part, and other men withdrew.

That fled their way toward the King:
That with moſt part of his gaddering,
On yond halfe of the towne were lying:
And when men told him the tything,
How Sir Dauid had ſlaine his men,
His horſe in hie he aſked then:
And bade his men all make them yare,
In full great hie: for he would fare
To bargane with his enemies.
With that he buſked him to riſe,
What was not well recouered then,
Then ſaid ſome of his priuie men:
What thinke ye, Sir, thus gate to fare
To feght, and ye not recouered are?
Yes, ſaid the King withoutten wære,
Their boaſt hes made me haill and fære,
There ſould no Medicine ſo ſoone
Haue cured me, as they haue done.
Therefore ſo GOD himſelfe me ſæ,
I ſall haue them, or then they me.
And when his men hes heard the King,
Set him ſo well for the feghting:
Of his recouering all blyth they were,
And made them for the battell yare.
THe Noble King and his Menyie,
That might wel nære ſeuen hunder be
Towards old Meldrome held the way,
Where the Erle and his Menyie lay.
The diſcurreours ſaw them cummand
With Baners to the wind waiuand:
And told it to their Lord in hie,
That gart arme his men haſtelie,
And them arrayed for the battell,
Behind them ſet they their poueraill,

And made good semblance for to fight.
The King came on with mœkle might.
And they abade making greit feare,
While that they nœre assembled were,
But when they saw the Noble King
Come stourly on without stinting:
A litle on bridle them with drew,
And the King that right well knew
That they were all discomfist nœre.
Preassed on them with his Banœre,
And they withdrew them maire and maire
And when the small folke they had there,
Saw their Lords withdraw them so,
They turnde their backe, and haill to goe,
And fled, and skailed hœre and there.
The Lords that yet togidder were,
Saw that their small folke were flœing,
And saw the King stoutly comming:
They were ilkeane abased so,
That they the backe gaue, and to go,
A litle stound togidder held they,
And syne ilke man toke sundrie way,
Fell neuer man sik foule mischance,
Efter so sturdie countenance.
And when the Kings companie
Saw that they fled so foullelie.
They chased them with all their mane:
And some they toke, and some hes slaine.
The remanand were flœing ay.
Who had best Horse, gote best away.
To England fled the Erle of Buchane:
Sir Iohn Mowbray is with him gane,
And were resset there with the King:
But they both short while had resting

For they died both sone after syne,
For good Sir Dauid of Breching
Fled to Brechin his owyne Castell,
And garnist it both faire and well:
But the Erle of Atholl Sir Dauy,
His sonne, that was in Kildromy,
Came syne, and him assieged there,
And hee that would hold wære na mair,
Nor bargane with the Noble King.
Came syne his man with good liking.

Of the heirship of *Buchane*, And how the Castle of *Forfare* was tane

NOw goe wé to the King againe,
That of his victorie was fane,
And gart his men burne all Buchane,
From end to end, and spared nane:
And herryed them on sik manære,
That efter that well fiftie yære,
Men mæned the heirship of Buchane.
The King then to his peace hes tane,
The North Countrie all hailelie,
Obeyed they to his Seinyeorie:
So that by North the Month was nane
But they his men were commen ilkane.
The Lordship aye wort maire and maire,
Howard Angous syne can hæ fare,
And thought sone to make his all frée:
That were on Northside the Scots Sea,
The Castell of Forfare was then,
Stuffed all with Englishmen:
But Philip the Fraser of Platane,
Hes of his friends with him tane.

And

And with Ladder all priuilie
Hee to the Caſtell can him hy:
And clambe vp ouer the walles of ſtane,
And ſyne all that hee fand hes ſlaine:
Syne yald the Caſtell to the King.
That made him right faire rewarding,
And ſyne hee gart breake downe the wall,
And forded well and Caſtell all.

How the King wan *Sainct Iohnſtown.*
And tumbled all the Towres down.

WHen that the Caſtell of Forfare,
And all the towres downs tumbled were,
Right to the eird, as I haue I told,
The King that ſtout was, ſtark and bold,
Thought that hee would make all frée,
Vpon North halfe the Scots ſea.
To Perth hee went with all his rout,
And vnbeſet the towne about,
But vnto it hes a Siege ſet,
But while theymight haue men, & meat,
It might not but greit paine be tane:
For all the wall were then of ſtane.
And thicke towres, and high ſtanding:
And that time were there in winning,
The Methwenes and the Olyphands:
They two the towne had in their hands,
Of Stratherne als the Erle was there:
But his Sonne and his men were,
Without into the Kings rout,
There was ilke day bikkering ſtout,
And men ſlaine on either partie:
But the good King that was wittie

In all

In all his déedes euerilkane,
Saw the walles so stight of stane,
And saw the fence that they can make.
And that the towne was hard to take.
With open assault of strength and might,
Therefore he thought to worke with slight,
And in all time that hé there lay,
Hé spied, and slely gart assay,
Where at the dykes it shaldest was;
While at the last hé found a place,
That they might to their shoulders waid.
And when hé that place had founden had,
Hé gart his Menyie buske ilkane,
When ser Oulkes of the siege was gane:
And tursed their Harnesse haillelie,
And left the siege all openlie,
And fourth with all his folke can fare,
As hé would doe thereat no mare.
And they that were into the towne,
When they to fare saw him all bowne,
They shouted him, and scorning made,
And hé forth on his wayes rade,
As hé no will had againe to turne,
Nor beside them to make sojourne:
And in aught dayes nought for thy,
Hé gart make Ladders priuily:
That might suffice to this intent:
And in a myrke night syne hé went
Toward the towne with his Menyie:
And Horse and knaues leaued hé
Far from the towne: and syne hes tane
His Ladders: and on fote are gane
Toward the towne all priuily,
They heard no Watches speake nor cry,

For

For they that were therein may fall,
As men that dred noght, but slept all.
They had no dread then of the King,
For they of him heard no tyding,
All the thrée daies before or maire:
Therefore sikker and traist they were,
And when the King heard them not stére,
He was right blyth in great manére,
And his ladder in hand can ta:
Example to his men to ma.
Arrayed well in all his geare:
Shot in the dyke, and with his speare
Cast till that he it ouer wade,
But to his throt the water stood.
THat time was in his companie.
A Knight of France, wight and hardie
And when he in the Water sa
Saw the King passe, and with him ta
His ladder vnabasedlie,
He saned him for the ferlie,
And said, O Lord, what shall we say,
Of our Lords of France, that ay
With good mortells fairses their panche,
And will but eat, and drinke, and dance:
When sik a King, and so worthie,
As this is through his Chevalrie,
Into sik perill hes him set,
To win a wretched Hamelet,
With that word to the dyke he ran,
And ouer after the King he wan.
And when the Kings Menyie saw,
Their Lord the King into a thraw,
Past to the dyke, and but more let,
Their ladders to the wall they set,

And to

And to climbe vp fast preassed they:
But the good King, as I heard say,
Was the second yed ouer the wall,
And bade there while his Menyie all,
Were comming vp in full great hy:
Yet then raise neither noise nor crie,
But sone efter they noyse made,
That of them first perceiuing had.
So that the cry raise through the towne:
But he that with his men was boune,
To assailyie, to the towne is went.
And the most part of his men sent.
And skailled through the towne: but he
Held with himselfe a great Menyie.
So that he might be ay puruayde
To defend, gif he were assayde:
But they that he sent through the toun
Put to so great confusioun
Their foes: that in beds were,
Or skailled: flæing here and there:
That ere the sunne raise, they had tane
Their foes, and discomfist ilkane.
The Wardanes both therein were tane,
And Malise of Stratherne was gane
To his father, the Erle Malis,
And with strength toke him, and all his.
Syne for his sake, the Noble King
Gaue him his land in gouerning.
The lane that ran out through the toun,
Seazed to them in great fusioun,
Men, arming, and Merchandise,
And other good of sundrie wise,
While they that were both poze and bare,
Of their goods rich, and mightie were.

But there was few slaine: for the King
Had giuen them in commanding,
Upon great paine they should sla nane,
That but great bargane might be tane:
For they were kinde to the Countrie
He wist: and had of them pietie.
IN this maner the towne was tane:
And syne the Towres euerilkane,
And walles great were tumbled downe,
He left nothing about the towne,
Towre standing, nor stone wall,
But he gart haillelie destroy them all,
And prisoners that there tooke he:
He sent where they might keeped be:
And to his peace toke all the land.
Was none that then durst thē withstand,
On North halfe the Scots sea,
All obeyed to his Maiestie:
Except the Lord of Lorne, and tha
Of Argyle, that would not with him ga.
He held him ay against the King,
And hated him attour all thing.
But yet ere all the gaming ga,
I trow well that the King sall ta
Vengeance of his great crueltie:
And that him sore repent sall he,
That he the King contraried ay,
Nay sall. when he it mend not may.
THE Kings brother when the towne
Was taken thus. and doungen downe
Sir Edward that was so hardie,
Tooke him with a great companie,
And tooke his gate in Galloway:
For with his men he would assay,

Gif he

Gif he recouer might that land,
And win it fra Englishmens hand,
This Sir Edward the Bruce I hight
Was of his hand a Noble knight:
And in blythnesse swæt and iolie,
But he was outragious hardie:
And of so hie vndertaking:
That he had neuer yet abasing
Of multitude of men, for thy
He discomfist commonly
Monie with whæne: therefore had he
Attour his Pærès the Renounie.
And who rehearse would all his dæde,
Of his worship, and his manhæde,
Men might a mæklé Romanes make.
And not for thy I thinke to take
On hand to say, of him some thing:
But not teind part his trauelling.

How Sir *Edward* discomfist at *Cree*, Sir *Ingrame Vmfrauile*, and *Aymere*.

THis good knight that I spake of aire,
With all the folke that with him were
And into Galloway commen is,
All that he found he makes all his,
And herved greatlie all the land.
But then in Galloway was winnand
Sir Ingrame Vmfrauile that was
Renouned of so great Prowes,
That he of worship past the rout:
Therefore he gart ay beare about
Upon an speare a red Bonet,
Into takinning that he was set

Into the hight of Cheualry,
Of Saint Iohn: als Sir Aymery
Thir two the Land had in stæring:
And when they heard of the comming
Of Sir Edward, that all plainelie,
Ouer-rade the land, then in greit hy,
They assembled of their Menyie,
I trow twelue hundreth they might bée:
But hé with fewer folke them met,
Beside Cree, and so hard them set,
With hard battell and stalward fight,
That hé them put all to the flight.
And slew two hundreth well and ma,
And the Chiftanes in hy can ta.
There to Bothwell for to bée,
Receiued there into sauitie.
And Sir Edward them chased fast,
Both to the Castell at the last.
Gate Sir Ingrame and Sir Aymery:
But the best of their company,
Lay dead behind them in the place,
And when Sir Edward saw the chace
Was faillyied, hé gart sese the Prey,
And so feill Cattell had away,
That it was wonder for to sée,
Of Bothwell towre they saw, how hé
Gart his men with him driue the Prey:
But no let there till set might they.
Through his couragious Cheualrie,
Galloway was stoneyed gretumlie,
And doubted him for his bountie,
Some of the men of that Countrie
Came to his peace, and made him aith:
But Sir Aymer that had the skaith,

Efter

Efter the bargane I tolde of aire,
Rade in England to purchaſe there,
Of armed men greit companie,
To venge him of the velanie,
That Sir Edward the Noble Knight,
Him did at Cree into the fight,
Of good men hee aſſembled there,
Twelf fiftæne hundreth men and maire,
That was of right greit Renounie:
His way with all the folke tooke hee:
And in the Land all priuilie
Entred with that Theualrie:
Thinking Sir Edward to ſupprize,
If hee might vpon any wiſe,
For hee thought hee would him aſſailyie,
Ere hæ left into plaine battailyie.

How Sir *Edward* with fifty,
Wan fifteen hundreth, and Sir *Aymery*.

NOw may yé heare of great ferlie,
And als of right hie Theualrie
For Sir Edward was in the land
With all his Menzie right nære hand,
And in the morning right airlie,
Hæ heard the Countrie men make cry,
And had a witting of their comming,
Then buſked hee him but delaying,
And lap on Horſe deliuerlie,
Hee had into his rout fiftie.
All lap on Horſe arrayed well,
His ſmall folke gart hee ilke deill,
Withdraw them to a ſtrait thereby:
And hee rade forth with his fifty.

A Knight

A knight that then was in his rout.
Worthie, and wight, stalward and stout,
Courtes, and faire, and of good fame,
Sir Alane Cathkart is his name,
Told mee this tale, I to you tell.
Greit Myst into the morning fell.
So that men might not see them by
For a Myst a bowdraught fullly,
So hapned, that they fand the trace.
Where the greit rout passed was
Of their foes that before rade,
Sir Edward that greit yarning had
All time to doe greit Cheualry,
With all his rout in full greit hy.
Followed the trace where gane were they:
And before midmorne of the day,
The Myst wore cleare all suddenly:
And then hee and his company,
Was not a bowdraught from the rout.
Then set they on them with a shout:
For if they fled, they wist that they
Should not get fourt part well away
Therefor in auentur to die
They would them part ere they would flee
And when the English companie
Saw on them come so suddenly,
Sik folke withoutten abasing,
They were put into greit affraying,
And the other but more abade,
So hardelie among them rade:
That feill of them to eird they bare,
Astoneyed so greitly they were,
Through the force of the first assay,
And they that were to so greit affray,

They weind by far he had bene ma,
For that they were assailyied sa.
And Sir Edwards companie,
When they had thrilled them hastelie,
Set stoutlie in the head againe:
And at their course bounden, and slaine
Were of their foes a greit partie,
That they affraiyed were vtterlie:
So that they skailled greitly then,
When good Sir Edward and his men
Saw them into so euill array:
The third time on them preiked they,
And they that saw them so stoutly,
Come on them, and so hardely,
All their rout both lesse and maire,
Fled fast skailling here and there,
Was none of them all so hardy
To byde, but fled all commonly,
To their warrand, and hee can chase,
That wilfull to destroy them was:
And some hee tooke, and some hes slaine:
But Sir Aymery with meekle paine
Escaped, and his gaite is gane:
His men discomfist euerilkane.
Some tane, some slaine, some fled away,
This was a full faire point perfay.
Loe, how Yardement tane suddenly,
And driuene syne to the end sharply,
May gar oft time vnlikelie thing,
Come to right faire and good ending,
As it fell into this cace here
For Yardement withoutten weere,
Wan fiftene hundreth with fiftie,
When aye for one they were threttie,

And two

And two men is ouer mony hære,
But they were led on sik manære,
That they discomfist were ilkane.
Sir Aymer home his gaite is gane,
Right blyth, that so he gote away:
I trow, he sall not mony a day,
Haue will to weirray that Countrie,
With thy Sir Edward therein be.
And he dwelt still into the land,
Them that rebelled still weirrayand:
And in one yære so weirrayed he:
That he wan quyte all that Countrie,
To his brothers peace the King:
But that was nought but hard feghting.
For in that time there him befell,
Mony sore point, as I heard tell,
The whilk are not all writtен here:
But I wote well that in that yære
Threttæne Castels with strength he wan,
And ouercame mony a mody man.
And who of him the soth would read,
Had he had measure in his dæde,
I trow that worthier than he,
In his time might not founden be:
Except his brother alanerly,
To whome into good Cheualry,
I dare compare none, was in his day:
For he led him with measure ay.
And with wit all his Cheualry
He gouerned ay so worthely,
That he full oft vnlikly thing
Wrought right well to a good ending.

How *Iames Dowglas* tooke *Thomas Randell*, And *Alexander Stewart*, as I heard tell.

IN all that time Iames of Dowglas
Into the Forrest ay trauelling was.
And it through hardement and slight,
Occupied all, magre the might
Of his feill foes, the whilk thay
Set him oft syes in hard assay.
But oft through wit, and through bountie,
His purpose to good end brought he:
Into that time himselfe throgh cace
One night, as he trauelling was,
And thought to haue had his resting,
In a house by the Water of Lyne,
And as he came with his Menyie,
Nere hand the house, so listned he,
And heard their Sawes euerilke deill.
And he by that perceiued well,
That they were strange men that there
That night in that house harbred were:
And as he thought, so fell through cace:
For of Bonkill the Lord there was
Alexander Stewart heght he,
With other two of great bountie:
Thomas Randell of great Renoun,
And also Adam of Gordoun:
That came there with great companie,
And thought in the Forrest to lie,
And occupie it with all their might,
And with trauell and stalward sight,
To chase Dowglas from that Countrie:
But otherwise all yed the glee.

When

When Iames of Dowglas had witting,
And als to him there came tyding,
That strange men had tane harberie,
Into the place where he shupe to lie,
Ye to that place past hastelie.
Both he and all his companie
And vmbeset the house about.
When they within heard sik a rout
About the house, they raise in hy,
And toke their geare right hastely,
And came foorth fra the harnest were.
Their foes them met with weapons bare,
And them assailyied right hardelie,
And they defended doughtelie,
With all their might, while at the last,
Their foes preassed them so fast,
That their folke failed them ilkane,
Thomas Randell there was tane,
And Alexander Stewart alswa,
Wounded into one place, or twa.
Adame of Gordoun fra the fight,
What through strength, and what through slight,
Escaped, and als seire of their men.
But they that were arreisted then,
Were of their taking wonder wa:
But nædlings them behooude be sa.
That night good Iames of Dowglas
Made to Sir Alexander, that was
His Emes sonne right gladsome chære:
So did he als withoutten wære
To Thomas Randell, for that he
Was to the King in nære degrée
Of blood, for his sister him bare.
And on the morne withoutten maire,

Tolward the noble King he rade,
And with him both the two he had.
The King of that preſent was blyth,
And thanked him thereof feill ſyth,
And to his Meuoy can he ſay
Thou hes a whyle renounced thy fay,
But now recounſailde thou mon be.
Then to the King anſwered he,
And ſaid, ye chaſtie me, but ye
Ought better for to chaſtyed be.
For ſen ye weirrayed the King
Of England into plaine feghting,
Ye ſould preaſſe to direnye you right
With might, and not yet with ſlight.
The King ſaid, yet fall it may
Ere it be long, to ſik aſſay:
But ſen thou ſpeakes ſo rudely,
It is great reaſon, that men chaſty
Thy proud words, whils that thou knaw
The right, and duetie that thou aw.
The King without more delaying,
Sent him to be in firme keeping,
Where that he a whyle ſall be,
Nought all vpon his owne pouſtie.

How the King at *Gleclaben*,
Diſcomfiſt *Iohn* of *Lornes* men.

WHen Thomas-Randel on this wiſe
Was taken, as I here deuiſe:
And ſent to dwell in firme keeping,
For his ſpeech he ſpake to the King.
The King that thought vpon the ſkaith,
The deſpite, and the vslanie baith,

That Iohn

That Iohn of Lorne had to him done:
His Oist assembled hée alsone,
And toward Lorne hée toke the way,
With all his men in good array.
But Iohn of Lorne of his comming,
Long ere hée came had good witting.
And men on ilke side gathered hée:
I trow two thousand they might bée.
And sent them for to stop the way,
Where the good King behooued to ga.
Clochmabanie heght that mountaine,
I trow that into all Britaine,
A higher Hill may not founden bée.
There Iohn of Lorne gart his menyie,
Enbushed bee abone the way.
If the King held that gait perfay,
Hée thought hée should sone vanquisht be:
And himselfe held him on the sea,
Well neere the place with his Gaillayes,
But the King that at all assayes,
Was founden wise, and right wittie,
Perceiued well their subtiltie,
And him houed that gaite to goe,
His men departed hée in two.
And that to the good Lord of Dowglas,
In whom all vertue winning was.
Hée taught his Archers euerilkane.
And the good Lord hes with him tane
Sir Alexander the Phraser wight,
And William Wiseman a good knight,
And with them then Sir Andro Gray,
That with their Menyie held their way,
And clambe the Hill deliuerly,
And ere they of the other party

Perceiued them, they had ilkane,
The hight abone their foes tane.
The King and his men held their way,
And when into the place were they
Entred, the folke of Lorne in hy,
Upon the King raiſed the cry,
And ſhot, and tumbled on them ſtanes,
Both greit and heauie for the nanes.
But they ſkaithed not greitly the King,
For hee had there in his leading,
Men that light and deliuered were,
And light armour vpon them bare,
So that they ſtoutly clambe the Hill,
And ſtopped their foes to fulfill
The moſt part of their fellony,
And als vpon the other party,
Came Iames of Dowglas, and his rout,
And ſhot vpon them with a ſhout,
And wounded them with arrows faſt,
And with their Swords at the laſt,
They ruſhed among them hardely
But they of Lorne full manfully
Greit and a peart defence can ma.
But when they ſaw, that they were ſa
Aſſailyied vpon two parties,
And ſaw well that their enemies,
Had all the fairer of the fight,
In full greit hy they toke the flight,
And they a felloun chaſe can ma,
And ſlew all that they might ouerta.
And they that might eſcape perfay,
Right to a Water held their way,
That ran downe by the Hilles ſide,
That was ſo ſtraite ſo dæpe and wide,

That men

That men on no wise might it passe,
But at a Brig that narrow was.
To that Brig held they fast their way,
And to breake it can fast assay.
But they them chased when they them saw
Make their a rest but dread or aw
They rushed vpon them hastelie,
And discomfist them vtterlie:
And held the Brig haile while the King,
With all the folke of his leading,
Passed the Brig all at their ease,
To Iohn of Lorne it should displease,
I trow when hee his men might sée,
Out of the shipes into the sea.
Bé slaine and chased from the Hill,
And hé might set no let theretill:
For it angers as gretumlie,
To good heartes that are worthie,
To sée t'heir foes fulfill their will,
As to themselfe to thole the ill,

How *Linlithgow-Peill* winnen was
Through *William Binnie*, and his purchase.

AT sik mischiefe were they of Lorne,
For feill their liues there hes forlorne
And other some had fled away.
The King in haste gart sease the Prey,
Ouer all the Land, where men may see,
So greit aboundance come of fee,
That it were wonder to behold,
The King that stout was starke and bold,
To Dunstaffage right sturdely,
A Siege set: and busily

Assailyied

Assailyied that Castell for to get:
And in short time hee hes them set
In sik thrang, that therein were than,
That magre theires hee it wan:
And a good Wardane therein set.
And betaught him both men and meat:
So that hee long time there might bee,
Magre them all of that Countrie.
Sir Alexander of Argyle that saw
The King destroy vp cleane, and law
His land, sent treitise to the King,
And Came his man but more dwelling:
And hee receiued him to his peace.
But Iohn of Lorne his sonne, that was
Sittell, as hee was wont to bee,
Hee fled in shippes to the sea,
But they that left were on the land,
Were to the King all obeysand:
And he their pledges all hes tane,
And toward Peirth againe is gane,
To play him there into the Plaine,
Yet Lowthiane was him againe:
And at Linlithgow was yet a Peill,
Meekle and starke, and stuffed well
With Englishmen that was resset
To them that with armours, and meat,
From Edinburgh would to Striuilng ga,
And from Striuiling would againe alswa,
That to the Countrie did greit ill,
Now may yee heare if that yee will,
Of interludes and jeopardies,
That men assailyied mony wise,
Castells and Peills for to ta,
And this Linlithgow was ane of tha.

And I ſall tell you howit was tane.
In the Countrie there winned ane,
That huſband was, and with his fæ,
Oft hay vnto the Peill led he.
William Binny to name he heght,
A ſtalward man he was in feght.
He ſaw ſo hard the Countrie ſtad,
That he great noy and pitie had:
Through Forſtreſſes that were then
Gouernde and led with Engliſhmen,
Then trauelde men out of meaſure.
He was a ſtout Carle, and a ſture:
And of himſelfe doure, and hardy.
And had friends that winned him by,
And ſhewed to ſome his priuitie:
And vpon his conuæne gate he:
Men that might enbuſhment ma,
While that he ſould with his Wane ga:
To lead them hay into the Peill:
But his Wane ſould be ſtuffed well.
For aught men armed in the bodie,
In his Wane ſould ſit priuilie:
And with hay heilled all about.
And himſelfe that was dour and ſtout,
Sonld by the Wane gang idlely,
And a Peoman wight, and hardy,
Before ſould driue the Wane, and weare
A hatchat that would ſharpely ſheare
Under this belt: and when the zet
Were opned, and they were thereat:
When he heard him cry ſturdely,
Call all, call all, then in great hy,
He ſould ſtryke with the are in twa
The chenyies: and then in hy ſould thay

That

That were within the Wane come out,
And debate make, while that the rout
That ſould nære by enbuſhed be,
Come for to maintaine that melle,
This was into the Harueſt tyde,
When fields that faire were, and wyde,
Charged with corne, and furniſht were
For ſundrie cornes that they bare,
Wort ripe, to win to man his fød.
And the trées all charged ſtød,
With ſeire fruits on ſundrie wiſe.
In this ſwæt time, as I deuiſe,
They of the Peill had winnen hay,
And with that Binny ſpoken had thay,
To lead their hay, for he was nære;
And he conſented but danger.
And ſaid, that he in the morning
Well ſone a Fodder ſould in bring.
Fairer and greater, and well more,
Than he did onie that yære before,
And held them cunnand'ſikkerlie,
For that night warned he priuilie,
Them that in his Wane ſould ga,
And them that buſhed ſould be alſwa.
And they ſo greatly ſped them there,
That ere day they enbuſhed were,
Well nære the Peill, where they might heare,
The cry, als ſone as ony wære.
And held them ſo ſtill, but ſtæring,
That none of them had perceiuing,
And this Binny faſt can him paine,
To dreſſe his Hemyie in his Wane:
And all a while before the day,
He had them heilled well with hay.

And made

And made him then to yoke his fee
While men the sunne might shining see:
And some that were within the Peill,
Were ithed out on their owne Seale,
To win their harueſt neere thereby.
Then Binny with his companie,
That in his Waine closed he had:
Went on his way but moze abade:
And called his Waine toward the Peill,
And the Pozter that saw him well.
Came neere the zet, it opned sone.
And then Binny withoutten hone,
Cart call the Wains deliuerly,
And when it set was euenly,
Betwixt the cheekes of the zet:
So that he might it close no gaite:
He cried loude, call all, call all.
And he then leete his Gad-wand fall,
And hewde in two the chenyie in hy,
Binny with that deliuerly
Raught to the Pozter sik a rout,
That blood and harnes both yed out:
And they that were within the Waine,
Lap out belyue, and soone hes slaine
Men of the Castell haillelie,
Then in a while begouth the crie,
And they that neere embushed were,
Lap out, and came with swozds bare,
And toke the Castell all but paine,
And hes them that therein was slaine.
And they that were went fozth befozne,
When they the Castell saw fozlozne,
They fled to warrand here and there:
And some to Edinburgh can fare.

And some

And to Striuiling are other gane,
And some into the gaite were slaine.

How *Thomas Randel* came to the Kings Peace,
And was made Erle withoutten lies.

BYnny on this wise with his Mane,
Wan the Peill, and their men hes slaine;
Syne gaue it to the King in hy,
That him rewarded worthelie,
And gart downe dryue it to the ground.
And syne ouer all the Land can send,
Setting in peace all the Countrie:
That vnto him obeyand would bée,
And when a litle time was spent,
Efter Thomas Randell hée sent,
And with him so well treated hée,
That hee his man heght for to bée,
The King his anger there him forgaue,
And to maintaine his state him gaue
Murray, and Erle thereof him made,
And other sundrie Lands braade,
Hée gaue him into Heritage:
Hée knew his worthie vassallage,
And his greit wit, and his auise.
His traistie heart, and his læle seruice.
Therefore in him affyed hee,
And made him rich of lands and fee,
As hee was certes right worthie:
For if men speake of him truelie,
Hee was so couragious a Knight.
So wise, so worthie, and so wight.
And of sa Soueraigne greit bounty,
That mœkle of him may spoken bee.

And so

And for I thinke of him to read,
And to tell part of his good deede,
I will describe you his fassouns,
And part of his conditiouns.
Hee was of measurable stature,
And all well portrayed at measure.
With braade visage pleasant and faire,
Courtes at point, and debonaire,
And of right sikker contæning:
Lawtie hee loued attour all thing.
Falset, treasoun, and fellony,
Hee gainestood euer allutterly:
And loued Honour and Larges,
And aye maintained Righteousnesse:
In company hee was Solacious,
And with that blyth, and amorous,
And good knights hee loued aye.
And if that I the soth will say,
Hee was fulfilled so of all bountie:
As of all Vertues made were hee.
I will commend him heere no more,
But yee shall well heare farthermore.
That hee for his deeds worthie,
Sould well bee praised Souerainely.

How *Thomas Randell* that was worthie, sieged *Edinburgh* Castell stoutlie.

WHen the King was with him saught,
And greit Lordship had to him taught.
Hee wort so wise, and so auisie:
That his lands first stablisht hee.
And syne hee sped him to the wære,
To helpe his Eme at his power.

And with

And with the consent of the King,
And with a simple apparelling,
To EDINBVRGH hæ went in hy
With good men into companie,
And set a Siege to the Castell,
That then was garnisht wonder well.
With men and vittaile at all right,
So that they dred no mans might.
But this good Erle not for thy,
Set a Siege to it full peartlie,
And preassed the folke that therein was:
So that not ane the yet durst passe.
They may abide therein and eat
Their vittaile, while they ought may get:
But I trow they shall letted bæ,
To purchease more in that Countrie,
That time Edward of England King,
Had giuen the Castell in kæping,
To Sir Peirs Libald a Gascoun.
And when they of his Warnisoun,
Saw the Siege left there so straitly,
They mistraisted him of Traitourie,
That hee spoken had with the King,
And for that ilke mistrowing
They tooke and put him in prison:
And of their owne Nation,
They made a Constable them to lead,
Both wittie and ware, and wight of dæde
And hæ set wit, and strength, and slight,
To keepe the Castell with all his might:
But now of them I will bee still,
And speake a litle while I will
Of the doughtie Lord of Dowglas,
That left into the Forrest was.

Where hée mony a ieopardie,
And faire points of Cheualry
Prowed, as well by night as day,
To them that in the Castell lay:
Of Iedburgh, and Roxburgh, but I
Will let feill of them now passe by:
For I cannot rehearse them all,
And though I could, trow well yée shall
Say, that I might not suffice thereto,
There should so mækle bée to doe,
But it, that I wate sikkerlie,
Efter my wit, rehearse shall I.

How *Iames Dowglas* gart Ladders make
Of hempe, the Castell of *Roxburgh* to tak.

THe time that the good Erle Thomas,
Assieged, as the letter sayes,
Edinburgh, Iames of Dowglas
Set all his wit for to purchase,
How Roxburgh through subtiltie:
Or ony craft, might winnen bæ.
While hée gart Sym of the Ledhouse,
A craftie man, and curious,
Of Hempine rapes Ladders ma,
And træne steppes bounden ta,
That they would breake on no kin wise,
A Croke they made at their deuise
Of Yrne, that was starke and square,
That fra it in a kernell were
Festened, it should hing thereby,
And the Ladder therefra straightly.
This good Lord Dowglas as sone
As this deuised was, and done

Gaddered good men in priuitie:
Three score, I trow that they might bee:
And in the Faskings Euen right,
In the beginning of the night,
To the Caskell toke their way,
With blacke Frogges all heilled they,
The armours, that they on them had.
They came neere by there, and abade.
And sent haillely their horse them fro,
And in a raying on a rout they goe,
On hands and feete, when they were nere.
Right as they ky, and Oxen were,
That were vnbounden left thereout,
It was right mirke withoutten dout:
But one vpon the Wall that lay,
Beside him to his Feere can say:
This man thinkes to make good cheare,
(And named a Husband thereby nere)
That hes left all his Oxen out.
The other sayes, that is no dout:
Hee shall make good cheare this night though they
Bee with the blacke Dowglas led away:
They weind the Dowglas and his men
Had beene Oxen: for they yed then
On hands and feete, aye ane and ane.
The Dowglas right good tent hes tane
To all their speech, but right soone they,
Held speaking inward both their way.
DOwglas men there of was blyth.
And sped them to the wall swyth.
And soone had vp their ladders set,
That made a clap when the croke knet,
And fastned fast in the kyrnell.
Ane of the watches heard it well,

And buſked hidderward but bade.
But Ledhouſe that the ladders made,
Sped him to climbe vp firſt the wall:
But ere he was commen vp all,
He that that Waird had in keeping,
Met him right at the vpcomming.
And for he thought to ding him doun,
He made nouther cry nor ſoun;
But ſought to him deliuerly.
And he that was in ieopardy
To die, a loup he to him made,
And got him by the necke but bade,
And ſtikked him vpward with a knife:
While with his hand he reft his life,
And when he dead ſo ſaw him ly:
Vp on the Wall he went in hy:
And downe the bodie keſt them till.
And ſaid: all gangs as we will,
Speed you all vp deliuerly.
And they did ſo in full great hy:
But ere they gat vp there came ane
That ſaw Ledhouſe ſtand him allane:
And knew he was nought of their men,
And in great hy ruſhed to him then,
And him aſſailyied ſturdelie:
But he ſlew him deſpiteouſlie:
For he was armed, and was wight:
The other naked was I bight,
And had not for to ſtynt a ſtraike.
Sik melle there vp can he make,
While Dowglas and his Menyie all,
Were winnen vp vpon the Wall:
Then to the Towre they went in hy,
The folke that time were haillely

Into the hall, at their dansing,
And singing, and other wayes playing:
As vpon Fastings Euen is
The Custome, to make ioy and blisse,
To men that were in sauitie.
So trowed they that time to be:
But ere they wist, into the hall,
Dowglas, and his rout came all.
And cried on hight, Dowglas, Dowglas,
And they that no were then he was,
Heard Dowglas cry so hiddeously,
They were abased for the cry:
And shupe them no defence to ma.
And they but pitie can them sla,
While they had gotten the vpper hand,
The other fled to sæke warrand,
That out of measure the dæde can dread.
The Wardane saw how that it yæd,
That called was Gilmyn de Fyrmes;
In the great Towre he gotten hes,
And other of his company,
And closed the zets hastely,
The laue that left were thereout,
Were tane, or slaine. this is no dout:
But gif that ony lap the wall.
The Dowglas held that night the hall,
Although his foes thereat was wa.
His men were ganging to and fra,
Throughout the Castell all that night,
While on the morne that day was light.
THe Wardan that was in the Towre:
That was a man of great valour,
Gilmyn de Firmes when he saw,
The Castell tynt both hie and law:

Ye set his might for to defend
The Towre, but they without him send
Arrowes in so great quantitie,
That sore annoyed thereof was he.
Yet while the other day not for thy
He held the Towre full sturdely.
And then at an assault he was
Wounded so felly in the face,
That he was dreding of his life:
Therefore he treated them but strife,
And yald the Towre on sik maner,
That he, and all that with him wer,
Sould safely passe into England,
Dowglas held them full gud cunnand,
And conuoyde him to his Countrie.
But there full short whyle liued he:
For through the wound into the face,
He died sone, and buried was.
Dowglas the Castell sæsed all,
That then was closed with stalward wall;
And sent this Ledhouse to the King,
That made him right gud rewarding:
And his brother in full great hy,
Sir Edward that was so doughty,
He sent hidder to tumble downe,
Both Towre, Castell, and als Dungeoun,
And he came with great companie,
And gart trauell so busilie,
That Towre, & Wall, right to the ground
He gart cast downe in litle stound:
And dwelt there, while that Teuydaill,
Came to the Kings peace all haill:
Except Iedburgh, and other that nære
To the Englishmens bounds were:

How *William Frances* led *Thomas Randell*, Vp to the Craig of *Edinburgh* Castell.

WHen Roxburgh was win on this wise,
The Erle Thomas that hie empzise,
Set ay on Souerane hie bountie,
At Edinburgh with his Menyie,
Was lying at the Siege, as I
Told you before all openly.
But fra he heard how Roxburgh was
Tane with a traine, all his purchase,
And wit and businesse, I wight:
He set to purchase him some slight:
How he might help him through victorie,
Melled with hie Cheualrie:
To win the wall of the Castell,
Through some kin slight, for he wist well,
That no strength might it plainelie get,
While there within were men and meat.
Therefore priuily spered he,
Gif ony man might there founden be,
That could find ony ieopardy,
To climbe the wall right priuily:
And he sould haue his warisoun:
For it was his intentioun,
To put himselfe in auenture:
Or at that Siege on him misfure.
Then was there one William Frances,
Wise and expert, wise and courtes:
And he in his youthhead had bene
In the Castell, when he had sene
The Erle so ernestly him set
Some subtiltie, or wyle to get,

Where

Where through the Castell haue might hée,
Yée came to him in priuitie.
And said, Yée thinke yée would blithlie,
That men found you some jeopardie,
How yée might ouer the walles win:
And certes, if yée will begin
For to assay on sik a wise,
I vndertake for my seruice,
For to ken you to climbe the wall,
And I shall formest bée of all
Wherewith a short Ladder may twee
(I hope of twelue fote it may bee)
Climbe the Wall vp all quietlie.
And if that yée will wit how I
Wate this, I shall you blythlie say.
When I was young this hinder day,
My father was kéeper of yone House,
And I was somedeill lecherous,
And loued a Wench héere in the towne,
And that I but suspitioun:
Might repaire to her priuilie,
Of rapes to mee a ladder made I:
And therewith ouer the wall I slade,
A strait rod there I spyed had,
Into the Craige syne dowyne I went,
And oft syes come to mine intent.
And when that it drew néere the day,
I held againe the samine way,
And aye came in but perceiuing,
I vsed so long that trauelling:
So that I can that rod goe right,
Though men sée neuer so mirke a night.
And if yée thinke yée would assay,
To passe vp after mee that way.

Vp to the Wall I ſhall you bring,
If GOD vs ſaue from perceiuing
Of them that Watches are on the wall,
And if it vs ſo faire may fall,
That wæ our ladders may vp ſet,
While a man on the Wall may get.
Yæ ſhall defend if there bæ næde,
While the remnand vp them ſpæd,
The Erle was blyth of that carping,
And heght to him faire rewarding:
And vndertoke that gate to ga,
And bade him ſoone his ladder ma.
And hold him priuie while they might,
Set for their purpoſe on a night,
Soone efter was the Ladder made:
And then the Erle but more abade,
Purvayed him a night priuily,
With threttie men wight and hardy:
And in a myrke night held their way,
They put them in full hard aſſay,
And to greit perill ſikkerly,
I trow, might they haue ſæne clearely,
That gate had not bæne vndertane,
Although to ſtoppe them had not beene ane
For the Craig was high and hiddeous,
And the climming right perrillous,
If ony hapned to ſlide, or fall,
Yee ſhould bee ſoone to fruſhed all,
The night was mirke, as I heard ſay,
And to the foot ſoone commen were they
Of the Craige that was high and ſhore,
Then William Frances them before,
Clambe in the Crookes before them ay:
And at the backe him followed they:

With mækle paine, while to, while fro,
They clambe in the Crookes so,
While halfe the Craig they climmen had;
And there a place they found so brade,
That they might sit on allanerly:
And they were ayndlesse and weary,
And there abode their aind to ta,
And right as they were sitting sa,
Right abone them, vpon the Wall,
The Chak-watches assembled all,
Now helpe them God that all thing may,
For in full greit perill are they.
For might they see them, there should nane
Escape out of that place vnslaine,
To dead with stons they sould them ding,
For they might helpe themselues nothing:
But wonder mirke there was the night.
So that they had of them no sight.
And not for thy: yet was there one,
Of them that swakked downe a stone,
And said, away treatoure, I see thæ well,
Howbeit hæ saw of him no deill
Out ouer their heads flew the stane,
And they sate still lurking ilkane.
The Watches when they heard no stære,
From that place passed all in feare
And carping held they foorth their way,
The Erle Thomas as soone as they,
That on the Craige, sat then him by,
Toward the Craige clambe hastely,
And hidder came with mækle maine,
And not but greit perrill, and paine,
For fra thyne vp was greinousar,
To climbe vp, nor beneath by far,

But what

But what kin paine so euer they had,
Right to the Wall they came but bade:
That was well neere twelue fot on hight.
And withoutten perceiuing or sight,
They set the Ladder to the Wall:
And syne Frances before them all
Clambe vp, and syne Sir Andro Gray,
And syne the Erle himselfe perfay,
Was the third man the Wall can ta.
When they there downe their Lord swa
Saw, climbe vp vpon the Wall,
As wood men they clambe efter all:
But ere vp commen all were they,
They that were watches to assay:
Heard stœring, and priuie speaking,
And also framing of arming.
And on them set full sturdelie,
And they met them full hardelie:
And slew of them despiteouslie,
Then through the Castell rose the cry,
Treasoun, treasoun, they cried fast,
Then some of them were so agast.
That they fled, and lap ouer the wall
But to say soth they fled not all.
For the Constable that was hardie,
All armed ished forth to the cry:
And with him feill hardie, and stout.
Yet was the Erle hard with his rout,
Feghting with them vpon the Wall:
But sone discomfist hé them all,
By that his men were commen ilkane,
Vp to the wall: and hé hes tane,
His way downe to the Castell sone.
In greit perill hé hes him done,

For

For they were ma than he therein.
And they had bene of good comune:
But some thing they affrayed were.
And not for thy with weapons bare,
The Constable and his company,
Met him and his greit hardely.
Their men might sæ right bargane rise:
For with weapons on mony wise,
They dang on other at their might,
While swords that were faire and bright,
Were to the hilts all blody.
Then hiddeously began the crie:
For they that felled, or stikked were:
Right hiddeously can cry and raire.
The good Erle and his companie,
Faught in that feght so sturdelie,
That all their foes rushed were:
The Constable was slaine right there.
And fra hee fell, the remanand
Fled, where they might best to warrand,
They durst not qide, nor make debate.
The Erle was handled there so haite,
That had it not hapned through cace,
That the Constable there slaine was,
He had bene in great perill there:
But then they fled, there was no maire,
Ilke man for to saue his life:
Fled forth his dayes for to drife:
And some slade downe out ouer the wall.
The Erle hes tane the Castell all,
For there was none durst him withstand
I neuer heard into no land,
Was Castell tane so hardely,
Outtaken Tyre alanerly.

When

When Alexander the Conquerour,
That conquered Babylons Towre,
Lap fra a Bar forth to the Wall,
Where he among his foes all,
Defended him full doughtely,
While that his noble Cheualry,
With ladders ouer the walls yæd,
That nouther left for dead nor dræde.
For when they wist well that the King,
Was in the towne, there was nothing
Into that time that stynt them moght,
For all perill they set at noght.
They clambe the wall and Areste
Came first to the good King, where he
Defended him with all his might.
And they so hard were stad in fight,
That he was felled on his knæ,
Then to his backe he set a træ:
For dræde they sould behind assailyie.
Areste then to the battailyie
Sped him in hy so sturdely,
And dang on them so doggedly,
That the King well rescued was.
For his men into sundrie place
Clambe ouer the walles, & soght the King,
And him rescued with hard feghting,
And wan the town deliuerly.
Outtaken this taking alanerly,
I heard neuer in no time gane,
Where Castell was so stoutly tane:
And of this taking that I mæne,
Sanct Margaret the good haly Quæne
Wist in her time, through reueling
Of him that knowes, and wats all thing.

Therefor

Therefore in stead of Prophecy,
She left a talking full ioly,
That is there in her Chappell.
Sho gart well portray a Castell,
A ladder vp to the wall standing
And a man thereupon climming,
And wrote on him, as old men sayes,
In French, Garde vous de Francoys.
And for this word she gart write sa:
Men weind ye Frenchmen sould it ta:
But Frances called was he,
That so clambe vp in priuitie.
She wrote it as in Prophecy,
And it fell afterward sothly,
Right as sho said, for tane it was,
And Frances led them vp that place.
On this wise Edinburgh was tane,
And they that were therein ilkane,
Outher tane, or slane, or lap the wall,
Their goods haue they leaued all:
And the house euerilkane.
Sir Peirs Libald that was tane,
As I said aire in Boyes they fand,
And into hard festning sittand.
They brought him to the Erle in hy,
And he gart lose him hastely,
And he became the Kings man.
They send word to the King right than,
And told how the Castell is tane:
And he in hy is hidder gane,
With mony men in company:
And gart cast downe all haillely,
Both Towre, and walles to the ground.
And syne ouer all the land can found,

Hæsing

Sæsing the Countrie to his peace.
Of this dæde that so worthie was:
The Erle was praised gretumly,
The King that saw him so worthy,
Was blyth, and glad attour the laue:
And to maintaine his state him gaue
Rents and lands fair inough.
And he to so great worship dreugh,
That all spoke of his great bountie:
His foes oft syes astoneied he:
For he fled neuer for force in fight.
What sall I more say of his might?
His great manhæde, and his bountie,
Garres him yet renowned be.

How Sir *Edward* wan *Ruglein-Peill*,
And *Dundie*, fine *Striuiling* sieged well.

IN this time that thir ieopardies
Of thir Castells, as I deuise,
Were enchæued so suddenlie,
Sir Edward Bruce that was worthie
Had all Galloway and Niddisdaill
Winnen to his liking all haill.
And doungen downe the Castells all,
Right to the dykes both Towre and Wall.
Ye heard them say, and knew it well,
That in Ruglyn was then a Peill.
Hidder he went with his Menyie,
And winne it in short time hes he:
Syne to Dundie hes tane the way,
That then was holden (as I heard say)
Against the King: therefore in hy
Ye set a Siege thereto stoutly,

And lay

And lay there till it yolden was.
To Striuiling syne the way hee taes,
Where good Sir Philip the Mowbray,
That was so doughtie at assay,
Was Wardane, and had in keeping
The Castell of the English King.
Thereto a Siege hee set stoutly,
They bikkered oft syes sturdely.
But greit Cheualrie was done nane.
Sir Edward fra the Siege was tane
A well long whyle about it lay
From the Lentrone, that is to say,
While fozrow the Saint Iohnes Masse.
The English folke that therein was,
Begouth to failyie vittaile by than,
And Sir Philip as doughtie man,
Treated till they consented were:
That if at Midsommer then a yeere
To come, it were not with battaile
Rescued, that then withoutten faile,
Hee should the Castell yelde quietlie,
That cunnand brake they sikkerlie,

How Sir *Edward* withoutten sturne,
Vndertook the battell of *Bannock-burn*.

AND when this cunnand thus was made,
Sir Philip into England rade:
And told the King all the haill tale:
How that he fwelue moneth all haill
Had, as written was in their Tailyie,
To rescue Striuiling with battailyis,
And when hee heard Sir Philip say.
That Scottish men had set a day,

To

To feght, and hee ſuch leaſure had
To puruay him hee was right glad:
And ſaid, It was greit ſucquidzie,
That ſet them vpon ſik follie:
For hee thought to bee ere that day
So puruayed, and in ſik array,
That there ſould no ſtrength him withſtãd
And when the Lords of England
Heard that this day was ſet plainely.
They judged it all to greit foly,
And thought to haue them at their lyking,
If men abade them in feghting.
But oft failzies that fooles thought,
And yet wiſe men comes nought
To that end, that they weine allwayes:
A litle ſtone oft, as men ſayes,
May gar walter a mækle Wane,
Na mans might may ſtand againe
The grace of God, that all things ſtæres,
Hee wates whereto all thinges affæres,
And diſpones at his liking
Efter his ordinance all thing.

When Sir Edward, as I you ſay,
Had giuen ſo outragious a day,
To yælde, or to reſcue Striuiling:
Right to the King then went hee ſyne:
And told what treaty hee had made,
And what day hee them giuen had.
The King ſaid, when hee heard the day,
That was vnwiſely done perfay,
I neuer yet heard ſo long warning
Was giuen to ſo mighty a King,
As is the King of England.
For hee hes now into his hand

England

England, Ireland, and Wales allswa,
And Aquitayne yet with all tha
Dwells vnder his Seniezry.
And of Scotland a greit party
And of treasure so stuffed is hée:
That hee may wageours haue plentie.
And wee are few against so feill.
GOD may right well our weirdes deill:
But wée are set in jeopardie
To tyne or win then hastelie.
Sir Edward said, So God mée réde,
Though hée and all that hee may bede
Come, wée shall feght all, though they were mos
When the King heard his brother so
Speake, to the Battell so hardelie,
Hé praised him in his heart greatly.
And said (Brother) sen so is gane:
That this thing thus is vndertane,
Shape wée vs therefore manly,
And all that loues vs tenderly,
And the frédome of this Countrie,
Puruay them at that time to bée
Boun on their best wise, that they may.
So if our foes will assay,
To rescue Striuiling with battaile,
That wée of purpose gar them faile.

The sembling of the English Host,
That with great power cam and boast.

ON this wise all assented were,
And bade their men all make them yare:
For to bee boun against that day.
Weapons and armours puruayed they.

And all that affæred to feghting:
And of England the mightie King,
Puruayed him in so greit array,
That Certes, I heard neuer say,
That Englishmen moze apparell
Made, than they did foz that battell.
Foz when the time was commen nære,
The King assembled his powære.
And beside his owne Cheualrie
That was so greit, it was ferlie
Hæ had of mony a farre Countrie,
With him gwd men of greit bountie,
Of France, and other Cheualry,
Hæ had into his companie,
The Erle of Henault als was there,
And with him met that wozthie were:
Of Gasconyie, and of Almanyie.
And of the wozthiest of Britainyie:
Hæ had wight men, and well farrand,
Armed cleanelie both head and hand.
Of England als the Cheualrie,
Hæ had there gaddered so cleanelie,
That none were left might weapons wæld,
Oz wozthie were to feght in field.
Of Wales als with him had hæ:
And of Ireland a greit Menyie:
Of Poytow, Aquitayne, and Bayoun:
Hæ had mony of greit renowne.
Of Scotland hæ had yet then,
A greit Menyie of wozthie men.
When altogedder assembled were,
Hæ had of feghters with him there,
An hundzeth thousand men and ma:
And fourtie thousand were of tha,

Armed

Armed on Horse, both head and hand,
And of tha yet were three thousand,
With barded Horse, in plait and mailyie,
To make the front of the battailyie.
And fiftie thousand of Archers
Yee had, withoutten Hobillers,
And men on foot, and small rangall,
That keped Harnesse, and Wittaill:
Yee had so feil it were ferly.
Of Cartes als that yed him by,
So feill, that by them that charged were
With Pauillioums, and that vessell bare,
And apparell for Chamber and Hall,
Fourescore wete charged with Fewall,
They were so feill where that they rade,
And their battells were so brad:
And so greit rout held they there,
That men that mickle Host might see there
Ouertoke the Lands largelie,
Men might see there who had bene by,
Mony a worthie man and wight,
And mony an armour gaylie dight.
And mony a sturdie stering Stede,
Arrayed aye into rich wede.
Mony Helmes, and Haberiones,
Shields, Speares, and eke Pennouns:
And so mony a comelie knight,
That it semed into that sight.
They should vanquish the world all haill.
Why should I make too long my tale?
To Baruike are they come ilkane,
And some therein hes Innes tane:
And some lodged without the towne,
In tents, and in Pauillioun.

How Englishmen manassed at will
The Scots, and delt their lands till.

And when the King his Oast hes sene
So great, so good men, and so cleane:
He was right ioyfull in his thought:
And well supposed, that there were nought
A King in World might him withstand,
Him thought all winnen to his hand.
And largely among his men,
The lands of Scotland dealt he then.
Of other mens lands large was he:
And they that were of his Menyie,
Manassed the Scottishmen haillely,
With great words, and not for thy:
Or that they come to their intent,
Holles in haill claith sall be rent.

In ten battels the Englishmen
Were delt, & taught to Chiftanes then

The King through counsell of his men,
His folke delt into battels ten.
In ilk battell, were ten thousand,
That thought they stalwardly sould stand
In battell, and sould hold their right.
And let not for their foes might,
He set Leaders to ilk battall,
That knowen were of good gouernall.
And to renouned Erles twa,
Of Gloceſter and Herfurd were tha,
He gaue the Vangard in leading,
With mony men at their bidding,
Ordained with full great array,
They were so Cheualrous that thay

Trowed, gif they came to the fight,
There sould no strength withstand their might:
And the King when his Menyie wers
Diuided into battells sear:
His owne battell ordained he,
And who sould at his bryde be.
Sir Geiles the Argentine he set,
Vpon the one side his renyie to get:
And of Wallance Sir Aymery:
On other halfe that was worthy,
For into their soueraine bountie,
Ouer all the laue affyed he.

How all the Noble Cheualry,
At *Edinburgh* tooke harbery.

WHen the King vpon this wise,
Had ordained, (as I here deuise)
His battels and his renowning:
Ye raise earely in the morning.
And fra Barwicke they toke their way.
Both hilles and valleyes couered thay.
And the battels there was so brade,
Departed ouer the hilles rade:
The Sunne was bright, and shined cleare:
And armours that bright byrneist were,
So blenked with the Sunnes beame:
That all the land semed in a leame,
Banners right freshly flambisighand,
And Pensalls to the wind waiuand:
So feill they were of seir Countreyes,
That it was wonder to deuise:
And I sould tell all their affere,
Their countenance and their manere,

Though I couth, I ſould cumbzed be.
The King with all his great Menyie,
To Edinburgh are they commen right.
They were all out too feill to fight,
With few folke of a ſimple land:
But where God helpes, who may withſtand.

How in this time aſſembled then,
To King *Robert* hes certaine men.

THe King Robert when he heard ſay.
That Engliſhmen in ſik array:
And into ſo great quantitie,
Came in his land, in hy gart he
All men be ſummonde p᷑iuily,
And they came all full wilfully,
To the Torwood, where that the King
Had o᷑dainde to make their mæting.
Sir Edward the Bruce the wo᷑thy,
Came with a full great company
Of good men armed well, and dight:
Hardie and fo᷑cy, fo᷑ to fight.
Walter Stewart of Scotland ſyne.
That then was but a beardleſſe hyne,
Came with a rout of Noble men:
That men be countenance might thē ken.
And the good Lo᷑d Dowglas alſwa,
Bzought with him men, I vnderta:
That well were vſde into feghting,
They ſall the leſſe haue abaſing,
Gif them betide in thzang to be:
And ane auantage ſall ſooner ſæ,
Fo᷑ to aſtoney their foes might,
Than men that vſes not to fight.

The Ens

The Erle of Murray with his men,
Arrayed well came also then,
Into good conuœne for to fight:
And wilfull to maintaine their right.
Duttaken mony other Baroun,
And Knights of full greit Renoun,
Came with their men full stalwardly,
When they assembled were hailly,
Of feghting uen, I trow, they were
Threttie thousand and some deill mare,
Withoutten carriage and purall:
That carried Harnesse and Wittall.
Duer all the Host yéed the King,
And beheld to their contœning:
And saw that of full faire affære,
And hardie countenance they were,
Ey lyklinesse the most Cowart,
Sœmed to doe full well his part,
The King hes sœne all their hauing,
That knew them well into sik thing,
And saw them all commonlie,
Of sikker countenance, and hardie,
Without affray, or abasing,
In his heart had hée greit liking,
And thought that men of so greit will,
If they would set their might theretill,
Should bée full hard to win, perfay.
And as hee met them in the way,
Hæ welcomed them with gladsome faire,
Speaking good words heere and there,
And they that their Lord saw blythly
So welcome them, and so homlie,
Joyfull they were, and thought that they,
Aught well to put them in assay,

Of heard feghting, and ſtalward ſtour,
For to maintaine well his honour.

The parting of the Scots men,
That in foure battells delt were then.

THe worthy King when hæ hes ſeene,
His Hoſt aſſembled all bedeene:
And ſaw them wilfull to fulfill
His lyking with good heart and will:
And to maintaine well his franches,
Hæ was joyfull on mony wiſe:
And called all his counſell priuie:
And ſaid them: Lords, now may yee ſee,
That Engliſhmen with mækle might,
Hes all diſponed them to fight:
For they yone Caſtell would reſkew.
Therefore is good wæ ordaine now,
How wæ may let them of purpoſe,
And ſo fra them the wayes cloſe,
That they paſſe not but greit letting.
Wee haue here with vs at bidding..
Well threttie thouſand men and ma.
Make wæ foure battells of all tha.
And ordaine vs on ſik manære:
That when our foes comes nære,
Wee to the new Parke hold our way,
For there behooues them paſſe, perfay.
But if they will beneth vs goe.
And ouer the Waras paſſe, and ſo,
Wee ſhall bæ at a vantage there,
And mee thinke that right ſpædfull were,
To paſſe on foot to this feghting,
Armed but in light arming;

For

For shape wee vs on Horse to fight,
Sen that our foes are maire of might.
And better horsed than are wee,
Wee should into greit perill bee,
And if wee feght on foote, perfay,
Wee shall bee at a vantage aye.
For in the Parke among the trees,
The Horseuen cumbred alwayes bees,
And the Syke also there downe,
Shall put them to confusioun.
And they consented to that Saw:
And then into a litle thraw,
Their foure battells ordained they,
And to the Erle Thomas, perfay:
Hee gaue the Wangarde in leading,
For in his Noble gouerning,
And in his hie Cheualrie.
They had affiance souerainely.
And for to maintaine his Baner,
Lords that of greit worship were,
Were assigned with their Wenyie,
Within his battell for to bee.
The other battell was giuen to leade,
To him that doughtie was of deede,
And praised als of Cheualrie
That was Sir Edward the worthie.
I trow hee shall maintaine him so,
That how so euer the gaming goe,
His foes to plenyie shall matter haue,
And syne the third battell hee gaue,
To Walter Stewart for to leade,
And to Dowglas doughtie of deede:
They were Cousings in neere degree:
Therefore to him betaught was hee,

For hée was young, and not for thy
I trow, hée shall so manfullie,
Doe his deuoure, and worke so well
That men shall of his dædes tell.
The feird battell the Noble King
Toke in his owne gouerning:
And had into his companie,
The men of Carrik haillelie:
And of the Iles, whereof was syre
And of Argyle and of Kintyre,
Angous of the Iles, and Boot alswa,
And of the plaine lands hé had ma,
Of armed men a Noble rout:
His Battell stalward was and stout:
Hée said, the Rèregard hé would ma,
And euen before him should ga
The Vangard, and on either hand,
The other Battells should bée gangand
Behind on side a litle space,
And the King that behind them was,
Should see where there was most myster,
And reliue them with his Baner.

How King *Robert* gart pottes make,
And couert them well, I vndertake:

THe King that was both wight, and wise.
And right attentiue at deuise:
And hardie als attour all thing,
Ordained his men for the feghting.
And on the morne on Satterday,
The King heard his discurreours say,
That Englishmen with meekle might,
Had lyen at Edinburgh that night,
Therefore withoutten more delay,
Hé to the North-Parke held his way:

With

With all that in his leading were,
And in the Parke them harbzed there:
And in a plaine field by the way,
Where he thought they behoued haue way
The Englishmen gif that they wald
Thzough the Parke to the Castell hald:
He gart men mony Pots ma,
Of a fot-bzade round, and all tha
Were dæpe, vp to a mans knæ:
And so thicke, that they might likned be.
To a war Kame with Bæs made.
And then the Pots they couered had
With sticks, and with gerse all græne,
So that they might not well be sæne.
On Sunday syne in the mozning,
Well sone after the Sun-rising,
They heard the Masse all reuerently.
And mony shzaue them full deuoutly:
That thought to die into that melle,
Oz then to make their Countrie frée.
To GOD foz their right pzayed thay,
There dyned none of them that day,
But foz the Vigile of Sanct Iohn,
They fasted water, and bzead ilkone.
The King whē that the Masse was done
Went foz to sée the Pots sone:
And at his lyking saw them made,
On other side the way well bzade.
It was potted (as I haue tauld)
Gif that their foes on hozse would hauld,
Fozth on the way, I trow they sall
Not all escape withoutten fall:
Thzoughout the Dask then gart he cry,
That all sould arme them haskely,

And baske

And buske them on their beſt maner.
And when that all aſſembled wer.
He gart array them for to fight,
And ſyne ouer all gart cry on hight,
That who ſo euer he were, that fand
His heart not ſikker for to ſtand,
To win all, or die with honour,
For to maintaine that ſtalward ſtour:
That he betime ſhould take his way:
And none ſould dwell with him but thay,
That would ſtand with him to the end,
And take the grace that God would ſend.
Then all anſwered with one cry,
And with one voyce ſaid generally,
That none for dout of dead ſould faile,
While diſcomfiſt were the haill battaile.

How the King ſent fra him all haill,
His ſmall folke, cariage, and vittaill.

WHen the good King hes heard his men
So hardely anſwere him then:
Saying, that nouther dead nor dread,
To ſik diſcomfort ſould them lead:
That they ſould eſchew the feghting:
In heart he had great reioycing.
For him thought men of ſik hauing,
So good, ſo hardy, and ſo fyne,
Sould well in battell hold their right,
Againſt men of full mækle might.
Syne all the ſmall folke, and puraill,
He ſent, with harneſſe, and vittaill,
Into the Parke right far him fra,
And gart them fra the battell ga.

And as

And as he bade, they went their way,
Twentie thousand nære were thay.
They held their way to a valley:
Out of the sight of the great battellyie.
Of men of armes wight and hardy:
The King left with a cleane Menyie:
That were togidder twentie thousand,
That I trow stalwardly sall stand,
And doe their deuoure as they aw.
They stod then raynged on a raw,
Ready for to byde battailyie,
Gif ony folke would them assailyie.

How the King bade the Erle *Murray*,
To keepe beside the Kirke the way.

THe King then gart them busked be;
For he wist into certainetie,
That Englishmen with mækle might
Had lyen at the Falkirk that night.
And syne to him the way all straight
Held, with their men of mækle might.
Therefore to his Neuoy bad he
The Erle of Murray with his Menyie,
Beside the Kirk to kæpe the way:
That none sould passe that gaite, perfay,
Without debate to the Castell:
And he said, that himselfe sould well
Kæpe the entrie with his battaile.
Gif that ony would there assaile:
And syne his brother Sir Edward,
And young Walter the good Steward,
And the Lord Dowglas alswa,
With their Menyie good tent sould ta,

Whilk

Quhilk of them had moſt miſter,
Sould help with them that with them wer.
The King then ſent Iames of Dowglas,
And Sir Robert of Keith, that was
Marſhall of all the Oaſt in ſée,
The Engliſhmens comming for to ſée:
And they lap on withoutten bade,
Well horſed men with them they had:
And ſone the great Oaſt haue they ſéene:
Quhere ſhields ſhining were ſo ſhéene:
And Baſnets bynniſhed ſo bright:
That gaue againſt the Sunne ſik light
They ſaw ſo mony browdred Baners,
Standerds, and Penſalls vpon ſpeares:
And ſo feill Knights vpon Stédes,
All flawming in their roly wédes:
And ſo feill battells and ſo brade,
And toke ſo great rowme as they rade.
That the moſt Oaſt and the beſt,
Of Chriſtendome, and the lykliеſt:
Sould be abaſed for to ſée,
Their foes into ſik quantitie,
And ſo arrayed for to fight.
Quhen their diſcurreours had ſight
Of their foes (as I heard ſay)
Toward the King they tooke their way:
And told him into priuitie,
The multitude, and the beautie
Of their foes, that came ſo brade:
And of the great might that they had.
Then the King bade, that they ſould ma
No countenance as it were ſwa,
But bade them into common ſay,
That they came in to ill array,

To com-

To comfort his men through that wise:
For oft-times of a word may rise
Discomfort, and tynsall withall:
And als well through a word may fall,
Comfort may rise, and hardement.
To gar men come to their intent:
And on the same wise did it heare.
Their comfort and their hardie cheare,
Comforted them so gretumlie,
That of their Host the least hardie,
By countenance would formest bee.
For to begin the greit melle.
How with a hundreth the Erle of *Murray*
To aught hundreth battell gaue.

VPon this wise the Noble King,
Gaue to his men greit comforting:
Through hardie countenance, and cheare,
That hee made on so good maneere,
They thought that no mischiefe might bee,
So greit with thy they might him see
Before them, that should so engreeue,
But his worship should them relieue.
His worship them comforted sa,
And countenance that hee did ma,
That the most Coward was hardie.
On other halfe full furdelie,
The Englishmen in sik array,
As yee haue heard mee forrow say:
Came with their battalles approaching,
Their Banners to the wind waiuing.
And when they commen were so neere:
That but two myle betwirt them were,
They chused a joly companie,
Of wight men armed jolelie,

On faire Coursers ar med at right,
And great Lords of meekle might,
There was Capitane of that rout:
The Lord Cliffurd that was so stout,
Was of them all soueraigne leader,
Aught hundreth armed I trow they were,
They were all young men and joly:
Yarning for to doe Theualry.
The best of all the Hoste were they,
Of countenance, and of array:
They were the fairest companie,
That men might find of so mony,
To the Castell they thought to fare:
For if that they might well come there,
They thought it should rescued bee:
Forth on their way held this Menyie,
And toward Striuiling held their way:
Beneath the Parke eschewed they,
For they wist well the King was there,
And beneath the Parke so can they fare:
Under the Kirke into a rout.
The Erle Thomas that was so stout,
When hee saw them so take the Plaine
In full greit hy went them againe.
With an hundreth withoutten moe,
Annoyed in his heart, and woe:
That they so far were passed by.
For the King had him said rudely,
That a Rose of his Chaiplet
Was fallen: for hee was set
To keepe the way tha men were past,
Therefore hee hasted him so fast,
That commen into short time was hee,
In the plaine fielde, with his Menzie,

For hi

For hée thought that hee should amend,
That hée trespalled had, or then end.
And when the Englishmen him saw,
Come on withoutten dread or aw:
And toke so hardelie the Plane,
In by they went then him againe,
And strake with spurs the Stédes sight,
That bare them euen, and hard, and suight
And when the Erle saw that Menyie
Come so stoutly, to his men said hée,
Bé not abashed for theirshoze,
But set your Speares you befoze:
And backe to backe set all your rout,
And all your speare points out.
That gate defend vs best may wée,
Enuironed with them gif wé bée.
And as hee bade, so haue they done.
And the other came on all sone:
Befoze them all there came prickand,
A Knight hardy of heart and hand:
And was a well greit Lord at hame.
Sir William the Hawcourt was his name:
And pricked at them so hardelie,
And they met him so sturdelie,
And he, and hoze se were both bozne down,
And slaine right there without ransoun.
With Englishmen greitlie was hé
Ména that day for his bountie.
The laue come on full sturdelie,
But none of them so hardelie,
Rushed among them as did hé,
But with far moze maturitie,
They assembled all in a rout.
And enuironde them all about.

And to the enemies in that tyde,
Rane with Speares wounds wide
To their Horse that came them nære:
And they that riding on them were,
That were borne downe, lossed their liues:
And als Speares, darts, and Knives,
And weapons vpon seir maner,
Kest among them that feghting were,
They defended them so worthelie,
That their foes had greit ferlie,
For some would shoot out of their rout.
And of them that assailyied about,
Sticked Stædes, and bare downe men
The Englishmen so rudelie then,
Kest among them Swords and Speares,
That inwith them a mountyand was
Of weapons that there warped were.
The Erle and his men thus faught there,
At greit mischiefe, as I heard say,
For fewer by full far were they:
For their foes them all about,
Were enuironde, where mony rout,
Were raught them full despiteouslie,
Their foes demained them straitly.
On either side they were so stad,
For the greit bargane that they had,
For feghting, and for Sunnes heate.
That all their flesh with sweat was weat:
And sik a stew rose ouer them then.
Of breathing both of Horse and Men,
And of powder, that like mirknes,
Into the aire abone them wes,
That it was wonder for to sæ
They were in greit perplexitie:

But with great trauell not for thy
They them defended manfully:
And set both will, strength and might,
To rush their foes into that fight,
That them demained angerly.
But gif GOD helpe them hastely,
They sall haue their fill of feghting.
But when the Noble renouned King,
With other Lords that were him by,
Saw the Erle so abandountly,
Toke plaine field, Iames of Dowglas,
Came to the King where that he was.
And said, Sir, ah, Sancta Mary,
The Erle of Murray openly
Takes the plaine field with his Menyie:
He is in perill, but he be
Sone helped: for his foes are ma
Than he, and horsed well alswa.
And with your leaue, I will me spéd
To help him, for he hes great néd,
All enuironde with his foes is he.
The King said, so our Lord me sée,
One fot to him salt thou not ga:
Gif he well does, let him well ta,
Whether it happen to win or lose,
I will not for him breake purpose.
Certes (said he) I may no wise,
Dée that his foes him suppryise,
When that I may set helpe theretill.
With your lieue, sikkerly I will
Helpe him, or die into the Paine:
Doe then, and spéd thée sone againe.
The King said, and he held his way,
Gif he mae come in time, perfay,

I trow that he ſall help ſo well,
That all his foes ſall it feele.

How the King ſlew Sir *Henrie Bowm*,
With his handaxe,& ſtrake him down.

NOw Dowglas forth his way tane hes,
And in that ſame time fell through cace:
That the King of England, when he
Was commen with his great Menyie,
Nære to the place where I ſaid aire,
Where Scots men aſſembled were:
He gart arreſt all his battell,
And alſo for to take counſell.
Whether they wald harbrie thē that night,
Or then but more go to the fight,
The Vangard then that wiſt nothing,
Of his arreſt, nor his dwelling,
Rade to the Parke all ſtraight their way,
But ſtinting into good array.
And when the King wiſt that they were
In haill battell comming ſo nære,
His battell gart he well array.
Himſelfe rade on a gray Palfray
Proper and ioly, arrayand
His battell, with an are in hand:
And on his Baſnet heght he bare,
An hatte with Carbuncle ay where,
And thereupon into takinning
An hie Crowne, that he was King.
And when Gloceſter and Harefurd were,
In haill battell comming ſo nære:
Before them all there came rydand,
With helms on head,and ſpeare in hand,

Sir

Sir Henrie the Bowme that was worthy,
That was a Knight and hardy:
And to the Erle of Harefurde Couſine,
Armed in armours good and fine:
Came on a Stæde a bowſhot nære,
Before all other that there were:
And knew the King, for that he ſaw
Him ſo arraying his men on raw:
And by the Crowne alſo was ſet,
Abone his head on the Baſnet:
And toward him he went in hy.
And when the King ſo apeirtly,
Saw him come forth before his Færes;
In hy to him the Stæd he ſtæres,
And when Sir Henrie ſaw the King
Come on withoutten abaſing,
To him he rade in full great hy:
And thought that he ſould well lightly
Win him, and haue him at his will,
Sen he him ſaw horſed ſo ill:
They ſpent togidder in a ling.
Sir Henrie milled the Noble King:
And he that in his ſtirrops ſtood,
With are that was both hard and good,
With ſo great mane raught him a dynt,
That neither hat, nor helme might ſtynt
The heauie dynt that he him gaue:
The head right to the harnes claue.
The hand are ſhaft fruſhed in twa,
And he downe to the eird can ga
All flatlings, for him failed might.
This was the firſt ſtrake of the fight,
That was performed doughtely:
And when the Kings men ſo ſtoutly

Saw him euen at the first mæting,
Withoutten dout or abasing,
Haue slaine a Knight euen at a strake:
Sik hardement thereat they take,
That they come on right hardelie.
And when the Englishmen stoutlie
Them saw come on, had sik abasing,
Specially for that the King,
So stoutly that good Knight had slaine,
Then they withdrew them euerilkane.
They durst not then abide the fight,
So dred they for the Kings might.
And when the Kings men them saw,
So in haill battell them withdraw,
A great shout to them can they make,
And they in hy gaue all the backe.
And they that followed, then hes slaine
Some of them that they haue ouertane:
But they were few, the soth to say,
Their horse fæte had them all away,
Except some part that died there,
Rebuted filthily they were,
They rade their way with well more shame,
By far, then when they came fra hame.
WHen that the King repaired was,
And gart his men leaue all the chase,
The Lords of his company,
Blamed him, as they durst greatly,
That he put him in auenture,
To mæte so starke a Knight and sture.
In sik point as he then was sæne:
For they said, it might haue bene
Cause of their tynsall euerilkane.
The King answere hes made right nane,

But mænd his hand-axe-shafte, that so,
Was broken with that strake in two.
The Erle Thomas was yet feghtand,
With his foes on either hand:
And slew of them a quantitie,
But wearie was his men and hée.
The whilke with weapons sturdelie,
Themselues defended manfullie:
While the Lord Dowglas came nære:
That sped him on greit manære.
And Englishmen that were feghting,
When they the Dowglas saw comming,
Euanishing made an opening,
Sir Iames Dowglas by their ræling
Knew, that they were discomfist nære.
Then bade hee them that with him were,
Stand still, and preasse no farthermare,
For they that yonder feghting are,
Hee said, that they are of so greit bountie,
That their foes all sone shall bée
Discomfist, through their owne might,
Though no man helpe them for to fight.
And come wæ now to the feghting,
When they are at discomfiting,
Men should say, wæ them rescued had:
And then should they that cause had made,
With greit trauell, and hard feghting,
Lose a greit part of their losing,
And it were sinne to lose his prise,
That of sik soueragine bountie is,
That hee through plaine and hard feghting
Hes here enchæued vnlikly thing:
Hé shall haue that hee winnen hes.
The Erle with that that feghting was,

When hée his foes saw réling so,
In hy vpon them can hée go,
And preassed them so wonderfast,
With hard strakes: while at the last
They fled, and durst abide no maire:
Horse and man both left they there.
And held their way in full greit hy.
Nor altogidder, but sinderlie.
And they that were ouertane, were slaine:
The laue fled to their Host againe.
Of their tynsell sorie and wo,
The Erle that had him helped so,
And his men als that were weary,
Hints off their Basnets in hy,
To draw thir braith: for they were haite,
They were all hailling into Swait.
They séemed men forsoth I heght:
That had fended their foes to fight:
And so did they full doughtely.
They said of all their company,
That there was but a some few slaine:
Then loued they God, and were faine,
And blyth, that they escaped so:
Toward the King then can they go:
To him well sone they commen are,
Hée asked them of their welfare,
And gladsome cheare to them hée made:
For they so well them borne had.
Then all ran into greit daintie,
The Erle of Murray for to séé.
So fast they ranne to séé him there,
That neere hand all assembled were,
And when the good King can them séé,
Before him all assembled hée,

Blith and glad, that their foes were
Rebuted vpon that maner.
A litle while hæ held them ſtill,
Syne on this wiſe, hæ ſajd them till,

How that the King comforted his men,
That twiſe their foes rebuted had then.

LOrdings, wée ought to loiſe and loue,
Almightie GOD that ſits aboue:
That ſend vs ſo faire beginning
It is a greit diſcomforting,
To our foes, that on this wiſe,
So ſone hes bœne rebuted twiſe,
For when they of their Hoſt ſhall heare,
And know the ſoth, on what manære:
Their Vangard that was ſo ſtout,
And ſyne yone other joly rout:
That I trow of the beſt men were,
That they may find among them there,
Were rebuted ſo ſuddenly,
I trow and knowes it all clearelie:
That mony a heart ſo wauering bæ,
That ſeemed before of greit bountie,
And fra the heart bee diſcomfite,
The bodie is not worth a mite.
Therefore, I trow that good ending,
Shall follow to our beginning:
And yet I ſay not this you till:
For that yée ſhould fulfill my will
To feght: for in you it ſhall bée,
And if yee thinke ſpædfull that wée
Feght, wee ſhall feght: and if yée will
Wee leaue, your lyking to fulfill,

I ſhall

I ſhall conſent in ilke wiſe
To doe right as yee will deuiſe.
Therefore ſay on your will plainelie,
Then with a voyce all can they cry.
God King withoutten more delay,
The morne as ſone as yee ſee day,
Ordaine you haill for the battaile,
For dout of dæd wæ ſhall not faile,
Nor no paine ſhall refuſed bée,
While wæ haue made our Countrie frée.
When the King heard them ſo manlie,
Speake to the thing, and ſo haſtelie:
Saying, that nouther life nor dead,
To ſik diſcomfort ſhould them lead:
That they ſhould eſchew the feghting,
In heart hæ had greit rejoycing:
And to him greit gladſhip can ta,
And ſaid, Lordings, ſen yee will ſa,
Shape wee vs then in the morning,
So that wee by the Sunriſing
Haue heard Maſſe, and bee buſked well,
Ilke man in his owne battell:
Without our Pavillions arrayed
Ilke man with his Baner diſplayed:
And looke on na wiſe yæ brake array,
And as yee loue mee, I you pray,
That ilke man for his owne honour,
Puruay him a good gouernour.
And when it comes vnto the fight,
Ilke man ſet will, heart and might,
To ſtint our foes mækle pride,
They ſhall on Horſe arrayed ride,
And come on vs in full greit hy,
Mæte them with Speares ſturdely:

And thinke then you on the mœkle ill,
That they and theirs haue done vs till:
And are in will yet for to doe,
Gif they haue might to come thereto.
And Certes me thinke well that we
Without abasing ought to be
Worthie, and of great vassalage,
For wœ haue thrée faire auantage.
The first is, that we haue the right,
And for the right ay GOD will fight.
The other is, that they commen are here,
Through lipning in their great power,
To sœke vs in our owne land:
And hes brought here euen to our hand,
Riches into so great plentie,
That the poorest of you all sall be
Both mightie and rich therewithall,
Gif that we winne, as well may fall.
The third is, that we for our liues,
And for our children, and our wiues,
And for our frœdome, and our land
Are strenyied in battell for to stand.
And they for their might anerly,
And for they set of vs lightly:
And for they would destroy vs all,
Makes them to fecht, but yet may fall,
That they sall rew the barganing.
And Certes, I warne you of one thing,
Gif happen them, as GOD forbid,
For to preuaile into this stœd,
So that they winne vs all plainely,
They sall of vs haue no mercy.
And sen we know their felloun will,
We thinke it sould accord to skill,

To set

To set stoutnesse against fellonie,
And that gaite make a ieopardie.
Wherefore I you require, and pray:
That with all might that euer ye may,
But Cowardise or abasing,
Ye preasse you at the beginning,
To mæte them that sall first assemble:
So stoutly, that the hindmest tremble.
And thinke vpon your great manhæde,
Your worship and your doughtie dæde:
And on the ioy that we abide,
Gif that vs fall, as well may tide,
Hap for to vanquish the great battailyie,
Into our hands withoutten failyie,
We beare honour, praise, and riches,
Frædome, and welth, and all blythnesse,
Gif ye contæne you manfuly.
And in the contrair, all haillely
Sall faile, gif ye let Cowardise,
Or wickednesse your heart suppryse.
Ye might haue liued into thraldome:
But for ye yarned to haue frædome:
Ye are assembled here with me,
Therefore it is nædfull that we be
Worthie, and wight but abasing
And I warne you well of one thing,
That more mischiefe may fall vs nane.
Nor in their hands to be tane,
For they sould sla vs (I wate well)
Euen as they did my brother Neill.
But when I thinke on your stoutnesse,
And on the mony great Prowesse:
That ye haue done so worthelie,
I traist, and trowes it sikkerlie,

To haue

To haue plaine victorie into this fight.
For though your foes be mækle of might,
They haue the wrong and succowrye,
And couets wrangous Senyeory,
And the ſtrength of this place ye ſæ,
Sall let vs enuironed for to be.
And I pray you all ſpecially,
Both more and leſſe commonly:
That none of you for grædineſſe,
Haue eye to take of their riches:
Nor yet Priſoners to ta,
While ye ſæ them arrayed ſa:
And that the field ours plainely be,
Then at our lyking ſo may we
Take all the riches that there is.
Gif ye will worke vpon this wiſe:
Ye ſall haue victorie ſikkerly.
I wate not what more ſay ſall I:
But ye wate all what honour is:
Contæne you, that on ſik a wiſe,
That your honour ay ſaued be.
And I heght here in my laytie,
Gif ony dies in the battailyie,
His land frælý but Tare or Tailyie,
On the firſt day his aires ſall weild,
Though he be neuer ſo young of eild.
Now make you ready for the fight:
GOD help vs, that is moſt of might.
Iræde, armed all night we be,
Purueyed in battell, ſo that we
To mæte our foes all be boun.
Then anſwered they all with one ſoun:
As ye deuiſe all ſall be done.
Then to their Innes went they ſone.

And ordaindc them for the feghting.
Syne assembled in the Euening:
And that gaite all the night they lay,
While on the morne that it was day.
WHen the Clyfurde, as I heard aire,
And all his rout rebuted were:
And the great Vangard alswa,
Were distrenyied the backe to ta;
And they had told their rebuting,
They of the Vangard, how the King
Slew at one stroke so apertly,
A Knight that wight was, and hardy.
And how the Kings haill battaile
Shupe them so stoutly to assaile,
And Sir Edward the Bruce alswa,
When they all haill the backe can ta;
And how they left had of their men.
And Clyffurd als had told him then,
How Thomas Randell toke the Plaine,
With a few folke how he hes slaine
Sir William Haward the worthy,
And how the Erle faught manfully,
That as a Vurcheon all his rout
Gart set out speares them about.
And how that they were put againe,
And one part of their good men slaine.
The Englishmen sik abasing
Toke, and sik dread of that tything,
That in fiue hundreth places and ma,
Together would they rowning ga,
And said, our Lords for their might.
With all gaites feght against the right:
But who makes wæres wrongouslie,
They offend GOD all to greatlie,

And they

And they that happen to misfaile,
And so may happen here, wee shall.
And when their Lords had perceiuing,
Of that discomfort, and that rowning,
That they yeed togidder two and two,
Throughout the Host then can they go,
To gar Heraulds sone make cry,
That none discomforted should bée,
For in jeopardies is oft happennyne,
Whiles to wine, and whiles to tyne:
And that into the greit battailyie,
That vpon no manner may failyie,
But if the Scots flée their way,
Shall all amended bée perfay,
Therefore they monisht them to bée
Of greit worship, and greit bountie,
And stoutlie in the battell stand,
And take amends at their owne hand.
They may well monish as they will,
And they may hecht als to fulfill,
With stalward heart their bidding all:
But not for thy, I trow they shall,
Into their hearts dréding bée,
The King with his counsell priuie,
Yes tane to read that hee would nought,
Fecht while the morne, but he were sought
Therefore they harbred them that night,
Downe in the Kerse, and gart all dight,
And make ready all their apparell,
Against the morne for the battell.
For in the Kerse Pulles were,
Houses and thacke, they brake and bare
To make brigges where they might passe.
And some men sayes, the folke that was

In the Caſtell, when night can fall,
When that they knew their miſchiefe all,
They went fooꝛth all that euer there weꝛe,
And dooꝛes and windowes with them bare
So that they had befoꝛe the day,
Bꝛigged the Powles ſo that they
Were paſſed ouer them euerilkane,
And the hard field on Hoꝛſe hes tane.
All readie foꝛ to giue battell,
Arrayed into their apparell.
THe Scottiſh men when that it was day,
Their Maſſe deuoutly heard haue they,
Syne tooke a ſop, and made them yare:
And when that they aſſembled were,
And in their battells all puruayed,
And their bꝛad Baners all diſplayed,
They made Knights, as it affæres.
To men that vſes tha myſtæres,
The King made Walter Stewart Knight
And Iames Dowglas that was wight,
And others als of greit bountie,
Hæ made ilkane in their degræ.
When this was done, as I you ſay,
Then went they fooꝛth in good array,
And tooke the plaine field apartly.
Many wight men, good and hardy,
They were fulfilled of greit bountie,
Men might into that rout there ſæ.
The Engliſhmen on other partie,
That right as Angels ſhine bꝛightlie,
Were not arrayed on ſik maner,
Foꝛ all their battells togidder were
In a ſchiltrum: but whidder it was,
Thꝛough greit ſtraitneſſe of the place,

That

That they were in to byde feghting:
Or then it was for abasing.
I wat not, but in a shilltrum,
It semed they were all and some,
Except the Wangard allanerlie,
That with a right greit companie,
By them selues arrayed were,
Who had bene by, might haue sene there
Tha folke ouertoke a mekle field
On breadth, where mony a shining shield,
And mony a birnisht bright armour,
And mony man of greit valour,
And mony a Waner bright and shene.
Right in that greit shiltrum bee sene,
And when the King of England,
Saw Scottishmen take on hand.
To take the plaine Field sa openlie,
Upon foote hee thought ferlie:
And said, What? will yon Scottishmen fight:
Yea, sikkerlie, Sir, said a Knight,
Sir Ingrame the Vmfrauile heght hee,
And said, Forsoth, Sir, now I see,
But dread the most marueilous fight
That euer I saw: wheens for to fight,
The Scottishmen so few hes tane on hand
Against the haill might of England,
On plaine hard field to giue battell,
But if yee will trow my counsell.
Yee shall discomfite them lightly.
Yee shall with draw you hyne suddenly,
With Battells, Waners and Pennons,
While that wee passe our Pauillions,
And yee shall see assoone that they,
Yagre their Lord, shall breake array,

And ſkaill then our Harneſſe to ta,
And when wee ſkailled ſee them ſa
Pricke wee on them then hardely:
And wee ſhall haue them well lightlie.
For then ſhall none bee knit to fight,
That may withſtand our mickle might,
I will not (ſaid the King) perfay.
Doe ſo: for there ſhall no man ſay,
That I ſhould eſchew the battell,
Nor withdraw mee for ſik Rangalt.

The meeting of the great battailyie,
Where Scots defend, and Engliſh failyie.

WHen this was ſaid, that heare ſay I,
The Scottiſhmen right reuerentlie.
Knéeled all downe, to GOD to pray:
And a ſhort prayer then made they
To GOD, to helpe them in their fight.
And when the Engliſh King had ſight,
Of them knæling, hee ſaid, in hy
Yone folke knéeles to aſke mercie,
Sir Ingrame ſaid, Yee ſay ſoth now,
They aſke mercie, but not at you,
For their treſpaſſe to GOD they cry.
I tell you ane thing ſikkerlie.
That yone men will win all, or die,
For dout of déede they will not flee.
Now be it ſo, then ſaid the King:
And then bot longer delaying,
They gart come to the aſſemblie,
On either ſide then men might ſee,
Mony a worthie man and hardy,
Ready to doe great Cheualry.

THus were they boun on ather ſide:
And Engliſhmen with mækle pride,
That were into the Vangard,
To the battell that Sir Edward
Gouerned and led, held ſtraight their way,
The hoꝛſe with ſpurres hardned they,
And pricked on them ſturdely.
And they met them right hardely:
So that at their aſſembling there,
Sik a fruſhing of ſpeares were:
That far away men might it heare.
At that mætting withoutten wære,
Were Stædes ſticked mony ane:
And mony Knight boꝛne downe, & ſlaine:
And mony a hardie met doughtelie,
Where they eſcaped full hardlie.
They dang on other with weapons ſeire.
Some of the hoꝛſe that ſticked were,
Ruſhed and reilled right rudely:
But the remnand not foꝛ thy,
That might come to the aſſembling,
Foꝛ all that made no ſtinting:
But aſſembled right hardelie,
And they met them right ſturdelie,
With ſpeares that were ſharp to ſhære,
And axes that well grounden were,
Wherewith raught was mony a rout:
The fight was there ſo fell and ſtout,
That mony a woꝛthie man and wight,
Thꝛough foꝛce was felled in that fight,
That had no might to riſe againe.
The Scottiſhmen faſt can them paine,
Their foes mækle might to fruſh:
I trow, they ſall no paine refuſe,

And ſkaill then our Harneſſe to ta,
And when wée ſkailled ſée them ſa
Pricke wée on them then hardely:
And wée ſhall haue them well lightlie.
For then ſhall none bée knit to fight,
That may withſtand our mickle might,
I will not (ſaid the King) perfay.
Doe ſo: for there ſhall no man ſay,
That I ſhould eſchew the battell,
Nor withdraw mée for ſik Kangall.

The meeting of the great battailyie,
Where Scots defend, and Engliſh failyie.

WHen this was ſaid, that heare ſay I,
The Scottiſhmen right reuerentlie.
Knéeled all downe, to GOD to pray:
And a ſhort prayer then made they
To GOD, to helpe them in their fight.
And when the Engliſh King had ſight,
Of them knéeling, hée ſaid, in hy
Yone folke knéeles to aſke mercie,
Sir Ingrame ſaid, Yée ſay ſoth now,
They aſke mercie, but not at you,
For their treſpaſſe to GOD they cry.
I tell you ane thing ſikkerlie.
That yone men will win all, or die,
For dout of déede they will not flée.
Now be it ſo, then ſaid the King:
And then bot longer delaying,
They gart come to the aſſemblie,
On either ſide then men might ſée,
Mony a worthie man and hardy,
Ready to doe great Cheualry.

THus were they boun on ather side:
And Englishmen with mækle pride,
That were into the Vangard,
To the battell that Sir Edward
Gouerned and led, held straight their way,
The horse with spurres hardned they,
And pricked on them sturdely.
And they met them right hardely:
So that at their assembling there,
Sik a frushing of speares were:
That far away men might it heare.
At that mæting withoutten wære,
Were Stædes sticked mony ane:
And mony Knight borne downe, & slaine:
And mony a hardie met doughtelie,
Where they escaped full hardlie.
They dang on other with weapons seire.
Some of the horse that sticked were,
Rushed and reilled right rudely:
But the remnand not for thy,
That might come to the assembling,
For all that made no stinting:
But assembled right hardelie,
And they met them right sturdelie,
With speares that were sharp to shære,
And axes that well grounden were,
Wherewith raught was mony a rout:
The fight was there so fell and stout,
That mony a worthie man and wight,
Through force was felled in that fight,
That had no might to rise againe.
The Scottishmen fast can them paine,
Their foes mækle might to frush:
I trow, they sall no paine refuse,

Nor perills, while their foes be,
Set in well hard perplexitie.

The Erle of *Murray* with his battailyie,
Came on ſtoutly but ony failyie.

AND when the Erle of Murray ſa
Their Vangard ſaw ſo ſtoutly ta
The way, to Sir Edward all ſtraight,
That met them with full mækle might.
Ye held his way with his Baner,
To the great rout, where togidder were
The nine battels that were ſo brade.
So feil Baners with them they had,
And of men ſo great quantitie:
That it was wonder for to ſée,
The good Erle hidder tooke the way,
With his battell in good array:
And aſſembled ſo hardily,
That men might heare that had bene by,
A great fruſh of the ſpeares that brak:
For their foes aſſailyied faſt,
That on the Stædes with mækle pride,
Came pricking, as they would ouer ride
The Erle, and all his companie:
But they met them ſo ſturdelie,
That mony of them to eird they bare,
And mony a Stæd was ſticked there:
And feill good men felled vnder fæt,
That had no power to riſe yet.
There men might ſée an hard battaile,
And ſome defend, and ſome aſſaile:
And mony a rumble great and red,
Be raught there on ather ſide,

While through the byrnisht breast the blood,
That on the eird in streames yood.
The Erle of Murray and his men,
So stoutlie them contæned then:
That they wan place ay maire and maire:
On their foes, the whilks were,
Ay ten for one, or ma, perfay.
So that it sæmed well that they
Were tynt among so fell Menyie,
As they were plunged in the sea,
And when the Englishmen has sæne
The Erle, and all his men bedæne,
Feght so stoutlie but affraying.
Right as they had none abasing.
They prealled thē fast with all their might:
And they with speares and swords bright,
And ares that right sharplie share,
In middes the visage met them there:
There men might sæ a stalward stour,
And mony men of great valour,
With speares, Malles, and with knives,
And other weapons willell lives:
So that mony fell downe all dead.
The gerlle wort of the blood all red.
The Erle that wight was and worthie,
And his men fought so manfullie:
That who so had them sæne that day,
I trow forsoth, that he sould say,
That they their devoure did full well:
So that their foes sould it fæle.

How *Walter Stewart* and *Dowglas*,
Came with their battell that worthy was.

WHen that thir two battells were,
Assembled, as I said you aire:
The Stewart Walter that then was,
And good Sir Iames of Dowglas,
In a battell when they saw,
The Erle withoutten dread or aw,
Assembled with his companie,
On all tha folke so sturdelie,
For to help him they held their way,
With their battell in good array:
And assembled so hardely,
Beside the Erle a litle by:
That their foes felt their comming well.
For with weapons stalward of stæle,
They dang on them with all their might,
Their foes receiued them well I hight,
With swordes, speares, and with Mas.
The battell there so felloun was.
And als so great spilling of blood:
While on the eird the streames yode,
The Scottishmen so well them bare,
And so great slaughter made they there:
And fra so feill there liues they reft,
That all the field was bloodie left:
That time that the thrée bat tels were
All side for side, feghting well nære:
Then might men heare mony a dint,
And weapons vpon armours stint.
And so ouer tumbled knights and stædes
And mony one rich in Royall wædes,

Defouled

Defouled foullie vnder feete:
Some held on loft, some tint the sweet.
A long time thus they faught, and were
That men no noise, nor crie might heare:
There was noght els but graines & dints,
They shoke the fire as men on flints:
They faught ilkane so egerlie,
That they made nouther noyse cry:
But dang on other with their might,
With weapons that were birneist bright:
The arrowes als so thicke they flaw,
That men might say well that them saw,
That they an hiddeous shout can ma.
For where they fell I vnderta.
They left efter them takinning,
That needed (as I trow) læching,
The English archers shot so fast,
That if their shot might haue had last,
It had beene hard to Scottishmen.
But King Robert that can well ken,
That their archerers were perilous:
And their shot hard and grieuous,
Ordained before the assemblie,
His Marshall, with a greit Menyie,
Fiue hundreth armed into stæle,
That on light Horss were horsed well,
To pricke among the archers,
And so assailzie them with Speares,
That they no leasure had to shute,
His Marshall that hereof I mute.
That Sir Robert of Keith was calde,
(As I before haue to you talde)
When hee saw the battells so
Assembled, and togidder goe,

And saw the archers shot stoutlie,
Then with them of his companie.
In hy among them can hee ryde,
And ouertoke them at a side.
And rushed among them so rudely,
Stryking them so dispiteouslie,
And in sik fusioun dushing them downe,
And slaying them without ransoun:
That they them skailled euerilkane.
And from that time forth there were nane
That assembled thicke shot to ma,
When Scottish archers saw it was sa,
They were rebuted, they wort hardie,
And with all their might shot egerlie,
Among the Horsemen that their rade,
And wounds wide to them they made:
And slew of them a well greit deill.
And bure them hardelie and well:
For from their foes archers were,
Skailled, as I said to you aire,
That moe than they were by greit thing
So that they dred not their shooting,
They wort so hardie, that they thought
They should set all their foes at nought.
THe Marshall and his companie,
Was yet (as to you aire said I)
Among the archers where they made,
With speares rowm, where euer they rade
And slew all that they might ouerta:
For they right lightlie might doe so:
For they had not an strake to stynt,
Nor for to hold againe an dynt,
Against armed men into the fight,
Nay naked men haue litle might.

They ſkailled them on ſik maner,
That ſome to their greit battell were
Withdrawen then, in full greit hy,
And ſome were fled allutterly.
But the folke that behind them was,
That for their owne folke had no place,
Yet then to come to the feghting,
Againe right ſmertly can them ding.
The Archers that they met flæing,
That then was made right recræing
That their heartes were tynt cleanely,
I trow they ſhall not ſkaith greitlie,
The Scottiſh men with ſhot that day:
And the good King Robert that ay
Was filled full of great bountie,
Saw how that his battells three,
So hardelie aſſembled were,
And in the fight ſo well them bare
And ſo faſt on their foes can ding:
That him thought none had abaſing,
And how the Archers were ſkailled then,
Hæ was all blyth: and to his men
Hæ ſaid, Lordings, now looke that yé
Worthie, and of good comfort bee,
At this aſſemble, and hardy.
And aſſemble you ſo ſturdely,
That nothing may before you ſtand,
Our men ſo fiercely are feghtand.
That they their foes hes cumbred ſa:
That bee they preaſſed, I vnderta
A litle faſter, yee ſhall ſée
That they diſcomfiſt ſoone ſhall bée,
Now go wée on them ſo hardely,
And ding on them ſo doughtely.

That

That they may feill at our comming,
That wee them hate in mækle thing:
For greit cauſe they haue vs made,
That occupied our lands braade,
And put all to ſubjectioun:
Your goods made all theirs commoun:
Our kin and friends for their owne,
Deſpitteouſlie hanged and drawne:
And would deſtroy vs if they might,
But I trow God through his foreſight,
This day hes granted vs his grace,
To wreke vs on them in this place.
When this was ſaid, they held their way,
And on ane ſide aſſembled they
So ſtoutly, that at their mæting,
Their foes were ruſhed a greit thing,
Their men might ſee them fiercelie fight,
And they that worthie were and wight,
Doe mony a worthie vaſſalage.
They faught as they were in a rage.
For when the Scots archerie,
Saw their foes ſo ſturdelie
Stand in the battell them againe,
With all their might, and all their maine,
They laid on as men out of wit:
And where they with full ſtrake might hit
There might none armour ſtint their ſtrak
They ruſhed all they might ouertake:
And with ares ſik duſhes gaue,
That they Heades, and Helmes claue.
And their foes right hardelie,
Met them, and dang on doggedlie,
With weapons that were ſtyth of ſtæle.
There was a battell right cruell.

So great dinging there was of dynts,
As weapons vpon armours stynts:
And of speares sik bristing,
And sik thrang, and sik thrysting:
Sik graining, girnyng, that was so great,
And noyse: that they can other beat:
Crying Enslewyes on ilk side,
Giuing and taking wounds wide,
That it was hiddeous for to heare:
All the foure battells with that wære
Feghting in a front hailly,
O nightie GOD, how doughtely,
Sir Edward the Bruce and his men,
Among their foes contæned them then:
Feghting in so good conuyne:
So worthy, hardy, and so fyne,
That their Vangard rushed was,
And magre theirs, left all the place.
And to their great rout into warrand
They went, that then had vpon hand
So great noise, that they were affrayed
For Scottish men that them hard assayed:
That they were in a shiltrum all,
Who hapned in that preasse to fall,
I trow, againe he sall not rise.
Their men might sæ on mony wise,
Yardements enchæued doughtely:
And men that wight were and worthy,
Downe vnder feet lying all dead:
Where all the field with blood was red:
Armoures and coates that they bare,
Were so with blood defouled there:
That they might not described be,
And who had then bæne by to sæ,

The Steward Walter, and all his rout,
And the Lord Dowglas that was stout,
Feghting into that stalwart stour,
They sould say, that of all honour,
They were worthie, that in that fight,
So fast preassed their foes might:
And rushed them where euer they yéd,
Men might sée then so mony Stæde
Flæing on stray, that Lord had nane.
D G D, who then good tent had tane
To the good Erle of Murray,
And his, that so great dynts gaue:
And so fast fought in that battell,
Tholling sik paine, and sik trauell:
That they, and theirs made sik debate,
That where they came, they made them gaite,
Where men might heare Ensenyies crie:
And Scottishmen cryed hardelie:
On them, on them, on them they failyie:
With that so hard they can assailyie,
And slew all that they might ouerta.
And the Scots Archers alswa,
Shot among them right sturdelie,
Engræuing them so grætumlie:
That what for them that with them faught
And so great routs to them raught,
And preassed them full egerlie:
And what for arrowes, that fellounlie,
Mony great wounds can them ma:
And slew fast of their horse alswa:
That they recooled a litle wie,
They dread so greatly for to die:
That their conuæne wort worse than eir.
For they that feghting with them were,

Set hardement, and ſtrength, and will,
And heart, and courage to fulfill:
With all their mane, and all their might,
To put them fullie to the fligh̃t.

How Scottiſh Swaynes of ſheetes made,
Them Baners, and in battell rade.

IN this time that I tell of hére,
That thir battels on this manére,
Were ſtricken, where on ather ſide,
Were mony men of mækle pride:
Feghting they were full ernestly:
They might haue ſæne who had bene by,
Yeomen, and Swaynes, and Pedaill,
That in the Parke to kæpe vittaile,
Were left, when they wiſt but læſing,
That their Lords with hard feghting,
On there foes aſſembled were:
One of themſelues that was there,
Capitane ouer them all they made,
And ſhætes, that were ſomedeill brade
They made in ſtead of Baners,
And faſtned on long træs and ſpeares:
And ſaid, that they would ſæ the fligh̃t,
And help their Lords at their might:
When hereto all aſſented were,
In a rout they aſſembled are.
Fiftæne thouſand they were, and ma.
And then in great hy can they ga,
With their Baners all in a rout,
As they had bene men ſtyth and ſtout,
They came with all their aſſemblie,
While that they might the battells ſæ.

Then

Then all at ones they gaue a cry:
Sla, sla, vpon them hardely:
And therewithall comming were they,
But they were yet well far away.
And Englishmen that frushed were
Through force of fight, as I said aire,
When they saw men with sik a cry
Comming with sik a company,
That they well nære als mony were,
As they were feghting with them yare:
And they before had not them sæne:
Then wit ye well withoukten wæne,
They were abased so gretumly:
That the best and the most hardy,
That was into that Mast that day,
Wald with his Mensk haue bene away.
The King Robert by their reilling,
Saw them well nære discomfiting,
Then his Ensenyie he can fast cry
And with them of his company,
His foes he prealled so fast, that they
Then were into so great affray:
That they left place ay maire and maire.
For all the Scottishmen that were there:
When they saw them eschew the fight,
Dang on them so with all their might:
That they skailled in trowples seire,
And till discomfiting drew nære.
And some of them fled all plainely:
But they that wight were and hardy,
That shame letted to take the flight
With great mischief maintained the fight,
And stoutly in the stoure can stand.
And when the King of England,

Saw

Saw his men flæ in sundrie place,
And saw his foes rout, that was
Worthen so wight, and so worthie,
That all his folke were haillelie
So astoneyed, that they had no might,
To stint their foes in that fight:
Hæ was abased so gretumlie,
That hæ, and in his companie,
Fiftæne hundreth armed men at right,
Into that frush tooke all the flight:
And to the Castell tooke their way.
And I haue heard yet some men say,
That of Vallance Sir Aymery,
When hée the field saw vanquisht nære,
By the renyie led away the King,
Against his will from the feghting,
And when Sir Geiles de Argentie,
Saw the King with his Menzie,
Shape then to flæ so speedily,
Hæ sped then to the King in hy:
And said (Sir); sen that yée will so,
That yæ thus gaite your way will goe,
Haue good day: for againe will I,
Yet fled I neuer sikkerlie.
And I chose rather to bide and die,
Then for to liue, and shamefullie flæ,
His bridle then bnt more abade:
Hee turned and againe hée rade,
As dread of no kin thing had hæ:
And pricked crying, Argentie
Right on Sir Edward Bruces rout.
That was so stalwart and so stout:
And they right sturdely him met,
And so feill Speares on him set,

That

That hée and Horse were charged so,
And both downe to the eird can goe,
And in that place there slaine was hée.
And of his death was greit pitie.
Hée was the third best Knight, perfay,
That men wist liuing in this day:
And did full mony faire journey,
On Saracens thrée derenyies made hée:
And into ilke derenyie of tha,
Hée quickly vanquisht Saracens twa,
Vis greit worship toke their ending:
And fra Sir Aymer, with the King,
Was fled, there durst not one abide,
But fleeing skailled on ilke side.
And their foes preased them right fast,
To say the soth they were agast:
And fled so done affrayedlie:
That of them a greit companie,
Fled in the Water of Forth, and thers
The most part of them drowned were:
And Banockburne within the braes,
Of Men and Horse so charged was:
That vpon drowned Horse, and Men,
Folke might passe dry out ouer it then,
And Laddes, Swaynes, they Rangall,
When they saw vanquisht the battell,
Ran among them, and so can sla
Tha folke that no defence might ma,
That it was pitie for to see.
I neuer heard into no Countrie,
Folkes at so greit mischife were stad,
On ane side they their foes had:
That slew them downe without merey,
And they had on the other party,

Banock-

Banockburne, that so cummersome was,
For slike and deepnesse for to passe:
That there might none out ouer it ride,
But there behoued them to abide:
So that some slaine, some drowned were:
Might none eschape that euer came there,
But yet full mony gote away:
That elsewhere fled, as I heare say,
The King with them hee with him had,
In a rout to the Castell rade:
And would haue beene therein, for they
Wist not what gate to get away.
Sir Philip Mowbray said him till,
The Castell Sir, is at your will,
But come yee in it, yee shall see
That yee shall soone assieged bee:
And there is none in all England,
To make rescourse dare take in hand:
And but rescourse may no Castell,
Bee holden long, this wate yee well,
Therefore comfort you and relie
Your men about you, right straitlie:
And hold about the Parke your way,
Als sadlie knit, as euer yee may,
For I trow that none shall haue might,
That chooses with so feill to fight.
And as hee counseld, so haue they done:
And beneth the Castell went they sone.
Right by the round table their way,
And the new Parke enuironde they.
And toward Linlithgow held in hy:
But I trow they shall hastelie,
Bee conuoyed, with sik folke that they,
I trow, might suffer well away.

For Sir Iames Lord of Dowglas,
Came to the King, and asked the cace:
And gaue to him liene but abade.
But all too few of Horse hée had:
Hée had not in his rout sertie,
But yet hée sped him hastelie:
The way efter the King to ta.
Now let him on his wayes ga,
And efter this wée shall well tell,
What to him in the chase befell.

How the Erle of *Hartfurd* in *Bothwell* was.
Tane ouer the walles, fled from the chase.

When the greit battell on this wise,
Was discomfist, as I deuise.
Where threttie thousand well were dead,
And drowned, and slaine into that stead,
And some were into hands tane:
And other some their gaite are gane.
The Erle of Herfurde for that melle,
Departed with a greit menyie:
And straight to Bothwell held their way,
That then was in Englishmens fay:
Was holden as a place of wére.
Sir Walter Gilbertson was there
Capitane, and it had in ward.
The Erle of Herfurd hidder rade,
And was tane in ouer the wall,
And fiftie of his men withall:
And set in Houses sinderlie,
So that they had there no maistrie.
The laue went toward England,
But of that rout, I take on hand,

The thrid part were slaine, or tane:
The laue with great paine haime are gane.
Sir Morise also the Barclay,
Fra the great Mast held his way,
With a great rout of Wales men,
Where euer they rade, men might them ken;
For they well neere all naked were,
Or linnen claithes had but maire.
They held their way in full great hy:
But mony of their company,
Ere they in England came were tane;
And mony of them als were slaine.
They fled als other wayes seire:
But to the Castell that was neere,
Of Striuiling, fled sik a Menyie,
That it was wonder for to see.
For all the Craigges so heilled were
About the Castell here and there:
Of them that for strength of that sted,
Hidderward to warrand fled.
And for they were so feill, that there
Fled vnder the Castell were.
The King Robert that was wittie,
Held ay his good men neere him by:
For dread that rise againe sould they.
This was the cause forsoth, to say,
Wherethrough the King of England,
Escaped home into his land,
When that the field so cleane was made
Of Englishmen, that none abade:
The Scottishmen tooke soone in hand,
So great riches there they fand.
Siluer and gold, clothes and armyng,
And vessell, and all other thyng,

That euer they might lay on their hand,
So great a riches there they fand:
That mony men were rich made,
Of the riches that they there had.
When this was done, that here say I,
The King sent a great companie,
Up to the Craigges them to assaile,
That were fled from the great battaile:
And they them yald without debate,
And them in hand they toke full haite:
Syne to the King all brought were they,
And they dispended hailly that day
In riches, and in spraith taking:
Fra end was made of the feghting.
And when they naked spoyled were,
That were slaine in the battell there,
It was forsoth a great ferly,
To see so mony there dead to ly:
Two hundreth paire of spurres red,
Were tane of Knights that were dead.
The Erle of Gloceſter dead was there,
That men called, Sir Gilbert of Clare:
And Geiles de Argentie alswa,
And Payn Typont, and other ma:
That there names not tell can I.
And vpon Scottishmens partie,
There was slaine worthie Knights twa,
William Wepont was one of tha:
And Sir Walter of Rosse another,
That Sir Edward the Kings brother
Loued, and held in sik daintie,
That as himselfe himdoned he.
And when he wist that he was dead,
He was so wa, and wilk of read,

That

That he ſaid, making full euill cheare.
That him had rather the iourney were
Undone, ere he ſo dead had bene.
Duttaken him, men hes not ſæne,
When he for ony man made mæning.
And the cauſe was of his louing,
That he his ſiſter in Paramours
Loued, and held at great retoures,
His owne wife Dame Iſſabell:
And therefore ſo great diſtance fell
Betwirt him, and the Erle Dauy
Of Atholl, brother to this Lady:
That the Erle on Sanct Iohns night,
When both the Kings were boun to fight
In Cambuskynneth the Kings vittaile
Tooke, and hardlie can aſſaile
Sir William of Airth, and him ſlew,
And with him men mo than enew.
Therefore ſyne into England
He was baniſht, and all his land
Was ſeazed, as forfeite to the King,
That did thereof all his liking.

And when the field, as I told aire,
Was diſpoyled, and made all bare.
The King and all his companie,
Glade, and ioyfull was, and merie
Of the grace that them fallen was:
Toward their Innes the wayes taes
To reſt them: for they wearie were.
But for the Erle Gilbert of Clare
That ſlaine was in the battell place,
The King ſomedeill annoyed was:
For to him nære ſibbe was he,
Then to a Kirk he gart him be

Wrought, and walked all that night.
And on the morne when day was light,
The King raise as his vse was:
And to an English Knight through cace
Hapned, that he yéede wauerand:
So that no man laid on him hand:
And in a buske he hid his arming,
And waited whils he saw the King,
In the morning come foorth earlie:
Then is he went to him in hie,
Sir Marmaduk the Twemane he highte:
He raiked to the King full right,
And hailsed him vpon his knée.
Welcome Sir Marmaduk (said hée)
To what man art thou prisoner?
To none (he said) but to you here,
I yélde me at your will to be,
And I receiue thée, Sir, said he.
Then gart he treat him courteouslie.
He dwelt long in his companie:
And syne in England him sent he,
Arrayed well but ransome frée:
And gaue him great gifts thereto:
A worthie man that so could do,
Might make him greatly for to prise.
When Marmaduk vpon this wise
Was yolden, as I to you say.
Then came Sir Philip the Mowbray:
And to the King yald the Castell,
His cunnand hes he holden well
Then with him treated so the King,
That he beleft of his dwelling,
And held him lélely his fay,
To the last end of his life day,

How

How *Iames* of *Dowglas* conuoyed the King
Of *England* home but Sojourning,

NOw speake we of the Lord Dowglas,
And tell how hée followed the chase:
And had whæne in his companie,
But hee sped him in full greit hy,
And as hée thrOugh the Torwood fore,
Hé saw come riding ouer the More:
Sir Lawrence of Abernethie,
That with sertie in companie,
Came for to helpe the Englishmen,
For hé was Englishman yet then
And when hée heard how that it was,
Hé left the Englishmens peace,
And to the Lord Dowglas there,
For to bé léele and trew hé sware,
And then they both followed the chase:
And ere the King of England was
Passed Linlithgow, they came so néere,
With all the folke that with them were,
That well among them shot they might,
But they thought them to few to fight,
For fiue hundreth armed they were,
In the greit rout that they had there,
Togidder full surelie rade they,
And held them vpon bridle aye,
They were gouerned full wittelie:
For it séemed they were aye ready,
For to defend them at their might
If they assailzied were in fight.
And the Lord Dowglas and his men,
Thought it was not good purpose then,

To feght with them all openlie,
Hæ conuoyed them so narrowlie:
That of the hindmest aye tooke hæ,
Might none behind his fellowes bæ,
A pennie-stone-cast, but hæ in hy,
Was tane or slaine deliueredlie,
They no rescourse would to him ma,
Although hæ followed neuer sa,
In this maner conuoyed them hæ,
While that the King and his Menyie,
To Winsheburgh all commen are.
Then lighted they all that there were,
To baite their Horse that were wearie:
And Dowglas and his companie,
Bated allo beside them nære.
They were so feill withoutten wære.
And in armes so cleanelie dight:
And so arayed for to fight,
And hee so wæne, and but gaddering,
That hee would not in plaine feghting
Assaillyie them, but rade them by,
Waiting his time so eithandly,
A litle while they baited there,
And syne lap on, and forth can fare,
And hee was alwayes by them nære,
And leete them not haue ilk leiser
As anes water for to ma.
And if that ony stad were sa,
And behind left was on space:
Hæzed in hand als sone hee was,
They conuoyed them vpon this wise
While that the King, and rout is
Comde to the Castell of Dumbar.
Where hæ, and of his men so were,

Receiued right well, for yet than.
The Erle Patricke was Englishman:
That gart with meat and drinke alswa.
Refresh them well, and syne can ta,
A baite, and send the King by sey,
To Bamburgh in his owne Countrie.
Their Horse there left they all on stray,
But læsed als sone in hand were they.
The laue that liued were without.
Addressed them into a rout:
And held to Berwicke straight their way,
In a rout, and the sooth shall say:
They leaued of there men partly,
Ere they came there, but not for thy
They came to Barwicke sone, and there
Into the towne receiued were:
Else at greit mischiefe had they bæne.
And when the Lord Dowglas hes seene,
That hee had læsed there his paine,
Toward the King hæ went againe.
THe King escaped on this wise,
(Loe what falding to Fortune lyes,
That whiles vpon a man will smile,
And pricke him syne another while:
In no time stable can shee stand,
This mightie King of England,
Shee had set on her whæle at hight,
When with so ferlifull a might,
Of men, of armes and archers,
And of fot men and Hobillers,
Hæ came riding out of his Land,
As I before haue borne on hand:
And in a night syne and a day,
Shee set him into so hard assay,

That

That hée with few men in a baite,
Faine was for to hold home his gaite:
But of this ilke whéele turning,
King Robert ſhould make no mourning,
For his ſide of the whéele on hight;
Roſe, when the other downe can light,
For two contrares yé may wit well,
Set againſt other in a whéele,
When one is hie, another is law,
And if it fall that Fortoun thrauw
The whéele about, it that on hight
Was eir, on force it mon downe light:
And it that laigh was vnder aire,
Mon leape on hight in the contraire,
So fore it of thir Kings two.
For when King Robert ſtad was ſo,
That in his greit miſchiefe was hé,
The other was in his Majeſtie.
And when the King Edwards might
Wort leſſe, then Roberts raiſe on hight:
And now ſik Fortoun came him till.
That hé was hied and had his will.
AT Striuiling was hé yet lyand,
And the greit Lords that hé fand,
Dead in the field, hé gart burie,
In holie places honourablie.
And the laue ſyne that dead were there,
Into greit Pittes buried were.
The Caſtell and the towres ſyne,
Euen to the ground downe gart hé myne,
And ſyne to Bothwell ſent hé,
Sir Edward with a greit Menyie,
For they therein ſend to him word,
That the rich Erle of Herfurd,

And other mightie als were there.
So treated he with Sir Walter,
That Erle, and Castell, and all the laue,
Into Sir Edwards hand he gaue.
Then to the King the Erle sent he,
That gart him right well kœped be.
While at the last they treated sa:
That he to England home sould ga,
Without paying of ransome, frée:
And that for him sould changed be,
Bishop Robert that blinde was made,
And the Quéene that they taken had
In prison, as before said I,
And her Doughter Dame Mariory.
The Erle was changed for thir thrée:
And when they commen were home al frée,
The Kings doughter that was faire,
And was als his appearand aire,
With Walter Stewart can her wed:
And they well soone got of their bed
A man-childe through Gods grace,
That efter his good old father was
Called Robert, and syne was King,
And had the land in gouerning,
Efter his worthie sonne Dauy:
That reigned nine yéeres and threttie,
And in the time of the compyling
Of this booke this last Robert was King:
And of his Kinrik passed was
Fiue yéeres, and was the yéere of grace,
A thousand thrée hundreth and seuentie
And fiue: and of his eild sertie.
And that was efter the good King,
Robert was brought to his ending,

Her

Yer and fourtie Winter but maire.
GOD grant, that they that commen are
Of his offspring, maintaine the land,
And hold the folke well to warrand:
And maintaine right, and eke lawtie,
Als well as in his time did he,

How King *Robert* rade in *England*,
And brunt vp all *Northumberland*.

KIng Robert now was well at hight,
And ilk day thē grew moze his might:
His men wort rich, and his Countrie
Abounded well of cozne and fæ:
And of all kinde of other riches.
And mirth, solace, and all blythnes
Was in the haill land commonlie:
Foz ilk man blyth was, and ioly.
The king after this great iourney,
Through rēde and counsell of his priuie,
In sundzie townes gart cry on hight,
That who so clamed to haue right,
To hold in Scotland land and fæ,
That within twelue moneths sould he
Come and claime it: and then to do
To the King, as pertained thereto.
And gif they come not in that yære,
Then sould they wit withoutten wære
That hard thereafter none sould be.
The king that was of great bountie,
Had busines when this was done,
One Dast gart summond after soone,
And went then into England,
And ouer rade all Northumberland,

And brunt

And brunt townes, and toke their pray,
And syne went home vpon their way.
I let it shortly passe far by:
For there was no great Chevalry
Prooued, that is to speake of here.
The King went oft in this manere
In England, for to rich his men,
That in riches abounded then.

How Sir *Edward* tooke on hand,
For to make weere into *Ireland*.

The Erle of Carrik Sir Edward,
That stouter was than a Leopard,
And had no will to liue at peace,
Thought that Scotland too litle wes
To his brother, and him alswa:
Therefore to purpose can he ta,
That he of Ireland would be King:
Therefore he sent, and had treating,
With the Irshry of Ireland,
That in their lawtie tooke on hand,
Of all Ireland to make him King:
With thy, that he with hard feghting,
Might ouercome the Englishmen,
That in that land were winning then,
And they sould helpe with all their might:
And he that heard them make sik heght,
Into his heart he had great liking.
And with the consent of the King,
Gathered him men of great bountie:
And syne at Air shipped he.
Into the neist moneth of May,
To Ireland held he straight his way,

And had

And had there in his companie,
The Erle Thomas that was worthie:
And good Sir Philip the Mowbray,
That sikker was in hard assay:
Sir Iohn Sowles that was wight,
And Sir Iohn Stewart a good knight:
The Ramsay als of Oughterhous.
That was right wise and Chevalrous.
And Sir Fergus of Ardrossane,
And other knights mony ane.
In Wolyngs Firth arrived they
Saiflie, but bargane or assay,
And sent their shippes home againe.
A great thing haue they vndertane,
That with so whæne as they were,
That was seuen thousand men but maire,
Shupe for to weirray all Ireland,
Where they sall sée mony thousand,
Come armed on them for to fight:
But though they whæne were, they were wight,
And without dread or affray.
In two battells they toke their way,
Toward Craigfergus. it to sée.
But the Lords of that Countrie,
Maundewile, Bisset, and Logane,
Their men they sembled euerilkane.
The Sauages als was with them there:
And when they all assembled were,
They were well nære twentie thousand.
When that they wist, that in their land,
Sik a Venyie arrived were,
With all the folke that they had there,
They went toward them in hy.
And when Sir Edward wist surely,

That to

That to him nére comming were they,
His men right well hee gart array.
The Vangard had the Erle Thomas,
In the Rèeregard Sir Edward was,

The first battell that Sir *Edward*
Wan in *Ireland*, with feghting hard.

THeir foes approached to the fighting,
And they met them but abasing,
There men might see a full greit melle,
The Erle Thomas and his Menyie,
Dang on their foes so doughtely,
That in shoyt time men might sée ly,
An hundreth that all bloodie were,
Foy hobynes that were sticked there.
Reilled and slang, and greit rowme made;
And kest them that vpon them rade,
Sir Edward and his companie,
Assembled then so hardelie,
That they their foes their rushed all:
Who happened in that feght to fall.
It was greit perill of his rising.
The Scottishmen in that feghting,
So apertlie, and well them bare:
That all their foes rushed were,
And they haillie the slight hes tane,
In the battell were taken and slaine,
All haill the floure of Wollistar,
The Erle of Murray greit prise had there
Foy his right woythie Chevalrie,
Comfoyted all his companie.
This was a well faire beginning,
Foy newlings at their arriuing.

In

In plaine feght they discomfit there
These folke, that aye foure for ane were,
Syne to Craigfergus are they gane,
And in the towne hes Innes tane.
The Castell new was stuffed then,
Right well with vittaill and with men,
Thereto they set a Siege in hy.
And mony ithe full apertlie
Wade was, while the Siege there lay:
While truce at the last toke they.
When that the folke of Wollister,
To his peace hailly commen were.
Then Sir Edward would take on hand,
To ride farthermore in the land.

The withletting of the passe of *Endnellane*

AND of the Kings of that Countrie.
There came to him and made fewtie,
Well ten or twelue, as I heard say.
But they hold him short while perfay.
For two of them, one Makgoulchane,
And another heght Macarthane,
Umbeset him into his way,
Where him behooued of néed to ga.
With two thousand men with Speares,
And als mony of their archers:
And all the Cattell of the land,
Were driuen hidder to warrand.
Men called that place Endnellane,
In all Ireland straitter is nane:
For thy Sir Edward there kept they:
And thought he should not passe that way.
But hé his voyage straight hes tane,
And euen toward the place is gane,

The

The Erle of Murray Sir Thomas,
That first put him to all assayes,
Hæ lighted on fote with his Menzie,
And apertlie the place tooke hæ.
The Irish King, I spake of aire,
That in the place embushed were,
Yet him full stoutlie: But hæ
Assailed so with his Menzie,
That magre theirs hæ wan the place,
Slaine of their foes full mony was.
Throughout the Wood then chased they,
And sæzed in sik aboundance the Prey.
That all the folke of their Host were,
Refreshed well an wæke or mair.
At Kylsagart Sir Edward lay,
And there well soone hæ hes heard say:
That at Dondalke was an assemblie,
Made of the Lords of that Countrie,
In Host they were assembled there
There was first Richard of Clare
That in all Ireland Lieuetenand
Was to the King of England.
The Erle of Desmound als was there.
And the Erle also of Kildar.
The Bryane eke, and the Wardane
That were Lords of greit Renoun.
The Butler also there was,
And when Sir Morise le fitz Thomas,
That with their men were commen there,
A right greit Host, forsoth they were,
And when Sir Edward wist surelie,
That there was sik a Cheualrie,
In hy his Host hæ gart array.
And hiderward hæ tooke his way,

And neere the towne tooke his Harbrie,
But, for hee wist right perfitelie,
That in the towne were mony men,
His battells hee arrayed then;
And stood arrayed in battaile,
To keepe them, if they would assaile.

The battell of *Dondalk* in *Ireland*.
That Sir *Edward* tooke with his hand.

AND when that Sir Richard of Clare,
And other Lords that were there:
With that the Scottishmen so were neere,
With their battells comming were,
They tooke to counsell that at night:
For it was late, they would not fight:
But on the morne in the morning,
Well soone efter the Sun-rising,
They should ishe foorth all that there were
Therefore that night they did no maire,
But Harbred them on another partie,
That night the Scots companie,
Were watched right well at al their might
And on the morne when day was light,
In two battells they them arrayed,
And stood with Baners in hand displayed,
For the Battell all readie bowne,
And they that were within the towne,
When the Sun was risen shinning cleare,
Send foorth of them that with them were,
Fiftie to see the conteening
Of Scottishmen, and their comming.
And they rade foorth, and saw them soone,
Syne come againe withoutten bone.

And

And when that they all lighted were,
Then told they to their Lords there,
That Scottishmen sæmed to be
Worthie, and of right great bountie,
But they are not withoutten wære:
Halfe deill a Denner to vs are here.
The Lords had of that tiding
Great ioy, and great recomforting:
And gart men through the Citie cry,
That all sould arme them hastelie.
When they were armed, and puruayed,
And for the fight all haill arrayed,
Then went they foorth in good array:
Syne with their foes assembled they,
That kæped them right hardelie.
The stour began then cruellie.
For ather partie set all their might,
To rush their foes into that fight:
And with all paine on other dang.
That stalward stour lasted well laug:
That men might not perceiue, nor see
Who most there at abone sould be:
For fra soone efter the Sun rising,
Till efter mid-noone the feghting
Lasted, into sik a dout:
But then Sir Edward that was stout,
With all them of his companie,
Shot vpon them so sturdelie:
That they might thole no more the fight,
All in a frush they toke the flight.
And they followed full egerlie,
Into the toun all commonlie,
They entred both Intermelle:
There men might felloun slaughter sæ.

For the right Noble Erle Thomas,
That with his rout followed the chase.
Made sik slaughter into the toun,
And so felloun Occisioun:
That all the Rewes blodie were,
Of slaine men that were lying there.
The Lords were gotten all away.
And when the toun (as I heard say)
Was through great force of feghting tane,
And all their foes fled, or slaine,
They harbred them within the toun,
Where, of vittaile was sik fusioun,
And so great aboundance of wine:
That the good Erle had dout therein,
That of their men sould drunken be,
And make in drunkennesse some melle.
Therefore he made of wine, Lewerie
To ilk man that he payed sould be.
And they had all inough perfay.
That night right well at ease were thay,
And right blyth of the great honour,
That them befell for their valour.

The third battell in *Ireland*,
That good Sir *Edward* tooke on hand.

EFter this fight they soiournde there,
Into Dondalk thrée daies or maire:
Then toke they Southerward their way,
Erle Thomas rade before them ay.
And as they rade through the Countrie,
They might vpon the hilles sée,
So mony men it was ferly.
And when the Erle would sturdelie

Dreſſe

Dreſſe him to them with his Baner:
They would ſla all that euer they were:
So that in fight not one would byde.
And they forth on their wayes did ryde,
While to a great Forreſt came they,
Kylros it hecht, as I heard ſay,
And they toke all their harbrie there.
In all this time, Richard of Clare,
That was the Kings Lieuetenand,
Of all the barnage of Ireland,
An great Daſt there aſſembled had,
That was fiue battells great and brade:
And Sir Edward, and his men,
Well nære him were they commen then.
Ye gote ſone witting, that they were
In haill battell comming nære.
His men addreſſed he them againe,
And gart them ſtoutlie take the Plaine:
And ſyne the Erle came them to ſæ:
And Sir Philip de Mowbray ſent he,
And Sir Iohn Stewart went alſwa,
For to diſcouer the way they ta:
And ſaw the Daſt nære come at hand,
That were to geſſe fiftie thouſand.
Home to Sir Edward rade they then,
And ſaid, that they were mony men.
He ſaid againe: the ma they be,
The more honour all out haue we,
Gif that we beare vs manfully:
We are here ſet in ieopardie,
To win honour, or for to die,
We are to far fra home to flæ:
Therefore let ilk man worthie be,
Pone are but gaddered of this Countrie,

And they ſall flée, I trow lightlie,
Gif we aſſaile them manfullie.
All they ſaid then, they ſould well do.
With that they approched nære them to,
Their battels readie for to fight,
And they met them with mækle might.
They were ten thouſand worthie men,
The Scottiſhmen all on foot were then,
And they on Stædes trapped well:
Some heilled all in Yrne and Stæle.
But Scottiſhmen at their mæting,
With ſpeares pierced their arming:
And ſticked horſe, and men downe bare,
A felloun ſlaughter was then there:
I can not tell their ſtraikes all,
Nor who in feght gart others fall:
But in ſhort time I vnderta,
They of Ireland were rumbred ſa:
That they durſt them abide no maire,
But fled ſkailled all here and there.
And leaued in the battell ſtead,
Well mony of their good men dead.
Of weapons, arming, and dead men,
The field was hailly ouerſtrowed then:
That great Maſt rudely ruſhed was:
But Sir Edward læte no man chaſe,
But with priſoners that they had tane,
Toward the Wood againe is gaine:
Where that their harneſſe leaued were,
That night they made them merie cheare,
And loued GOD faſt of his grace.
The good Knight that ſo worthie was,
To Iudas Macchabeus might
Be likened well, that into fight,

Forsoke no multitude of men,
While hé had one againſt ten.

How an Iriſh King falſe and froward,
Leete out a Loch vpon Sir *Edward*.

THus as I ſaid, Richard of Clare,
And his greit Hoſt rebuted were:
But hé about him nought for thy,
Was gadderīng men aye ithandly,
For hee thought yet to recouer his caſt,
It angred him euen ſeiloun faſt:
That twiſe into battell was hé
Diſcomfiſt with a few Menyie:
And Scottiſhmen that to the Forreſt,
Were riding for to take their reſt:
All tha two nights there they lay,
And made them mirth, ſolace and play,
Toward Endroſſy ſyne they rade,
An Iriſh King that aith had made
To Sir Edward of his fewtie
For before that time him prayed hé
To ſé his land, and his vittaile,
Nor not that they might helpe ſhould faile.
Sir Edward trowed into his hight,
And with his rout rade hidder right,
A greit Riuer hee gart him paſſe,
And in a right faire place that was
Laigh by a Burne, hé gart them ta
Their Harbery, and ſaid, hé would ga,
To gar men vittaile to them bring,
Hee held his way but more dwelling,
For to betraiſe was all his thought.
In ſik a place hé hes them brought.

Wherefra two journeyes well and mare,
All the Cattell withdrawne were,
So that they in that land might get
Nothing, that worth was for to eat.
With hunger hæ thought them to fæblish.
Syne bring on them their enemies,
This false treatour men had made,
A litle South where hæ harbred had,
Sir Edward with the Scottishmen:
The Isshe of a Loch to dem.
And let it out within the night,
The water then with sik a might,
On Sir Edward, and his men came down
That they in perrill were to drowne,
For ere they wist, on flot were they,
With mækle paine they got away,
And held their liues, as God gaue grace:
But of their Harnesse tint there was.
Hæ made them no good feast perfay,
And not for thy auengh had they:
For though they wanted of the meat,
I warne you well, they were well wete
In greit distresse there were they stad,
For greit default of meate they had.
And they betwirt greit Riuers two
Were set, and might passe none of tho.
The Ban, that is an arme of the sea,
That with Horse may not passed bæ,
Was betwirt them and Wlsister.
They had bæne in greit perill there.
Were not a scummer of the Sea,
Thomas of Dun called was hæ,
Heard that the Host so straitlie than
Was stad, hee sailled vp the Ban;

While that he came neere where they lay,
They knew him well, and blyth were they
Then with foure ships that hee had tane,
Hæ set them ouer the Ban ilkane,
And when they came in bigged Land,
Vittaile, and meat aneugh they fand,
And in a Wood them harbzed they,
None of the Land wist where they lay.
They reset them, and made good cheare.
Into that time beside them were,
With a greit Host Richard of Clare,
And other greit of Ireland, were
Harbzed into a Forrest side:
And ilke day they gart men ride,
To bring vittailes in seir maners
To them from the towne of Cogners,
That well neere ten miles was them froe,
Ilke day as they would come and goe,
They came the Scottishmens Host so nére,
That but two mile betwirt them were.

How Sir *Thomas* of *Randell*, Wan from the Irishmen their vittall.

And when the Erle Thomas perceuing
Had, of their come, and their ganging
Hæ gat him a good companie,
Thræ hundzeth on horse wight and hardy,
There was Sir Philip the Mowbray.
And Sir Iohn Stewart als perfay,
And Sir Allane Stewart alswa,
Sir Robert Boyd, and other ma,
They rade to méete the vittallers,
That with their vittaile from Cogners.

Come

Came, holding to their Hoſt the way,
So ſuddenlie on them ſet they:
That they were ſo abaſed all,
That all they let their weapons fall,
And mercie pitteouſlie can cry.
And they toke them in their mercie,
And hes them vp ſo cleenelie tane,
That of them all eſcaped nane.
The Erle through them gat wittering:
That of their Hoſt in the Euening,
Some would come out of the Wood-ſide,
And for to mæte their vitttaile ride,
Hæ thought on them a jeopardie,
And gart his men all haillelie,
Dight them in Priſoners array.
Their Priſoners als with them toke they:
And while the night was neere thee bade,
And ſyne toward the Hoſt they rade.
Some of their mækle Hoſt hes ſæne
Them come, and weind well they had bæn
Their vittaillers, therefore they rade
Againſt them ſafelie: for they had
No dread, that they their foes were.
And als they hungred verie laire,
Therefore they came abandounlie.
And when they neere were, in greit hy
The Erle, and all that with him were,
Ruſhed on them with Weapons bare:
And their Enſenyie hiely can cry.
And they that ſaw ſo ſuddenly
Their foes ding on them, were rad,
That they none heart to helpe had,
But to their Wood their way they ta,
And they chaſed, and ſo feill can ſla,

That

That all the fieldes ouerstrowed were.
Woe then a thousand dead were there:
Right to their Dast they can them chase,
And syne againe their waies gaes.
O this wise was the vittaile tane,
And of the Irish men mony slane:
The Erle syne with his companie,
Prisoners, and vittaile haillelie,
They bronght all to Sir Edward Swyth:
And he was of their comming blyth.
That night they made them merie cheare:
For they euen at their ease now were:
They were all watched ay sickerlie.
Their foes vpon the other partie,
When they heard how their men were slaine,
And how their vittaile als was tane:
They tooke the counsell, that they would
Their wayes toward Cogneres hold,
And harbrie in the Citie ta.
And in great hy they haue done sa,
And rode by night to the Citie,
They found their vittaile great plentie,
And made them merie and good cheare:
For in the towne all traist they were.
Upon the morne they sent to spy,
Where Scottishmen had tane harbry,
But they were met with, and all tane:
And brought vnto the Dast ilkane.
The Erle of Murray right mækelie,
Spæred at one of their companie,
Where their Dast lay, & what they thought
To doe, and said, gif that he mought
Find, that the sooth to him said he,
He sould gang home but ransome frée.

He said

Ye ſaid, forſoth, I ſall you ſay,
They thinke the morne when it is day,
To ſæke you with all their Wenyie.
Gif they may get wit where ye be:
They haue gart through the Citie cry,
On paine of life full fellounly,
That all the men of this Countrie,
The morne into the Citie be,
And truely they ſall be ſo feill,
That ye ſall no wiſe with them deale.

How *Thomas Randell* chaſed hame,
The Scurreours, that fra *Cogners* came.

DE Pardew (ſaid he) it may well be,
To Sir Edward with that yæd he,
And told him vtterly this tale,
Then haue they tane for counſell haill,
That they will ride to the Citie,
That ſame night, ſo that they may be,
Betwirt the toun with all their rout:
And they that were the toun without,
As they deuiſed: ſo haue they done,
Before the toun they came all ſone,
And but halfe deill a mile of way
Fra the toun, areſt toke they.
And when the day was dawning light,
Fiftie on Yobines that were wight,
Came to a litle hill that was
From the toun a litle ſpace:
And ſaw Sir Edwards harbrie,
And of that ſight had great ferlie:
That ſo whæne vpon ony wiſe,
Durſt vndertake ſo hie empriſe,

As for

As for to come so hardilie,
Upon all the great Cheualrie
Of Ireland, to bide battaile:
And so it was withoutten faile.
For against them were gaddered there,
With the Wardane, Richard of Clare,
The Butlers, and the Erles twa,
Of Desmound, and Kyldar alswa:
Brunhame, Wedoun, and Sir Waryne,
And Sir Plastayne, a Florentyne,
That was a Knight of Lombardie,
And was of full great Cheualrie.
And Maundewell was there alswa,
Bissatris, Loganes, and other ma.
The Sauages als, and yet was ane,
That heght Sir Michel of Kylcalaue,
And with thir Lords so feill was then,
That against one of the Scottishmen,
I wate well they were fiue or ma.
When their Discurreours hes sæne sa
The Scottish Dast, they went in hy,
And told their Lords openly:
How they to them were comming nære:
To sæke them far was no mystære.
And when the Erle Thomas had sæne:
That tha men at the hill had bæne,
He toke with him a great Menyie,
On horse an hundreth they might be.
And to the hill they toke their way,
And in a Slak enbushed they,
And in short time fra the Citie,
They saw come ryding a Menyie,
For to discouer to the hill.
They were blyth, and held them still,

While

Quhile they were commen to them nære:
Then in a rush all that they were,
They set vpon them hardelie:
And they that saw so suddenlie
Tha folke come on them, abased were,
Yet nottheleſſe, some of them there
Abade ſtoutlie to make debate:
And other some are fled their gaite,
And in ſhort time were all tha,
That made areſt diſrayed sa:
That they fled haſtelie their gaite,
And they them chaſed to the yait:
And one part of them hes ſlaine,
And syne went to their Maſt againe.

The feird battell made in *Ireland*,
That Sir *Edward* wan with ſtrang hand.

WHen they within hes ſœne so ſlaine
Their men, & chaſed home againe,
They were all wa, and in great hy,
To armes, highly can they cry.
They armed them all that they were,
And to: the battell mad them yaire,
And iſhed out all well arrayed:
In haill battell with Baner diſplayed,
Boun on their wayes fo: to aſſaile
Their foes, into fell battaile.
And when Sir Philip the Mowbray,
Saw them iſhe in so good array,
To Sir Edward the Bruce went he.
And ſaid, Sir, it is good that we
Shape fo: ſome ſlight that may auaile,
To help vs in this great battaile.

Our men are good, but they haue will
To doe more than they may fulfill.
Therefore I reede, our Cariage
Withoutten ony man or page,
By themselues arrayed bee,
And they shall seeme far moe than wee.
Set wee before them our Baner,
Pone folke that commeth out of Cogners
When that out Baners they shall see,
Shall trow traistlie that they are wee,
And hidder in greit hy shall ride,
Come wee then on them at a side,
And wee shall bee at a vantage,
For fra they in our Cariage
Bee entered, they shall cumbred bee:
And then with all our might may weee,
Lay on, and doe all that wee may,
And as hee ordainde, done haue they,
And they that came out of Cogners,
Addressed them to the Baners:
And stroke the Horse with spurres in hy,
And rushed among them suddenly.
The barrell ferrars that were there,
Cumbred them fast that ryding were:
And then the Erle and his battaile
Came on, and sadlie can assaile.
And Sir Edward a litle by,
Assembled with his company.
That mony a fey fell vnder feete.
The field with blod wort sone all weete,
With so greit fellony there they faught,
And so greit routes to other raught:
That it was hiddeous for to see,
How they maintained that greit melle,

So keenely

So kænelie they faught on either ſide,
Giuing, and taking routes red,
That prime was paſt, or men might ſæ,
What part ſoneſt abone ſhould bæ,
But ſoone efter that Prime was paſt,
The Scottiſhmen dang on ſo faſt:
They ſet vpon them at abounboun,
As ilke man were a Scorpioun,
That all their foes tooke the flight,
Was none of them that was ſo wight,
That euer durſt abide his feere,
But ilke man fled his wayes fære,
To the towne fled, the moſt partie,
And the Erle Thomas ſo egerlie,
And his men chaſed with ſwords bare,
That among them they mingled were,
And all togidder came in the toun,
Then was the ſlaughter ſo felloun,
That all the rewes ran of the blood,
Whom euer they gote, to death he yood,
So that there were als feill dead,
Well nære, as in the battell ſtæd.
The Swaryne was taken there,
And ſo feared was Richard of Clare:
That hee held to the South Countrie,
All that Moneth I trow that hee,
Shall haue no greit will for to fight.
Sir Iohn Steward a Noble Knight
Was wounded through the body there,
With a ſpeare that right ſharply ſhare.
But to Mount Peller went hee ſyne.
And lay there long into Læching:
But at the laſt healed was hee,
Sir Edward then with his Menzie,

Tooke in the to wne their harbrie,
That night they blyth were and jolie,
For the victorie that they had there.
And on the morne withoutten maire
Sir Edward gart men gang and see,
All the vittailes of that Citie:
And they found sik fusioun therein
Of corne, and flowre and wax and wine:
That they of it had greit sertie,
And Sir Edward gart baith lie
To Craigfergus it carles bee,
Syne hidder hee went with his Menzie,
And held the Siege full valiantly,
While Palmesunday was passed by:
Then to the Tuesday in Paschs Owis,
On either side they trewes tooke:
To that they might thus holy tyde,
In pennance and in prayer bide,
But upon Pasch Euen night,
To the Castell into the night,
From Divilling came thirtie fiftene,
Charged with armour and men deveene.
Three thousand trow I well they were,
That entred in the Castell there,
The Maundwell also, and Sir Thomas
Capitane of that Menzie was:
In the Castell full prinlie
They entred: for they gart spy,
That mony of Sir Edwards men,
Were skailled in the Countrie then.
Therfore they thought in the morning,
To ishe but longer delaying,
And to suppryse them suddenly,
For they thought they should trastily,

For the trewesse that taken were:
But I trow falset euer maire
Shall haue mischiefe, and euill ending.
Sir Edward wist of this nothing:
For of treason had hée no thought.
But for the trewes hée letted nought
To set watches to the Castell.
Ilk night hée gart wake it full well:
And Neill Fleming woke that night.
And sertie worthie men and wight,
And assone as the day was cleare,
They that within the Castell were,
Had armed them, and made them bowne:
And syne the drawbrig they let downe:
They ished then in greit plentie,
And when Neill Fleming can them sée,
Hée sent one to the King in hy,
Syne said to them, that was him by:
Now shall men sée, I undertake,
Who dar for his Lords sake,
Now beare you well: for sikkerlie,
With all yone Menzie fecht will I:
Into bargane them hold shall wée,
While that our Master armed bée.
And with that word assembled they,
That were all out too few perfay,
With sik a greit rout for to fight:
And not for thy with all their might,
They dang on them so hardelie,
That all their foes had greit ferlie,
That they were all of sik manhéd:
That they no dread had of their dead:
But their feill foes so can assaile.
That there might no worship auaile,

But they were slaine vp euerilkane,
So cleene, that there escaped nane.
And the man that went to the King,
For to warne him of their ishing,
Warned him in full great hy.
Sir Edward was then commonly,
Called the King of all Ireland.
And when he had sik haste on hand,
In full great haste he got his geare:
Twelue with him in his chamber were:
That armed them in full great hy
Syne with his Baner hardely,
The mids of the towne he taes.
With that nære comming were his foes,
That had delt all their men in thræ.
The Maundewile with a great Menyie,
Right throgh the town the way held down
The laue on other side the towne,
Held to mæte them that fleeing were:
They thought that all that they fand there
Should die but ransome euerilkane:
But otherwise the gyse is gane.
For Sir Edward with his Banære,
And his twelue that I told of eir,
On all the rout so hardelie
Allembled, that it was ferlie.
For Gib Harper before him yæd,
That was the doughtiest of dæd,
That might be found of his estate:
And with an Åre made him sik gaite,
That he the first felled to the ground,
And syne into a litle stound,
The Mandewile by his arming
Knew, and raught him sik a swing.

That he to eird past haſtely,
Sir Edward that was nære him by,
Reuerſed him, and with a knife,
Right in that place he reft his life.
With that of Ardroſſane Sir Fergus,
That was a wight Knight and courageous
Aſſembled with ſertie men and ma:
They preaſſed then their foes ſa:
That they that ſaw their Lord ſlaine,
Tint heart, and would haue bene againe,
And ay as Scottiſhmen might be
Armed, they came to the melle:
And dang vpon their foes ſa,
That they haillie the backe can ta,
And tha men chaſed to the yait,
There was great fight and hard debaite.
There ſlew Sir Edward with his hand
A Knight, that of all Ireland,
Was called beſt, and of moſt bountie,
To ſurname Maundewile heght he,
His proper name I can not ſay,
But his folke to ſo hard aſſay
Was ſet, that they of the Dungeoun,
Durſt open no yait, nor brig let doun.
Sir Edward ſo then fought perfay,
That iſhed forth on him that day,
That there eſcaped neuer ane,
But they were either ſlaine or tane.
For to the fight Manakill then
Came, with two hundreth of ſpeare-men,
And they ſlew all they might to win,
This ilk Manakill with a gin,
Wan of their ſhippes foure or fiue,
And haillie reft the men their life.

When end was made of that feghting,
Yet then was life in Neill Fleming,
Sir Edward went him for to ſée,
About him ſlaine lay his Menyie,
All in a lump, on ather hand,
And he to die readie thrawand,
Sir Edward of him had great pitie,
And him full greatlie mæned he:
And regrated his great manhæd,
His worſhip and his doughtie dæde,
Sik mone he made they had ferlie:
For he was not cuſtomablie
Wont, for to mene ony thing,
Nor would not heare men make mæning,
He ſtood there by while he was dead:
And ſyne had him to hallowed ſtæd:
And ſyne with worſhip gart him be
Eirded, with great ſolemnitie.

How King *Robert* wan the Iles to hand,
And gart his ſhippes ſaile on dry land,

IN this wiſe iſhed Mandewile,
But wit ye well that fraud and guile,
Sall alwayes haue an euill ending,
As well was ſæne by this iſhing,
In time of trewes iſhed they,
And in ſik time as on Paſch day,
When Chriſt raiſe to ſaue mans kin,
Fra weme of old Adames ſin.
Therefore ſo great miſchance them fell,
That ilk one (as ye heard me tell)
Was ſlaine vp, or els taken there.
And they that in the Caſtell were,

Were set in sik a fray that hour,
That they could see no where succour
Sould come to relieue them, that day:
That shortlie then treitted they,
To yeeld the Castell to him free
To saue their liues, and certes he
Held them full well all his cunnand.
The Castell tooke he in his hand,
And vittailde it well, and in it set
A good Wardane, it for to get,
And there a while rested he.
Of him no more now speake will we.
BOt to King Robert will we gang,
That we haue left vnspoken of lang:
When he had conuoyed to the sea,
His brother Edward with his Menyie,
With his shippes he made him yare,
Into the Iles for to fare.
Walter Stewart with him tooke he.
His Maich, and with him great Menyie,
And other men of great Noblay,
To the Tarbarts they tooke their way
In Gaillayes ordainde for their fare.
But them worthed their ships draw there.
And a mile was betwirt the seas,
And that is loned all with trees:
The King his shippes there gart draw,
And for the wind can stoutlie blaw,
Upon their backe, as they can ga,
He gart men Walks, and rapes ma,
And set them in the shippes hie,
And Sailes to the toppes tie.
And gart men gang there by drawing,
The wind them helped that was blawing:

So that

So that into a litle ſpace,
Their flote all there ouer drawne was,
And when they that in the Iles were.
Heard tell, how that the good King there,
Gart his ſhippes with Sailes goe.
Out ouer betwixt the Tabarts two,
They were abaſed alluterlie:
For they wiſt through old Prophecy,
That hée that ſhould gar ſhippes ſo,
Betwixt the ſeas with Sailes goe,
Should win the Iles ſo to hand:
That none with ſtrength ſhould him withſtand:
Therefore they came all to the King,
Durſt none gainſtand his bidding,
Ouertooke Iohn of Lorne allane,
But well ſoone efter hée was tane,
And preſented right to the King,
And they that were of his leading,
That to the King haue broken fay,
Were all deſtroyed and dead away.
This Iohn of Lorne the King hes tane,
And ſent him forth to Dumbartane,
A while in priſon for to bée:
Syne to Lochleuen ſent was hee,
Where hée was long time in faſting,
I trow hée màde therein ending,
The King when all the Iles were
Brought to his liking leſſe and maire,
All that ſeaſon there dwelt hée,
At Hunting, and at game, and glée.

Lord *Dowglas* with battell plaine,
Reskewed the Prey, and brought againe.

When the King vpon this maner,
Hæ daunted the Iles as I tell here
The good Sir Iames Dowglas
Into the Forrest dweiling was,
Defending doughtelie the Land,
That time in Berwicke was winnand,
Edmound of Calhow a Gascoun,
Hæ was a knight of greit renoun:
And into Gasconyie his Countrie,
Lord of greit Senyeorie was hæ:
And had then Berwick in kæping.
Hæ made a priuie gaddering,
And gote him a greit companie,
Of wight men armed jolelie.
All the nether end of Tenidall,
Hæ preyed into him all haill:
And of the Mers a greit partie:
Syne toward Barwicke went in hy.
Sir Adam of Gordoun, that then
Was becommen Scottishman,
Saw them driue so away his fee,
And weind they wheene were for that hee,
Saw but the fleeing skaill perfey,
And them that seized on the Prey.
That to Sir Iames of Dowglas,
In full greit hy the way he tees:
And told how Englishmen their Prey
Had tane, and syne were went away:
Toward Berwicke with all their fee,
And said they wheene were: and if hee

Would speed him, hee should well lightly
Win them, and rescue all the ky.
Sir James soone gaue his assent
To follow them, and forth is went:
And followed them in full greit hy,
And came well neere them hastelie,
For ere they might fullie see,
They came well neere with their menyie.
But then both forray and the stall.
Were knit into a fop all haill:
Bot knaues & swaines that had no might,
For to stand into field to fight,
Before them gart they driue the ky,
They were a right faire companie,
And all togidder in a stall.
The Dowglas saw their lump all haill,
And saw them of so good conuyne,
And that they were so mony syne,
That they for one of his were two,
Lordings (hee said) sen it is so:
That wee haue chaist on sik manere,
That wee are now commen so nere,
That wee may not eschew the fight.
But if wee fullie take the flight,
Let ilke man of his life then mene,
And how wee mony times haue bene
In greit thrang, and commen well away.
Thinke wee to dos right so this day:
And take wee of this sword here by,
Our auantage: for in greit hy,
They shall come on vs for to fight,
Get we then will, and strength and might,
For to mete them right hardelie,
And with that word fall hastelie,

Yæ

Hee hes displayed his Banére,
For his foes were comming neere.
And when they saw they were so wheene.
They thought all was their owne bedeene,
And assembled full hardelie.
Their men might see them feght fellie;
And a right cruell melle make,
And mony strakes gaue, and take.
The Dowglas there right hard was stad,
But the greit hardement that hee had,
Comforted them on sik a wise,
That no man thought on Towardise,
But faught so fast with all their maine.
That they feill of their foes haue slaine;
And though they were full mony moe
Then they: yet them they demained so:
That Edmund de Callok was dead,
Through Dowglas right in that ilke stead:
And all the laue fra this was doone,
Were all haill discomfist soone,
And they that chased some hes slaine,
And turned the Preyes haill againe.
The hardest feghting this was,
That euer the good Lord Dowglas
Was in, and of so few Menyie.
For had not beene his greit bountie,
That slew their Thirstaine in the fight,
His men to dead had beene all dight.
But hee had into custome ay,
When euer hee came to hard assay,
Hee preassed the Thirstane for to sla:
And heerefore hope I that hee did sa,
That gart him haue victorie full syle,
When Sir Edmund vpon this wise.

Was dead, the good Lord Dowglas,
To the Forrest his way he tayes:
His foes greatly can him dread,
The word sprang far of his manhead.
So that in England nere there by,
Men spake of it right commonly.

How *James* of *Dowglas* slew *Newel*,
That vowed to meete him in battell.

SIr Robert Newell at that tide
Winned in Barwike there beside,
The Marches where the Lord Dowglas
In the Forrest repairing was,
And had him in full great enuy,
And for he saw him so manfully,
Make his bounds ay more and maire:
He heard the folke that with him were,
Speake of the Lord Dowglas might,
And how he forcie was in fight:
And how him oft fell faire Fortoun,
He waithed him thereat full sone:
And said, what weene ye, is there nane
That euer is worth, but he allane:
Ye set him as he were but Pere,
But I avow before you here,
Gif euer he come into this land,
He sall find me nere at his hand.
And gif I euer his Banere
May see displayed vpon were,
I sall assemble it but dout,
Although ye hold him neuer so stout.
Of this avow sone Bodword was
Brought, to Sir James of Dowglas,

That

That said, gif he will hold his heght,
I sall doe so, he sall haue feght
Of me, and of my company,
Yet or oght long, well nære him by,
His retinue then gaddered he,
That were good men of great bountie:
And to the March in good array,
Upon a night he tooke the way,
So that in the morning earely,
He was with all his companie
Before Barwike. and there he made
Men to display his Baner brade,
And of his Menyie some sent he,
For to burne townes two, or thræ:
And bade them soms againe them spæd,
So that at hand gif there come næd,
They might before the feght be read.
The Newell that will verily,
That Dowglas commen was so nære,
And saw all brode stand his Banære:
Then with tha folke that he had there,
That with him a great Menyie were:
For all the good of that Countrie,
Into that time with him had he:
So that he with him there had then,
Well mo then were the Scottishmen.
He held his way vp to an hill.
And said, Lordings, it were my will,
To make end of the great deray,
That Dowglas does to vs ilk day.
But me thinke it spædfull that we
Abide till that his Menyie be
Skailled all, to take our Pray:
Then fiercely set on them we ma-

And we ſall haue them at our will.
Then they gaue all aſſent theretill,
And on the hill abade houand.
The men faſt gaddered of the land,
And drew to him in full great hy:
And Dowglas then that was worthy,
Thought it was foly more to bide,
Toward the hill then can he ride.
And when the Newell ſaw, that they
Would not paſſe forth to the Forray:
But preaſſed to him with all their might,
He wiſt well then that he would fight:
And to his Menyie can he ſay:
Lordings, now hold we forth our way:
Here is the floure of this Countrie,
And mo then they alſo are we.
Aſſemble we then hardely.
For Dowglas with yone Vemanry,
Sall haue no might to vs, perfay,
Then in a ruſh aſſembled they,
That men might heare the ſpeares braſt,
And ilkone dang on other faſt,
And blod braſt out of wounds wide.
They foght faſt vpon ather ſide;
For ather partie can them paine,
To put their foes on back againe.
The Lord the Newell, and Dowglas,
When that the fighting felleſt was,
They fought felly with all their maught,
Great routes ather to other raught.
But Dowglas ſtarke was I hight,
And more vſed als in the fight,
And ſet heart and will alſwa;
For to deliuer him of his fa:

While at the laſt through mækle mains
Of force, the Newell hes he ſlaine.
When his Enſenyie can he cry,
And on the laue ſo hardely
He raſhed with all his Menyie,
That in ſhort time men might ſée
Their foes take on them the flight:
And they them chaiſt with all their might,
Sir Raph the Newell in that place,
And the Baroun of Hiltoun was
Taken, and other of mækle might.
There was reill ſlaine into that fight,
That worthie in their time had bene.
And when the field was cleanged cléne:
So that their foes euerilkane,
Were ſlaine, or chaiſt away, or tane,
Then gart he forray all the land,
And ſéſed all that euer he fand:
And burnt the townes in their way,
Syne haill & feare home commen are they.
The Pray among his Menyie,
Efter their merites dealt hes he:
And held nothing to his behooue,
Bik dædes ought to gar men loue
Their Lord, and ſo they did,, perfay.
He treated them ſo wiſely ay,
And with ſo mækle loue allwa,
And countenance, that he would ma,
Of their dæd, that the moſt Coward,
He made ſtoutter then a Leopard.
With cheriſſing this gaite made he
His men wight, and of great bountie.
When Newell thus was brought to ground
And of Calhow Sir Edmound,

The dread of the good Lord Dowglas,
And his Renowne so skailled was,
Throughout the Marches of England,
That all that were therein dwelland,
Dred him as the selfe Deuil of Hell,
And yet I haue heard oft syse tell,
That hee so greitly dred was then,
That when wiues wold their childzen ban
They would euen with an angrie face,
Betake them to the blacke Dowglas.
Through his greit worship and bountie
So with his foes dred was hee,
That they growed to heare his name,
Yee may at ease now dwell at hame
A while, for I trow hee shall nought,
With foes mony dayes bee sought.
Now let him in the Forrest bee,
And of him speake no more will wee,
But of Sir Edward the worthie,
That with all his Chenalrie,
Was at Craigfergus yet lyand,
To speake more wee will take on hand.

Here past in *Ireland* the Noble King,
To his brother with great gaddering,

WHen Sir Edward, as I said aire
Had discomfist Richard of Clare,
And of Ireland all the Barnage,
Thrise through his worthie Vassalage.
And syne with all his men of maine,
To Craigfergus was comde againe.
The good Erle of Murray Sir Thomas,
Tooke lieue in Scotland for to passe:

And hee him left without grudging,
And syne him charged to the King,
To pray him speciallie, that hee
Would come in Ireland him to see.
For were they both into that land,
They should find none should them withstand.
The Erle then forth his way hes tane,
And to his Shippes is hee gane,
Hee sailled well out ouer the sea,
In Scotland sone arriued hee,
Syne to the King hee went in hy.
And hee receiued him joyfullie,
And speered of his brothers fare,
And of his journeyes that they had there,
And hee him told all but leasing:
And when the King left had speaking,
His charge to the King told hee,
And hee said, Hee would blythlie see
His brother, and also the affaire
Of the Countrie, and what it ware,
A great Menzie then gaddered hee,
And two Lords of great bountie,
The one Walter Stewart was,
The other Iames of Dowglas,
Wardans in his absence made hee,
For to maintaine well the Countrie,
Syne to the sea hee tooke his way,
And at Lochreane in Gallowway,
Hee shipped with all his Menzie,
To Craigfergus sone commen is hee,
Sir Edward of his comme was blyth,
And went downs for to meete him swyth,
And welcommed him with gladsom cheare
So did hee all that with him were,

And ſpeciallie the Erle Thomas
Of Murray, that his Neuoy was,
Syne to the Caſtell went hee there,
And made them meekle feaſt and fare:
They ſojournde therein dayes three,
In mirth, ſolace and royaltie.

KIng Robert now vpon this wiſe
Into Ireland arriued is,
And when into Craigfergus had hee
With his men ſojournde dayes three,
Hee toke counſell that hee wold,
With all their folke their wayes hold,
Through all Ireland from end to other.
Sir Edward then the Kings brother,
Before into the Vangard rade.
The King himſelfe the Reeregard had,
That had into his companie,
The Erle Thomas that was worthie,
Their wayes forward haue they tane,
And ſone paſſed euer ilkane.

Here faught King *Robert* in *Ireland*,
With 5. thouſand againſt 40. thouſand.

THIS was in mids the mirthfull May,
When Birds ſings on ilke Spray:
Making their Notes with ſeemlie ſoun:
For ſoftneſſe of the ſweet ſeaſoun:
And Leaues of the Branches ſpreeds,
And blomes bright about them breedes,
And Fieldes ſtrowes are with Flowres,
Well ſauouring of ſeir colours
And all thing worthed blyth and gay,
When that the good King toke his way.

To ryde Southward, as I said aire,
The Wardane then Richard of Clare,
Wist the King was arriued sa:
And wist hee shupe him for to ta
His way, toward the South Countrie,
Of all Ireland then gaddered hee:
Both Burgesse and Cheualrie
And Yobilers, and Yeamanrie,
Till hee had neere fourtie thousand:
But hee would not yet take on hand.
With all his foes in field to fight,
But vmbethought him of a slight,
That hee with all that greit Menyie,
Would in a Wood enbushed bee.
All priuily beside the way:
Where their foes behoued to ga,
And let the Vangard passe far by,
And assemble syne hardely:
On the Rereguard with all his men,
They did as hee deuised then,
In a Wood they enbushed were.
The Scottishmen rade by them neere,
But they no shewing to them made,
Sir Edward well foorth before rade.
With them that were of his Menyie:
To the Reereguard no tent toke hee:
And Sir Richard of Clare in hy,
When Sir Edward was passed by,
Send light Yemen that well couth shot,
To bikker the Reereguarde vpon fot.
Then two of them that sent forth were
At the Wood-side them bikkered there,
And shot among the Scottishmen.
The King that with him there had then,

Well nære fiue thousand wight, and hardy
Saw them two so aboundantly
Shoot among them, and come so nære,
He wist right well withoutten wære:
That they well nære some power had.
Therefore a bidding hes he made,
That no man sould be so hardy.
To breake at them, bot sowerly.
Ride readie ay into battaile,
To defend gif men would assaile:
For we sall soone, I vnderta,
He said haue for to doe with ma.
But Sir Coline Campbell that nære
Was by, where tha two Yemen were,
Shooting among them hardely,
Preiked on them in full great hy:
And soone the one he hes ouertane,
And with a speare him syne hes slaine.
The other turned, and shot againe:
And at that shot his horse hes slaine.
With that, the King came hastelie,
And into his Melancholie,
With a Truncheoun into his næfe,
To Sir Coline sik dush did giue:
That he fell downe on his Arsoun.
Then bade he smertlie tit him doun.
Bot other Lords that was him by,
Hes meased the King in some party:
Bot he said, breking of bidding,
Might be cause of discomfiting.
Wæne ye yone Kibald durst assaile
Us so here in our owne battaile:
Bot gif they had supplæ right nære,
I wate right well withoutten wære,

That we ſall haue to doe in hy:
Therefore loke ilk man be ready,
With that well nære threttie and ma
Of bow-men came, and bikkered ſa:
That they hurt of the Kings men.
The King hes ſent his Archers then
To ſhoot, for to put them againe.
With that they entred in the Plaine.
And ſaw arrayed againſt them ſtand,
In foure battels, fourtie thouſand.
The King ſaid, Lordings, now let ſée,
Who worthie in this fight ſall be·
On them withoutten more abade.
So ſtoutly with that on them they rade,
And aſſembled ſo hardely:
That of their foes a great party
Were laid at eird, at their mæting,
There was of ſpeares ſik a breiſting,
As ather vpon other rade:
That it a full great fruſh hes made,
Horſe came there ruſhing head for head:
So that feill on the ground lay dead.
Mony a wight, and worthie man,
As ather vpon other ran,
Were duſhed dead downe to the ground.
That blood ran out at mony wound,
In ſik effuſioun, that euen than,
Of very blood the ſtreames ran:
With weapons that were bright and bare
That mony a good man died there.
And they that worthie were, and wight,
And ſtoutly with their foes can fight,
Preaſſed them formeſt to be.
There men might cruell battell ſée,

And hard bargaine I take on hand.
In all the weere of Ireland,
So great a feghting was not seene.
And when of great victories nineteene,
Sir Edward had withoutten weere,
And that in lesse then in three yeere,
And into sundrie battels of tha,
He vanquisht twentie thousand and ma,
With trapped horse euen to the feete,
But in all that time he was yet,
Ay one for fiue, when least was he:
But the good King into this melle,
Had alwayes eight of his fa men,
For one, but he so bare him then:
That his good deed, and his bountie,
Comforted so all his Menyie:
That the most Coward hardy was.
For where he saw the thickest preasse,
So hardely he on them rade:
And so great roome about him made,
That he slew all he might ouertake,
And rudely rushed them aback.
The Erle Thomas that was worthy,
Was in all times neere him by,
And fought as he were in a rage.
So that through their great Vallallage:
Their men sik hardement did take,
That they no perill did forsake:
But them abandouned so stoutly,
And dang on them so hardely,
Till all their foes affrayed were.
And they that saw well by there fare,
That they eschewed somedeill the fight,
They dang on them with all their might,

And preassed dinging on them so fast:
That they the back gaue at the last.
And they that saw them take the flight,
They dang on them with all their might:
And in their fleeing feill can sla.
The Kings men hes chased sa:
That they discomfist them ilkane.
Richard of Clare the way hes tane
To Deuiling in full great hy:
With other Lords that fled him by,
And garnisht both Castell and tounes,
That were in their Possessiouns.
They were so fellounly fleyed there:
That as I trow, Richard of Clare,
Sall haue no will to find his might,
In battell, nor in field to fight,
While King Robert, and his Menyie,
Is dwelling into that Countrie.
They stuffed strengths on this wise,
And the King that was so to prise,
Saw in the field right mony slaine.
And one of them that there was tane,
That was arrayed full worthely,
He saw him weepe right dulefully.
He asked him why he made sik cheare:
He said, Sir, withoutten weere,
It is no wonder that I greete,
I see so mony slaine at my feete,
The floure of all North Ireland,
That hardiest was of heart and hand:
And most douted in hard assay.
Then said the King to him, perfay:
Thou hast more cause myths to ma,
That thou the deed escaped sa.

Richard

RIchard of Clare on this maner,
And all his foes discomfist were,
With few folkes as I haue to you told,
And when Edward Bruce the sa bold
Wist that the King had foughten so,
With so mony, and hæ therefro,
Wight no man sæ a wraither man,
But the good King said to him then:
That it was in his owne folie:
For hee rade so vnwittelie,
So far before making no ward,
To them that were in the Kæregard:
For hee said, who on wære would ride,
In the Vangard hee should no tide.
Passe from his Kæregard, far from sight;
For greit perill so fall their might.
Of this fight will I speake no maire,
But the King, and all that were there,
Rade forward in a better array,
And nære togidder then euer held they.
Through all the land they plainlie rade
They fand none that them obstacle made
They rade euen before Drochynda,
And before Deuiling alswa:
But to giue battell none they fand.
Syne went they Southward in the land,
And right to Lynrike held their way,
That is the Southmest towne, perfay,
That in all Ireland may founden bee,
There lay hæ dayes two or thræ,
And busked syne againe to fare.
And when that they all readie were,
The King hes heard a woman cry,
Hee asked what was that in hy?

It is a Lauender, Sir, said ane,
That her child-euill heere hes tane:
And mon leaue now behind you here.
Therefore shée makes yone euill cheare,
The King said, Certes, it were pitie,
That shée in that time left should bée,
For I trow Certes there is no man,
But hée will rew of Women then.
His Host then all arested hée,
And gart a tent sone stented bée,
And gart her gang in hastelie,
And other Women bée her by:
While shée deliuered was, hée bade,
And syne forth on his wayes rade,
And how shee forth should caried bée,
Ere euer hée fare, ordained hee.
This was a right greit courtesie,
To sik a King, and so mightie,
That gart his men dwell on sik maner,
Only for a poore Lauender.
Againe Norward they toke their way,
Through all Ireland then passed they.
Through all Connoch, to Deviline,
Through all Mich and Irrelle syne,
Through Monaster, and Lawester,
And syne hailly through all Vlister
To Craigfergus without battell,
For there was none durst him assaile,
The Kings of the Irishrie,
Came to Sir Edward baillelie,
And all manrent can to him ma,
But if that it were one or twa,
To Craigfergus they came againe,
Into that way was no bargane:

But

But if it ony Skirmish were,
That is not for to speake of héere.
The Irish Kings euerilkane,
Then home to their repaire are gane,
And vndertooke in all kin thing,
For to obey to the bidding
Of Sir Edward, that their King called they,
Hé was well set now in good way,
To conquesse the land baillelie,
For hé had now on his partie
The Irishry, and all Vlisster,
And hée was so forth on his Wéere,
That hée hes past through all Ireland,
From end to end through strength of hand
Could hée haue gouerned him with skill,
And followed not too fast his will,
But with measure haue led his déed:
It was well like withoutten dréed:
That hée might haue conqueisted well,
The land of Ireland euerilk deill.
And his outrageous succudry,
And will that more was then hardy,
Of purpose letted him perfay,
As hereafter I shall you say.

How *Dowglas* slew *Richmond*, syne at meat
In battell their harbreours serued in feat.

NOw leaue wee here the Noble King,
All at ease, and his lyking:
And speake wée of the Lord Dowglas,
What left to kéepe the Marches was.
Hee gart get Wrights that were flee,
And in the hawgh of Lyntalle,

Hé

Hee gart them make a faire maner,
And when the Houſe bigged were,
Hée gart purvay him right well there:
For hée thought to make an Infare,
And to make good cheare to his men.
In Richemond there was winning then,
An Erle that called was Sir Thomas,
Hée had envy at the Dowglas:
And ſaid, If that hée his Baner,
Might ſée diſplayed upon wœre,
That ſone on it aſſemble ſhould hee,
Hée heard how Dowglas thought to bée.
At Lyntalle a feaſt to ma.
And hee gat witting well alſwa,
That the King, and a greit Menzie,
Were paſſed then off the Countrie:
And the Erle of Murrray Thomas,
Therefore hée thought the Countrie was
Fœle of men, for to withſtand
Men that them ſought with ſtalwart hand
And of the Marches then had hée
The Gouernance and the pauſtie,
Hée gaddered folke abont him then,
While hœ was well ten thouſand men:
And Wood ares gart them take,
For hée thought hœ and his men would make,
To hew downe Iedburgh Forreſt cléene,
That no trée ſhould therein bée ſéene.
They held them forth upon their way:
And the good Lord Dowglas, that ay,
Had ſpyes out on euerilke ſide.
Got good witting that they would ride,
And come upon them ſuddenlie,
Then gaddered hée right haſtelie,

Them

Them that he might of his Menyie,
I trow, that then with him had he
Fiftie, that worthy were and wight,
And at all point armed and dight:
And of Archers a great Menyie,
Assembled als with him had he,
A place then was there in the way:
Where he wist well that passe would they,
That had wood vpon ather side.
The entrie was well large and wide:
And as a Shield it narrowed ay,
While that into a place, the way
Was not a pennieſtane-caſt of bread.
The good Lord Dowglas hidder yæd.
When he wiſt they were nære cummand,
In to a Cleugh on the one hand,
All his Archers enbuſhed he:
And bade they ſould hold them priuie,
Ay while they heard them raiſe the cry:
And then ſould they ſhoot hardely
Among their foes, and faile them faire:
While that he through them paſſed were:
And then with him hold forth ſould they.
Then brykes on ather ſide the way,
That young and thick were growing nære,
They knit tegether on ſik manære:
That men might not well through them ride.
When this was done, he can abide,
Vpon the ther ſide of the way:
And Richemond in good array,
Came ryding in the firſt Eſchell.
The Lord Dowglas hes ſæne him well:
And gart his men all hold them ſtill,
While at their hand they came them till.

And entred

And entred in the narrow way,
Then with a shout on them set they:
And cried on high, Dowglas, Dowglas.
And Richemond that right worthie was,
When he had heard so rise the cry,
And Dowglas Baner saw plainely:
He dressed him hidderwards in hy.
And they came on so hardely,
That through them haue they made their way,
All that they met to eird dang they.
The Richemond borne downe there was,
And soone arested him Dowglas,
And him reuersed with a knife,
And in that place he left his life,
An Hat vpon his Helme he bare,
And that take Dowglas with him there,
In takinning that it forced was.
And syne in hy his wayes taes,
While in the Wood they entred were.
The Archers well hes tane them there:
For well and hardely shot they.
The Englishmen in great affray
Were set: for Dowglas suddenly
With all them of his company,
Ere euer they wist was in their rout:
And thirled them well neere throughout.
And had almost done his dead,
Ere they to help them could take hæde.
And when they saw their Lord was slaine,
They take him vp, and turned againe,
To draw them fra the shot away,
Then in a Plaine assembled they:
And for their Lord that then was dead,
They shupe them in that ilk stead,

For to

For to take harbry all that night,
And then the Dowglas that was wight,
Gat wit that a Clerke Eleis,
With well thræ hundreth enemies,
All straight to Lyntalle were gane,
And harbrie for their Mast had tane:
Then hidder is he went in hy,
With all them of his companie,
And found Clerke Eleis at the meat,
And all his rout about him set:
And they came on them stoutlie there,
And with swords that sharplie share,
They serued them full egerlie.
They were slaine downe so haillelie,
That well nære there escaped nane.
They serued them in full great wane,
With shæring swords, and with knives,
That well nære all læsed their liues.
They had a fellown Intermais,
For that subcharge to charging was.
They that escaped there through cace,
To their great Mast the waies taes.
And told, how that their men were slaine
So clæne, that there escaped nane.
And when they of the Mast had heard,
How that Dowglas with them farde:
That had their herbryours all slaine,
And themselues rushed all againe:
And slew their Lord in mids their rout,
There was none of them all so stout:
That more will had them to assaile.
Therefore they haue tane to counsaile,
That time, and to purpose hes tane,
To wend homeward, and home are gane:

And sped

And sped them so vpon their way,
That to England soone commen are they,
The Forrest left they standing still:
To hew it then they had no will,
And specially while the Dowglas,
So nære hand by their neighbour was:
And he that saw them turne againe,
Perceiued well their Lord was slaine:
And by the hat that he had tane,
He wist right well also for ane
That taken was said him surely,
That Richemound ay commonly,
Was wont that furred Hat to wære.
Then Dowglas blyth that was than eir:
For he wist well that Richemound,
His felloun so was brought to ground.
SIr Iames Dowglas on this wise
Through his worthy, and his emprise.
Defended worthely the land.
This point of wære, I take on hand,
Was vndertane right apertly,
And enchæued right hardely,
For he astonyed withoutten wære.
Tha folke that well ten thousand were,
With fiftie armed men but ma.
I can als tell you other twa
Points: that well enchæued were,
With fiftie men: and but all wære,
They were all done so hardelie:
That they were praised Souerainely,
Attour all other points of wære:
That in their time enchæued were.
This was the first: that with fiftie,
Was brought to end, and so stoutly,

In Galloway the other fell,
When as ye heard me before tell:
How Sir Edward the Bruce with fiftie,
Vanquisht of Saint Iohn Sir Aymery:
And fifteene hundreth men by taile.
The third fell into Eskdaile,
When that Sir Iohn of Sowles, was
The gouernour of all that place,
And to Sir Andro Hardeclay,
With fiftie men beset the way,
That had neere in his companie,
Three hundreth horsed iolelie.
This Sir Iohn into plaine Melle,
Through Soueraigne hardement, and bountie,
Vanquisht them sturdelie ilkeane,
And Sir Andro in hands hes tane.
I will not rehearse now the maner,
For who so liketh they may heare.
Young Women when they will play,
Sing it among them euerilke day,
Thir were the worthie points three,
That I trow euermore shall bee
Praised, while men may on them mene,
It is well worth withoutten wene:
That their names for euermaire,
That in their time so worthie were,
That men to heare hes yet daintie,
That their worship, and their bountie,
Bee alway lasting into louing.
Where he that is Almightie King,
Bring them hie vp, to Heauens blisse,
Where alwayes lasting louing is.

How

How the Biſhop of *Dunkelden* ſyne,
Scomfiſt the ſhipmen beſide *Dumfermling*.

IN this time that the Richemound,
Was on this maner brought to the ground.
Ayen of the coaſtes of England.
That dwelt in Homber, or neere hand,
Gadered them a greit Armye,
And went in ſhippes to the ſea,
And toward Scotland went in hy,
And to the Firth came haſtely,
They went to haue had all their lyking:
For they wiſt well that the King,
Was then far out of the Countrie,
And with him mony of greit bountie.
Therefore into the Firth came they,
And endland it held vp their way,
While they beſide Innerkething,
On the Weſt halfe toward Dumfermling
Tooke Land, and faſt begouth to reif.
The Erle of Fyth, and the Shireffe,
Saw to the Coaſt ſhippes approachand,
They gaddered to defend the Land:
And they forgane the ſhippes ay,
As they ſailled they tooke their way,
And thought to let them land to take.
And when the ſhipmen ſaw them make
Sik countenance, and ſik array,
They ſaid among them, that they
Would not for them let land to ta,
Then to the land they ſped them ſa,
That they came there in full greit hy.
And arriued full hardelie.

The Scottishmen saw their comming,
And had thereof sike abasing:
That they all haill did ride them fro,
And the land but stop læt them to,
They durst not feght with them, for thy
They with drew them all haillely,
And yet they were fiue hundreth nære,
When they away thus riding were,
And no defence begouth to shape,
Of Dunkeldin the good Bishop,
That William was called the Sincler,
Came with a rout on good maner,
I trow on horse they were sirtie,
Himselfe was armed jolelie,
Hæ rade vpon a stalward Stæd,
A Chimmer for to heill his wæd,
Abone his armour had hee then,
And armed also were his men.
The Erle, and the Shireffe met hæ.
Riding away with their Menzie,
Hæ asked them well sone, what hy,
Made them to turne so hastely:
They said, their foes with stalward hand,
Into sik fusion had taken land,
That they thought them all out to seill,
And they were few with them to deill.
When the Bishop heard it was sa,
Hæ said, the King ought well to ma
Of you, that takes so well on hand,
In his absence to wære his land.
Certes, if hee gart serue you well
The gilt spurres right by the heill,
Hæ should in hy gar hew you fro.
Right would, with Cowards men did so:

Who loues their Lord, and his Countrie,
Turne smertlie now againe with mée:
With that hée kest off his Chimmære,
And hint in hand a stalwart Speare:
And rade toward his foes in hy,
All turned with him haillelie:
For hee had them reprooued so,
That of them all none went them fro,
Hee rade before them sturdelie,
And they followed full manfullie,
While that they were nære approachand,
Untto their foes that had tane land.
And soone were knit in good array,
Then some were went to the Ferray.
The good Bishop when hée them saw,
Hee said, Lordings but dréed or aw,
Pricke wée vpon them hardelie,
And wée shall haue them well hastelie.
If they sée vs, come but abasing,
So that wee heare make no more stinting,
They shall right soone discomfist bee,
Now doe yee well, for men shall sée,
Who loues the Kings Wenske this dayr
Then all togidder in good array,
They preiked vpon them sturdely,
The Bishop that was right hardelie,
And mækle and starke, rade forward ay.
Then in a frush assembled they:
And they that at their first mæting,
Felt of their speares so saire sowing,
Vanisht, and would haue bæne away,
Toward their shippes in hy held they,
And they them chased fellonlie,
And slew them full despiteouslie,

That

That all the fields ouerstrowed were,
Of Englishmen that slaine were there:
And they that yet held vnslaine.
Preassed them to the sea againe.
And Scottishmen that chased sa:
Slew all that euer they might ouerta:
But they that fled yet not for thy
Go to their shippes can them hy:
That in some baittes so feill can ga:
For that their foes them chased sa:
That they ouertumbled: and the men
That were therein, were drowned then.
There did an Englishman that day,
A well great strength, as I heard say:
For when he chased was to the bait,
A Scottishman that him handled hait:
He hint vp by the armes twa,
And were he well, or were he wa:
He euen vpon his backe him slang,
And with him in the bait can gang:
And kest him in euen magre his:
This was a well great strength, I wis,
The Englishmen that went away,
Toward their shippes in hy went they,
And sailed home angry and wa,
That they had bene rebuted sa.

The hame-come of King *Robert*,
Out of *Ireland* fra Sir *Edward*.

WHen the Shipmen on this wise,
Was discomfist, as I deuise:

The Bishop that so well him bare,
And had comforted all that were there,
Was yet into the feghting stead,
Where nære two hundreth wel were dead
Withoutten them that drowned were.
And when the field was spoyled baire:
They went all home to their repaire.
To the Bishop is it fallen faire:
That through his praise and his bountie,
Enchæued sik a great iourney,
The King therefore ay fra that day,
Him loued, and praised, and honoured ay:
And had him into sik daintie:
That his owne Bishop him called he.
Thus they defended the Countrie,
On both halfes of the Scots sea,
While that the King out of the land
Was then, as I haue borne on hand.
Through all Ireland his course hes made,
And againe to Craigfergus rade.
And when his brother as he were King,
Had all the Irishry at bidding:
And haillely Vlsister alswa,
He busked home his way to ga:
And of his men that were most hardy,
And praised als of Cheualry,
With his brother great part left he:
And syne is went vnto the sea,
When they their lieues on ather party
Had tane, they went to ship in hy.
The Erle Thomas with him he had,
And raised Saile but more abade:
And in the land of Galloway.
Without perill arriued they.

Th

The Lords of the land were fane,
When they wist he was come againe,
And to him went in full great hy,
And he receiued them tenderly,
And made them Feast & gladsome cheare:
And then so wonder blyth they were
Of his comming, as man might say,
Great Feast to him for thy made they,
Where euer he rade, all the Countrie
Gaddered in daintie him for to see.
Great gladnesse was there in the land:
All was then wun vnto his hand:
Fra the red Swyre vnto Orknay,
Was none of Scotland fra his fay:
Excepting Barwike it alane:
That time therein winned ane,
That Capitane then was of the toun,
All Scottishmen into suspicioun
He had, and treated them right ill:
He had ay to them right ill will,
And held them all at vnder ay:
Till that it fell vpon a day:
That a Burgesse, Sym of Spalding,
Thought that it was right heauie thing,
On sik sort to rebuted be.
Therefore into his heart thought he,
That he would slely make conuyne,
With the Marshall, whose Cousyne
He had wedded to his wife:
And as he thought, he did belyfe:
Letter to him he sent in hy,
With a traist man full priuily:
And set him time to come, one night
With ladders, and good men, and wight,

To the Kow yet right priuily:
And bade him hold his tryst truely:
And he ſould mæte them at the wall:
For on that night his watch ſould fall.
When the letters the Marſhall ſaw,
He vmbethought him a litle thraw:
For he wiſt by himſelfe, that he
Might nouther of might nor power be:
For to enchæue ſo great a thing.
And gif he toke to his helping
One another ſould wraithed be.
Therefore right to the King yæd he
And ſhewed him betwirt them twa
The letter, and the charge alſwa,
When the King heard that this traine
Was ſpoken into ſik certaine:
That him thought therein no fantiſe:
He ſaid him certes thou hes wrought wiſe
That hes diſcouered it firſt to me.
For gif thou had diſcouered thée,
To my Neuoy the Erle Thomas,
Thou ſould diſpleaſe the Lord Dowglas,
And him alſo in the contrare,
But I ſall wirke on ſik maner:
That thou at thine intent ſall be,
And haue of them no magre.
Thou ſall take Kæpe well to thy day.
And with them that thou purchaſe may,
At Euen ſall thou enbuſhed be,
In Dunce Parke. but by priuie:
And I ſall gar the Erle Thomas,
And the Lord alſo of Dowglas,
Ather with a certaine of men
Be there, to doe as thou ſall ken,

The Marshall then but moze delay,
Tooke leaue, and held foozth on his way,
And held his speech priuie and still,
Till the day that was set him till.

The winning of *Barwicke* and the feghting
That was in the towne at the winning.

THen of the best of Lowthiane,
Hee with him to his trysthes tane:
Foz Shireffe then therefoze was hee,
To Dunce Parke with his Menzie,
Hee came at Euen full priuilie,
And syns with a good companie,
Sone efter came the Erle Thomas,
That was met with the Lozd Dowglas,
A right faire companie there were,
When they were met togidder there.
And when the Marshall the conuine,
To both the Lozdes, syne bz lyne
Had told they went foozth on their way,
Far from the towne their hozse left they,
To make it shozt, so wzought they then,
That but seeing of ony man,
(Out Sym of Spalding allane,
That gart that thing bee vndertane)
That set their Ladders to the Wall,
And but perceiuing came in all:
And held them in a nuke priuie,
While that the night should passed bee,
And ozdainde that the most partie:
Of their men should gang sikkerlie,
With their Lozds and hold a staill,
And the remnand should all haill,

Skaill through the towne, and take sla,
All the men they might ouerta.
But sone his ordinance brake they,
For als soone as it dawen was day,
The two part of their men and moe,
All skailled through the towne can goe,
So grædie for to get the good,
That they ran euen as they were wood,
And sieged Houses, and slew men,
And they that saw their foes then,
Come vpon them so suddenlie,
Throughout the towne they raisde the cry,
And shot togideer here and there.
And aye as they assembled were
They would abide and make debate:
Had they bæne warned well I wate,
They should haue sold their liues deare,
For they were good men: and als they were
Far moe, then they were that them sought:
But they were skailled so that they moght
On no maner assembled bee.
There was greit melles two or thrée:
That their foes all rushed were.
But Scottishmen so well them bare:
And disrayed at the last were sa:
That they all haill the flight can ta.
Some gat the Castell, but not all;
And some were slidden ouer the wall,
And some were into hands tane:
And some were in the bargane slaine,
On this wise them contæued they,
Till it was nære none of the day,
Then they that in the Castell were,
And other that fled were to them there.

That were

That were a right greit companie,
When they the Baners so simpillie
Saw stand, and stuffed with so whæne,
Their yaits haue they opened sone,
And ished on them hardelie.
The Erle Thomas that was worthie,
And the good Lord als of Dowglas,
With all the folke that with them was,
Yet them stoutlie with weapons seir,
Then men might sæ who had bæne nære,
Yen abandoun them hardely:
And Englishmen faught cruelly,
And with all mights can them paine,
To rush the Scottishmen againe,
I trow, they had done so perfay,
For they were fewer far then they,
Had it not bæne a new made knight,
That to his name Sir William hight
Of Keith, and of the Gallistoun,
Hæ heght through difference of Surnoun:
That bare him right well that day.
And put him to so hard assay,
That hæ sik dints about him dang,
That where hee saw the thickest thrang,
Hæ preassed with so mækle might:
And so enforcedlie can fight.
That hæ made to their Yenyie way:
And they that nære were to him ay,
Dang on their foes so hardely:
That they haue tane the backe in hy.
And to the Castell held their way:
With greit mischiefe there entred they:
For they were pressed there so fast:
That they left mony of the last.

But

But they that entred not for thy.
Closed the yates right hastelie.
And in by to the walles ran:
For they were not all sikker then.

Here sent they word to the King,
That come to the Castell yeelding,

THe towne was tane vpon this wise,
Through greit worship and greit empryse:
And all the good that they there fand:
Was seased haillie in their hand.
Victaile they fand in greit fusioun,
And all that serued to stuffe a towne,
That kæped they from destroying.
And syne hes sent word to the King,
And hæ was of that tything blyth.
And sped him hidderward full swyth,
And as hee through the Countrie rade,
Men gaddered to him while hæ had
A mækle rout of worthie men,
And the folke that were winning then,
In the Mers and Teuidaile:
And in the Forrest als all haill:
And the East end of Lowthiane:
Before that the King came, are gane
To Barwike with a stalwart hand:
That nane that was that time winnand,
On yond side Tweede durst well appeare,
And they that in the Castell were,
When that their foes in sike plentie,
Saw before them assembled bee,
And had none hope of reskewing,
They were abaised in greit thing.

But they the Castell not for thy,
Held fiue daies right sturdely:
And yaild it on the sext day.
Syne to their Countrie home went they.

Here *Walter Stewart* took of the King,
Baith Towne, and Castell in keeping.

THus was the Castell and the Toun,
To Scottishmens possessioun
Brought, and sone efter the King
Came ryding with all his gadering
To Barwike: and in the Castell,
He was harbred both fair and well:
And his great Lords all him by.
The remnand all commonly,
To harbrie in the toun are gane.
The King hes then to counsell tane,
That he would not breake down the wall,
But Castell and the toun withall:
Stuffed well with men and with vittaile,
And all kin other apparaile
That might auaile, or yet misser:
To hold Castel, or toun of wære.
And Walter Stewart of Scotland,
That then was young and vailyeand,
And sonne in law to the good King,
Had ay sik will, and sik yarning,
Nære hand the Marches for to be.
That Barwike in kæping then tookehe,
And receiued of the King the toun,
And the Castell, and Dungeoun.
The King gart men of great Nobilley,
Ride in England for to take Pray,

And brought

And brought out great plentie of fæ:
And with some Countries trewes toke he.
For vittaile that in great fusioun,
He gart bring smertly to the toun:
So that both Toun and Castell were
Stuffed well for one yære or maire.
¶ The gud Stewart of Scotland then,
Sent for his freinds and his men,
Till he had with him but Archers,
And but Burgesses, and Aulisters,
Fiue hundreth men wight and hardy,
That bare armes of ancestry.
Iohn Crab a Fleming als had he,
That was of so great subteltie,
To ordaine, and to make apparaile,
For to defend and to assaile,
Castell of wære, or then Citie:
That no slæar might founden be.
He gart Ingines, and Traines ma,
And puruayed great fires alswa,
Fire-galdes, and shot on seir maners,
That to defend Castell effæres:
He puruayed into full great wane.
Bot gunnes for crackes had they nane:
For yet in Scotland then but wæne
The vse of them had not bene sæne.
And when the towne vpon this wise,
Was stuffed (as I here deuise)
The Noble King his way hes tane,
And ridden toward Louthiane:
And Walter Stewart that was stout,
He left in Barwike with a rout:
And ordained fast for apparaile,
To defend, gif men would assaile.

The King of *England* his power,
Gaddered to ſiege *Barwike* but weere.

WHen to the King of England,
Was told, how that with ſtalwart hand
Barwike was tane, and ſtuffed ſyne,
With men, and armour, and vittaile fyne:
He was annoyed gretumly.
And gart be ſummond haſtely
His counſell, and hes tane to rēd,
That he his Maſt would hidder lead:
And with all might that he might get:
Unto the toun a Siege ſet:
And gart dyke them ſo ſtalwartly,
That while they liked there to ly,
They ſould far out the ſurer be,
And gif the men of the Countrie,
With ſtrength of folke would them aſſaile
At their dykes in plaine battaile:
They ſould auantage haue greatly.
Although forſoth it great foly
Were: for to aſſailyie into feghting,
At their dykes ſo ſtarke a King.
When his counſell on this maner
Was tane, he gart men far and ner,
His men hailly aſſembled be.
A great Maſt with him then had he,
Of Longcaſtell the Erle Thomas,
That ſyne was Danet, as ſome men ſayes,
Into his companie was there.
And all the Erles als that were
In England worthy for to fight,
And Barouns als of mickle might,

With him

With him to that assiege had he:
And gart the shippes by the sea,
Bring shot, and other apparell,
And great Garnisoun als of vittell,,
To Barwike then with his Menyie
And with his battels arriued came he.
And to the Lords tikane sundry,
Wdainde a field for their harbry.
When men might sée their Pauilliouns,
Be stented on sundrie fassiouns,
So feill that they a Toun made there,
Fore then both Toun and Castell were,
On ather halfe syne, on the sea.
Their shippes came in sik plentie,
With vittaile arming and with men,
That all the hauen was stopped then.
And when they that were in the toun,
Saw their foes in sik fusioun,
By sea and land come sturdely:
When they as wight men, and hardy,
Shupe them sone to defend their Stéd,
That they in auentour of their dead,
Sould put them, or then rush againe
Their foes: for their Capitaine
Treated them so louingly:
And therewith als the maist party
Of them, that armed with him were,
Were of his blood, or Sib-men nére:
Or els they were of his ally.
Of sik comfort men might them sée,
And als so fair in their conténing:
That none of them had abasing,
Upon the day well armed were they,
And in the nights well watched ay.

Well ſex dayes they ſo abade,
That they no full greit bargane had.

How Engliſhmen dyked them about,
And ſyne went to the Siege but dout,

INto this time as I tell here,
That they withoutten bargane were,
The Engliſhmen ſo cloſed had,
Their Hoſt, with dykes that they made:
That they were ſtrengthned gretumlie,
Syne with all hands buſſlie,
They ſhup them with their apparell,
Them of the towne for to aſſaile:
And on our Ladies Euen Mary,
That bure the birth that all can by,
That men calls her Natiuitie:
Soone in the morning men might ſée
The Engliſh Hoſt armed them in by,
And diſplay Baners ſturdelie,
And aſſemble to their Baners,
With Inſtruments on ſeir maners:
As Scaffolds, Ladders, and Couerings,
Pikkes, Howes and eke ſtaffe ſlings,
To ilke Lord and his battell,
Was ordained where they ſhould aſſaile,
And they within, when that they ſaw,
Theſe men ſo raying them on a raw,
To their wairdes they went in by,
That were ſtuffed ſo ſtallwardly,
With ſtones, and ſhot, and other thing,
That néeded to their defending.
And into ſik maner abade
Their foes, that to them ſailyie made.

When

When they without were all readie,
They trumped to the assault in hy,
And ilke man with his apparaile,
Where hee should bee went to assaile.
To ilke Kynnell that there were,
Archers to shot assigned are.
And when on this wise they were bowne,
Then went in hy toward the towne,
And filled the Dykes right hastelie,
Syne to the walles right hardelie,
They went with Ladders that they had.
But they so greit defence hes made,
That were abone vpon the Wall:
That both Ladders, and men withall,
They gart fall flatlings to the ground.
Then men might see in litle stound.
Men assailing right hardelie,
Preasing vp Ladders doughtelie:
And them abone defending well,
Tumbling them downe to their vnseill.
With greit annoy defended they
Their towne: for if wee the soth shall say.
The walles of the towne they were
So law: that a man with a Speare,
Might stryke another vpon the face,
And the shot als so thicke it was,
That it were wonder for to see.
And Walter Stewart with a Menzie,
Rade aye about for to see where
That for to helpe most mister were.
And where men preassed most hee made
Succours, to them that mister had,
The mony folke that were without.
Had inuironed the towne about:

So that no part of it was free.
Their men might the assailyeares see,
Abandoun them right hardelie:
And the defenders doughtelie,
With all their mights can them paine,
To put their foes force againe.
On this wise them contæned they,
While None was passed of the day:
Then they that in the shippes were,
Ordained a ship with full greit fare,
To come with all their apparaile,
Right to the wall for to assaile.
To the mid Mast their baite they drew,
With armed men therein anew:
A brig they had for to let fall,
Right from the baite vpon the wall:
With Barges by they can her tow,
They preassed her right fast to row,
Beside the Brighouse to the Wall:
On that intent they set them all;
They brought her while she came well nee
Then men might see on seir maner,
Some men defended, and some assaile,
Full busilie, with hard battell.
They of the towne so well them bare,
That the shipmen so handled were:
That they the shippe on no maner,
Might gar come to the wall so nere:
That their Fall-brig might reeke theretill.
So long abade they feghting still,
While that shee ebbed to the ground,
Their men might in a litle stound,
Dee them by farre of war conume,
Then they were euer that was therein,

And when the Sea was ebbed so,
That men all dry might to her goe.
Out of the towne ished in hy
To her a well greit companie:
And fire in her yes kindled syne.
Into short time so haue they done,
That into fire they gart her burne,
And mony slaine, that was therein:
And some were fled and away gane,
An Ingynour there haue they tane,
That was slæst of that misstære.
That men wist outher far, or nære
Into the towne syne entred they,
It fell them happilie that day:
That they got in so hastely.
For there came a greit company,
In full greit hy vp by the sea,
When they the shippe saw burning hie,
But ere they came, the other was past,
The yait they barred. and closed fast,
The folke assailyied fast that day,
And they within defended a :
On sik a wise, that they that were
With sik a forte assailyeing there,
Might doe their will on no manære.
And when the Eu nlong time was nære,
The folke without that were wearie,
And some wounded full cruellie.
Sawe them within defend them sa.
And saw it was not eith to ta
The towne while sik defence were made,
By them that within the steering had,
The Host saw that their ship was brynt,
And of their men some in hy were tynt.

And

And their folke wounded and weary,
They gart blew the retreat in hy,
Fra the shipmen rebuted were,
They læt the other assaile no maize:
For through the shipmen they weind illaine,
That they the toun sould well haue tane,
And men sayes, that no ships then sa,
Preasled that time the toun to ta:
But for that there was buent, but ane,
And the Ingynour therein was tane:
Here therefore mention made I,
But of one ship alanerlie.

WHen they blowen had the retreat,
Tha folk that tholed paines great:
Withdrew them haillis fra the wall,
The assault haue they left withall,
And they within that wearie were,
And monie of them wounded saire,
Were blyth and glad when they them saw
So in haill battell them withdraw:
And fra they wist surelie, that they
Held to their Pauillions the way:
They set good Watches to their wall,
Syne to their Innes went they all:
And eased them that wearie were:
And als them that were wounded saire,
Had good læches, forsooth I bight:
That helped them with all their might,
On ather side wearie were they:
That night they did na mose perfay.
Iue daies efter they were still,
That none to other did great ill.

Here sent King *Robert* in *England*,
Dowglas & *Murray* with stalward hand.

NOw leaue we thir folke here lyand,
All still (as I haue borne on hand)
And turne the course of our carping,
To Sir Kobert the doughtie King:
That assembled both far and neere,
An Dast, and when he wist but weere,
That the King so of England,
Had assieged with stalward hand,
Barwike, where Walter Stewart was:
To purpose with his men he tees,
That he would not sa soone assaile,
The King of England with battaile,
And at his dykes especially:
For it might well turne to fely:
Therefore he Dominde Lords tina,
The Erle of Murray was one of tha:
The other was the Lord Dowglas,
And fiftæne hundreth men, for pass
In England, for to burne and sla:
And so great ryote there to ma;
That they that lay sieging the toun,
When they heare the destructionn,
That they sould into England ma:
Sould be so dræding and so wa:
For their Children, and for their Wiues,
That they sould dræd to losse their liues,
And their goods also, that they
Sould dræde they sould be had away,
And they sould leaue the Siege in hy,
And wend to reskew hastely

Their

Their goods, their freinds, and their land;
Therefore (as I haue borne on hand)
Thir Lords sent he forth in hy.
And they their wayes held hastely,
In England gart they burne and sla:
And wrought therein so mekle wa:
Ay as they fure through the Countrie,
That it was pitie for to sæ
To them that would it ony good:
For they destroyed all as they yode.
So long they rade destroying sa:
That they trauersed oft to and fra:
So that they commen are to Repoun,
And destroyed haillely that Toun.
At Borrow brig their harbery
They toke, and at Midtoun there by.
And when the men of that Countrie,
Their men saw so destroyed be:
They gaddered into full great hy.
Archers, Burgesses, and Yemanry,
Priests, Clarkes, Abbots, Frœres,
Husbands, and men of all misters,
While they togidder assembled were,
Well twentie thousand men, and maire:
Right good armour aneugh they had.
The Archbishop of Yorke they made
Their Capitaine, and to counsaile
Yes tane, that they in plaine battaile,
Would assaile the Scottishmen,
That far fewer than they were then.
Then he displayed his Baner,
And other Bishops that were there,
Gart display their Baner alswa.
And in a rout forth can they ga,

Loward Midroun the readie way,
And when the Scottishmen heard say,
That they were to them comming nære:
They busked them on their best manære:
And delt them into battels twa,
Dowg'as the Vangard can ma,
And the Rærегard made Erle Thomas,
(For Capitaine of the Vast he was)
And so ordained in good array,
Loward their foes they held the way,
When that they had of other sight,
They preassed on both the haltes to fight.
The Englishmen came right fadly,
With good countenance, and hardy,
Right in a frount with their Vaner,
While that their foes came so ner:
That they their visage well might sée.
Thrée speare length, trow I it might be
Betwirt them, then sik abaissing
Toke them that but assonyeing,
They toke the backe, and all to ga.
When Scottishmen hes séene them sa
Affrayedly flée all their way,
In great hy vpon them set they,
And slew, and toke a great party:
That the laue fled full effrayedly,
As they best mought, to séke warrand.
They were chased so nære at hand,
That well a thousand died there.
And of tha yet thrée hundreth were
Priests that died in that place.
Therefore that bargaine called was,
The Chapter of Midroun: for there
Slaine so monie Priests were.

The

The other assault of *Barwicke*,
That was right shape to the Scots kinrike.

WHen that thir folke discomfist was,
And Scottishmen had left the chase;
They went then forward in the land,
Slaying destroying, and burnand.
Then they that at the Siege lay,
Ere it was past the fift day,
Had made them sundrie apparaile,
To gang eft soones to assaile.
Of greit Geistes a Sow they made,
That stalward heilling outwith had:
With armed men anelv therein,
And Instruments for to mine,
Sundrie Scaffolds they made lyithall,
That were far hier then the Wall,
And ordainde als that by the sea,
The towne should right well sailzied bee:
And they within that them sa,
So greit apparell to them ma,
Throughe Crabbes counsell that was slee,
A Crane they haue gart dresse vp hie,
Rinning on wheeles that they might bring
It where that need were of helping:
And picke, and tar all haue they tane,
And Lynt, and Hardes, and Quintstane,
And drye treee that would well birne,
And melled ather other in:
And greit Faggots therefore they made,
Girthed with Irne bands braide.
The Faggots well might measured bee,
To a greit tunnes quantitie.

The Fagots burning in a baill,
With their Cran thought they should auaile;
And if the Sow come to the wall,
To let it burning on her fall:
And with a starke Thenyie hold it there:
While all were burnt vp that there were,
Ingins also for to cast,
They ordained, and made readie fast:
And set ilke man to his ward.
And Sir Walter the good Stewart
With armed men should ride about,
And sæ where that ther was most dout,
And succour there with his Menzie,
And when they into like degree.
Had made them for their assailyeing,
On the Rood Euen in the dawing,
The English Hoste blew to assaile.
There might men sæ with seir apparaile,
The greit Hoste come full fiercelie.
The towne enuironed they in hy,
And assailyied with full greit will:
For all their might they set theretill,
Fast they them preassed to the towne:
But they that can them abandoun
To dead, or then to wounds sair:
So well hes them defended there.
That Ladders to the ground they flang,
And with stones so fast they dang
Their foes, that feill they left lying,
Some dead some hurt, & some swouning,
But they that held on foote, in hy,
Drew them away deliuerly,
And sojourned there for no kin thing,
But went stoutlie to assailyeing.

And

And they abone defended ay,
And set them to so hard assay:
While that seile of them wounded were,
And they so greit defence made there.
That they stinted their foes might,
Upon sike maner can they fight:
While it was neere Noone of the day,
Then they without in greit array,
Prealled their Sow toward the wall,
And they within right soone gart call,
The Inginer that taken was,
And greit mannance to him maes:
And swore that hee should die, but hée,
Prœued on the Sow sik subteltie,
That hæ should frush her ilke daill:
And hee that hes perceiued weill,
That the dead was nœre him till,
But if hæ might fulfill their will,
Thought, that he all his might would doe
Bended in greit hy then was sho,
And to the Sow was then euen set,
In hy hee gart draw the Cleiket:
And smertly swapped out a stone,
That euen ouer the Sow is gone,
And behind her a litle wie
It fell: and then they cried hie,
That were in her sooth to the wall,
For drœdlesseit is ours all.
The Ingynour then deliuerlie,
Gart bind the gyne full hastelie,
That kest the stone right smertly out.
It flew ouer whiddering in a rout,
And fell right euen before the Sow,
Their heartes then begouth to grow.

But

But if they with their mights all,
Preassed the sow toward the wall.
And hes her set thereto cunningly,
The Ingynour then gart bend in hy
The gyn, and swakked out a stone,
That euen towar the Lift is gone,
And with greit weight dushed downe,
Right by the wall in a randoun,
And hit the Sow in sik a maner,
That it that was the most sower:
And starkest for to stint straike,
In sunder with that dush hæ brake.
The men ran foorth in full greit hy.
And on the walles they can cry:
That their Sow ferried was there.
Iohn Crab that had his geare all there.
In the Faggots hes set a fire,
And ouer the walles syne can it wyre.
And brunt the Sow in brandes bare,
With this all fast assailzeing were
The folke without with felloun fight.
And they within with mækle might,
Defended manfully that Stæd,
Into greit auenture of their deed,
The shipmen with greit apparaile.
Came with their ships to assaile.
With Topcastels garnisht wel,
And with men armed into stæle,
Their baits v in midds their Mast,
Drawne well hie, and fastned fast,
And preassed with their greit auenture,
Toward the wall: but the Ingynour
Hit an Aspine with a stone,
That the men that were therein ilkane,

Came

Came downe dushing on the land.
Fra hinesorth durst none take on hand,
With shippes to preasse them to the wall,
Bot the laue were assailyeing all.
On euerilke side so egerlie:
That Certes, it was great ferlie,
That tha folke sik defence hes made.
For the great mischief they then had:
For their walles so low they were,
That a man right with a speare,
Might strike another vp in the face:
As here before told to you it was.
And feill of them were wounded saire:
And the laue so fast trauelling were:
That none had laiser rest to ta,
Their aduersaries them assailyied sa:
They were therein so straitly stad,
That their Wardane with him had,
An hundreth men in companie,
Armed, that wight were and hardie,
And rade about, for to sée where,
That his folke hardest preassed were:
But he of his haill companie,
Behoued to leaue a great partie.
So that by he a course had made
About of all his men he had,
There was left with him onlie ane:
For he had them left euerilkane,
To relieue where he saw mister:
And the folke that assailyeing were,
At Mary yait, they hewed had
The Barres and a fire had made
At the Draw-brig, and brunt it doun:
And were thringing in great fusioun,

Right

Right to the yait a fire to ma.
And they within gart ſmertly ga,
Right to the Wardane for to ſay,
How they were ſet in hard aſſay.
And when Sir Walter Stewart heard,
How that his men ſo ſtraitly farde,
He gart come fra the Caſtell then,
All that were there of armed men:
For there that day aſſailyied nane.
And with that rout in hy is gane,
To Mary yait, and to the wall
Is went, and ſaw the perill all.
And vmbethought him ſuddenly,
But gif great helpe were ſent in hy
Thereto, they ſould burne vp the yait,
With the fire that he found thereat.
Therefore vpon great hardement,
He ſuddenlie ſet his intent:
And gart all wide ſet vp the yait,
And the fire that he found thereat,
With ſtrength of men he put away.
He ſet him in full great aſſay:
For they that were aſſailyeing there
Preaſſed on him with weapons bare:
And he defended with all his might.
There men might ſée a felloun fight,
With ſticking, ſtopping, and ſtraiking:
There made they ſturdy defending,
Magre their foes, while the night:
Gart them on both halfes leaue the fight.
They of the Daſt, when night can fall,
Fra the aſſault withdrew them all:
Wounded, and wearie, and forbeft,
With faintneſſe there the Hault they left,

And to their Innes they went in hy,
And set their Watches haistely.
The laue them eased, as they might best:
For they had great mister of rest.
That night they spake all commonly,
Of them within, and had ferly,
That they so stout defence had made,
Against the great assault they had:
And they within on other party,
When they their foes so haillely
Saw them withdraw, they were all blyth,
And their Watches hes ordainde swyth:
And syne are to their Innes gane.
There was but few of them then slaine,
Bot feill were wounded cruelly.
The laue out of measure were weary.
It was an hard assault, perfay:
For certainely I heard men say,
That no few men more defence had made:
That so right sharpe assailyeing had,
And of one thing that there befell,
I haue ferly, that I of tell:
That is, that into all that day,
When all the most assailyied they:
And the shot thickest was with all,
Women with bairnes, and children small.
In armes full gaddered vp, and bare,
To them that on the walles were,
Arrowes, and not ane slaine was there,
Nor yet wounded, and that was maire.
To a miracle of GOD almightie,
And to nought els it set can I.
On ather side, that night they were
All still, while on the morne but maire,

There

There came tythings out of England,
To the Daſt that was miſlykand:
How that at Borrowbrig by Midtoun,
Their men were ſlaine & doungen down:
And that the Scotiſhmen throughe the land,
Rade yet buzning, and ſlayand,
And when the King hes heard this tale,
His counſell he aſſembled hale:
To ſee, whidder better were him till,
Abide about the toun all ſtill:
And aſſaile while it winnen were:
Or then in England for to fare:
And reſkew his land, and men.
His counſell faſt diſcordit then:
For the South men would that he made
Areſt there, while he winnen hadde
The Toun, and the Caſtell alſwa.
But North men would nothing ſwa:
They dred their friends for to tyne,
And moſt part of their goods ſyne,
Through Scottiſhmens cruelte.
They would he læt the Siege be,
And ride for to reſkew the land:
Of Longcaſtell, I take on hand:
The Erle Thomas was one of tha,
That counſeld the King home for to ga:
And for that, more enclined he,
To the folke of the North Countrie:
Then to the Southeroun mens will,
He toke it to ſo mækle ill,
That he gart turſe his geare in hy,
And with his battell haillely:
That of the Daſt neere third part was,
To England home his waies taes,

But lieue I, or home hes tane his gate:
Therefore fell efter sik debate.
Betwext him, and the King, that ay
Lested, and Andro Hardeclay.
That through the King was on him set,
Toke him syne, and into Pumfret,
Into the Hill beside the towne
Strake off his head but ransoun.
Therefore syne hanged & drowned was he
And with him a greit Menyie.
Men syne said efter that this Thomas,
That on this wise martyred was,
Was syne a Saint, miracles did:
But enuie then gart them bee hid.
But whidder hee holie was or nane,
At Pumfret thus gate was hee slaine.
And syne the King of England,
When that hee saw him take on hand,
To passe his was so openlie.
Hee thought that petill it was folie,
His Harnesse therefore turned hee:
And with the laue of his Menzie,
To England home can hee fare.
The Scottishmen that destroying were
Throughout England full cruelly
Burning and wasting right rigorouslie,
When t at they haue heard tythings tell
Of this greit Siege that was so fell:
That they all skailed were and gane,
Unto England home againe:
So that their folkes relieued were,
And set now free from all danger:
Then did they take Westward the way,
And by Carlile returned are they,

With

With prise, and with prisoners,
And other goods on seir maners,
The Lords to the King are gane.
The King (I wish) was wonder fane,
That they returned haill and feere:
And that they sped on that maneere,
That they their foes discomfist had,
And but tynsell of men had made
Recourse to them, that in Barwike
Were assieged right faire and thicke.
That into full greit danger wes,
Throughe strength of them that sieged wes.
And when the King had spæred tithand,
How they had farne into England,
And of their journey what progresse,
That they haue had, and what successe:
And they haue told him all their fare,
How Englishmen discomfist were,
Right blith into his heart was hæ,
And made them feast with game and glæ.
Barwike was on this maner
Reskewed, and they that therein were.
Hæ was worthie a Prince to bæ,
Throughe manhæde, and subtilitie,
That could with wit so hie a thing,
But tynsell bring to good ending.
To Barwicke syne the King goes,
And when hee heard syne how it was
Defended so doone manfullie,
Hæ loued them that were there greitlie.
Walter Stewarts greit bountie,
Attour the laue commended hæ,
For the right greit defence hæ made,
At the zet, where men brunt had

The brig, as yee heard mee deuise.
And Certes, hee was mickle to praise:
That so stoutlie with plaine feghting,
At open gate made sik defending,
Might hee had liued, while hee had beene,
Of perfite eild, withoutten wene,
His Renowne should haue streiked fer.
But death that watches euer ner,
Into the flour of his youthhead,
Made end of all his doughtie deede,
As I shall tell furthermare,
When the King had a while beene there,
Hee sent for Masouns far and neere,
That fleest were of that mistere:
And gart well tenfote hie the wall,
About Barwike the towne ouer all.
And syne toward Louthiane,
With his Menzie his gate hes tane,
And syne hee gart ordaine in hy,
Both armed men, and Pemanrie,
Into Ireland in hy to fare,
To helpe his brother that was there.
But hee that rest annoyed ay,
And would in trauell bee alway,
Ane day before the arriuing
Of them, were sent him from the King,
Hee toke his way Southward to fare,
Magre them all that with him were,
For hee had not then in that land,
Of all men (I trow) two thousand.
Except the Kings of the Irishrie,
That in greit routes rade him by.
Toward Dondalk hee toke his way:
And when Richard of Clare heard say,

That hée came with a few Menzie:
All that hee might assembled hée:
Of all Ireland of armed men.
So that hée had there with him then,
Of trapped Horses twentie thousand,
By them that were on fot gangand:
And held forth Northward on his way,
And when Sir Edward heard men say,
That commen néere to him was hée,
Hée sent Discurreours him to sée,
The Sowles and the Stewart were they
And als Sir Philip the Mowbray,
And when they séene had their comming,
They went againe to tell tithing:
And said, they were well mony men,
In hy Sir Edward answered then:
And said, that hee should feght that day,
Though fiue, or sixe times moe were they
Sir Iohn Stewart said sickerlie,
I reede yee feght not in like hy,
Men sayes your brother is cummand,
With fifteene hundreth men at hand.
And were they knit with you, yee might
Abide stalwartlie the fight.
Sir Edward looked right angerlie
And to the Sowles said in hy:
What sayest thou? Sir, hee said, perfay,
As my Fellow said Sir, I say,
Then to Sir Philip the Mowbray said he,
Sir (said hee) so our Lord mee see,
Wee thought it folie for to byde
Yone men, that speedes them to ride:
For wee are few, our foes are feill,
God may right well our Weirds deill,

But it were wonder that our might
Sould ouercome so feill in fight.
Then with great ire (alace) said he,
I weind neuer to haue heard that of thée:
Now help who will, for sickerly
This day but more bade fight will I.
Sall no man say, while that I die,
That strength of men sall gar me flée.
GOD shield that ony sould vs blame,
That we defile our Noble fame.
Now be it swagait then (said they)
We sall take that GOD will purvay.
And when the Kings of Irishry,
Heard say, and wist it sickerly,
That their King with so whéne wald fight
Against so mony of méekle might:
They came to him in full great hy,
And counselde him full tenderly,
For to abide his men, and they
Sould hold their foes all that day
Doing, and on the morne aiswa,
With their assaults that they sould ma.
But there might no counsell auaile,
He would all gaites to the battell.
And when they saw he was so thra
To fight, they said, ye may well ga:
But we will quite vs vtterlie,
To fight with yone great companie,
For none of vs will stand to fight:
Trust not therefore into our might;
For our maner is in this land,
To follow, and to fight fleand:
And not to stand in plaine Melle,
While the one part discomfist be.

Ye said, sen that your custome is,
I aske no moze of you, but this,
That is, that ye and your Menyie,
Would all togidder arrayed be,
And stand on farre but departing,
And sæ our feght, and our ending.
They said, well, that they sould doe sa:
And syne toward their foes can ga.
They were well thzettie thousand nære,
Edward, and they that with him were,
They were not fully two thousand,
Arrayed then stalwardly to stand,
Against thzettie thousand and ma.
Sir Edward that day would not ta
His Coat-armour, bot Gib Harper
That men held as withoutten pære,
Of his estate, had on that day,
All haill Sir Edwards array.
The feght abade they on this wise,
And in great hy their enemies,
Came to assemble all ready.
And they met them right hardely.
They were so few the soth to say,
That rushed with their foes were they:
And they that most pzeassed to stand,
Were slaine downe, and the remanand
Fled to the Irishzy foz succour,
Sir Edward that had sik valour
Was dead, and Sir Iohn Stewart alswa,
And Sir Iohn Sowles als with tha.
And other of their company:
They vanquisht were so suddenly,
That few into the Plaine were slaine,
Foz the laue hes their wayes tane:

To th

To the Irish kings that were there,
That in haill battell howing were.
Iohn Thomson that was leader,
Of them of Carrike that were there.
When he saw the discomfiting,
Withdrew him to an Irish king,
That of his acquaintance had he:
And he receiued him in daintie.
And when Iohn commen was to the king
He saw men lead fra the feghting,
Sir Philip Mowbray the wight,
That had bene discomfist in the fight;
And by the armes led was he,
With two men vpon the Cauſley,
That was betwirt them and the toun,
That ſtreiked long in a randoun:
Toward the toun they held their way,
And when in mids the Cauſley were they,
Sir Philip of his buſineſſe
Ouercome and perceiued he was
Tane, and ſwagaites led with twa,
The one he ſwakked ſone him fra,
And ſyne the other in great hy.
He drew his ſword deliuerly,
And to the feght the way he taes,
Endlang the Cauſley that there was
Filled into ſo great fuſioun
Of men, that went then to the toun.
And he that met them, can them ma;
Sik payment, where he can them ta,
That well an hundreth men gart he,
Leaue magre theirs the Cauſley,
And Iohn Thomſon ſaid ſurelie,
That ſaw his deedes all haillelie,

That toward the battell euen he yæde,
Iohn Thomſon thereto toke good hæd,
And cried to him in full great hy.
That they were vanquiſht all plainely:
And ſaid, come here: for there is nane
On life, for they are dead ilkane.
Then ſtod he ſtill a whyle, and ſaw
That they were all done out of daw:
Syne went he toward him ſikkerlie.
This Iohn wrought ſyne ſo wittelie,
That all that hidder fled, they were
Comde to Craigfergus haile and fære,
Although they left ſome of their geare.
And they that at the fighting were,
Sought Sir Edward to get his head,
Among the folke that there was dead:
And found Gib Harper in his geare:
And for ſo good his armings were,
They ſtrake his head off: and ſyne it,
They haue gart ſalt into a Kit:
And in a Preſent but hething
In England ſent it to the King.
They weind Sir Edward it had bæne:
But for the arming that was ſhæne,
They of the head deceiued were:
Although Sir Edward died there.
On this wiſe were the Noble men,
Through wilfulneſſe, all loſſed then,
And that was ſin, and great pitie:
For had their outragious bountie,
Bene led with wit, and with meaſure,
But gif the more miſauenture
Befell them it ſould bene hard thing,
Sould lead them to diſcomforting,

But greit outragious succudzie,
Gart them all deare their worship buy:
And they that fled from the Welle,
Sped them in hy toward the Sea:
And to Craigfergus commen are they:
And they that were into the way,
To Sir Edward, sent from the King,
When they heard the discomfiting,
To Craigfergus they went againe,
And that was not withoutten paine,
For they were mony times that day
Assailyied with Irishrie: but they
Held them togidder sikkerlie,
Defending them so worthelie:
That they escaped oft through might,
And mony times oft by slight.
For oft there to themselues gaue they,
To let them skaithlesse passe away.
And to Craigfergus came they sa,
Then baits and shipmen they ta,
And sailled to scotland into hy,
And arriued all their safelie.
When they of Scotland had witting,
Of Sir Edwards discomfiting:
They mæned him full tenderlie,
Duer all the land full commonly:
And they that with him slaine were there.
Full tender als mæned they were.
SIr Edward Bruce, as is said aire,
Was discomfist on this maner:
And when the fielde was cleanged cleene,
So that no resistance there was seene.
The Wardane then Richard of Clare
With all the folkes that hee had there.

Toward Dondalke hes tane the way,
So that no debate made they:
At that time with the Irishry,
But to the towne they held in hy,.
And syne hes sent to the King,
That England had in gouerning,
Gib harpers head into a kit,
Iohn Mowppas to the King had it:
Whilke hæ receiued in greit daintie,
Right blith of that Present was hæ.
For hæ was glad that hæ was so
Deliuered of sike a felloun foe,
In heart thereof hæ toke sike pryde,
That in all haste hæ would ride,
With a greit Host into Scotland,
To reuenge him with stalward hand,
Of the tray, trauell and the tæne,
That done to him therein had bæne.
Then a right greit Host gaddered hæ,
And gart his shippes by the sea
Come with greit fusioun of vittaile.
For at that time hee thought all haill,
For to destroy so cleane Scotland,
That none should bæ therein liuand,
And with his Host in greit array
Toward Scotland hee toke the way,
And when King Robert wist that hæ
Came on him with sik a Wenzie,
Hee gaddered men both far and nære,
While so feill commen to him were,
And was als for to come him to:
That him thought hæ should well doe:
Hee gart with drawy all the Cattell.
Of Lowthiane euerilk deill.

And into ſtrengths gart them bee led,
And ordainde men to defend that ſtead:
And with his Hoſt all ſtill hæ lay,
At Coiros: for hee would aſſay,
To gar his foes through faſting
Hæ fæble, and through long waking.
And fra hæ fæbliſhed had their might,
Aſſemble with them hee would to fight.
Hæ thought to worke vpon this wiſe,
And Engliſhmen through greit Waiſtries,
Came with their Hoſt to Louthiane,
And then to Edinburgh are they gane,
And there abade dayes thræ.
Their ſhips that were vpon the ſea,
Had the wind contrare to them ay:
So that vpon no maner of way,
Power they had to the Firth to bring
Their vittaile to releue their King:
And they of the Hoſt that failyied meat.
When they ſaw that they might not get
Their vittailes to them by the ſea,
They ſent then foorth a greit Menyie,
For to forray all Louthiane.
But Cattell haue they founden nane.
Except a Kow that was halland,
That in Tranent towne they fand.
And when the Erle of Warrane,
Saw their Forrayours come againe,
And a Kow anerly come la:
Hee asked if they found no ma?
And they haue ſaid all to him, Nay.
Then Certes ſaid hee, I dare ſay,
This is the deareſt beaſt, that I
Saw euer yet: for ſikkerly

It

It coſt a thouſand pound and maire.
And when the King, and they that were
Of his counſell, ſaw they might get
No Cattell to their Hoſt to eat.
Then they of faſting had greit paine,
To England turned they home againe.
At Melros ſhupe they for to ly,
And ſent before a company.
Thrée hundreth nære of armed men:
But the Lord Dowglas that was then,
Beſide into a Forreſt neere,
Wiſt of their comming and what they were
And with them of his companie,
Into Melros all haillelie,
Hée howered into a buſhment,
And a right ſturdie Frære hes ſent,
Without the Yate their comming to ſee,
And bade him hold him all priuie,
While that hée ſaw them commen all,
Right to the cunyie of the Wall:
And cried on hie, Dowglas, Dowglas,
The Frære then forth his wayes taes,
That was right darfe, ſtout, and hardy,
His mækle hoode couered haillely
The arming that hée on him had.
Upon a ſtalwart Horſe hée rade,
And in his hand hée had a Speare,
And abade vpon that manære,
While that hée ſaw them commenner,
And when the formeſt paſſed were
The cunyie, he cried, Dowglas, Dowglas,
Then to them all, a courſe hée maes,
And bare one downe deliueredlie,
Then Dowglas with his companie,

Iſhed

Iſhed vpon them with a ſhoute.
And when they ſaw ſo great a rout,
Come vpon them ſo ſuddenlie,
They were abaſed gretumlie:
And gaue the backe but moꝛe abade.
The Scottiſhmen among them rade,
And ſlew all them they might ouerta,
And great martyꝛdome there can ma:
And they that ſcaped were vnſlaine:
And to their Daſt went home againe:
And told them what good welcomming,
Dowglas then made at their comming,
Conuoying them againe rudelie,
And warned them the plaine harbꝛie.

Here followed King *Robert* in hight,
The Engliſh King with all his might.

THe King of England, and his men,
That ſaw their harbꝛeours come then
Rebuted on that great maner,
Annoyed in their hearts they were:
And thought it was a great folie,
Into the wood to take harbꝛie.
Therefoꝛe by Dryburgh in a Plaine:
They harbꝛied them, and ſyne againe,
Are went to England but delay.
And when the King Robert heard ſay:
That they were turned home againe,
And how their harbꝛeours were ſlaine,
In hy an Daſt aſſembled he,
And went foꝛth ouer the Scots ſea:
Eightie thouſand he was, and ma,
And eight battels he made of tha:

In ilk

In ilk battell were ten thousand:
Syne went he forth to England,
And in haill rout he followed fast
The English King, while at the last,
He came approaching by Byland,
When at that time there was lyand,
The King of England with his men,
King Robert that had witting then,
That he lay there with mækle might:
Tranoynted sa on him one night:
That on the morne by it was day,
Commen to the plaine field were they,
Fra Byland a litle space:
But betwirt them, and it there was,
A craig bra streiked well lang:
And a great Path vp for to gang.
Otherwise might they not haue way,
To passe to Bylands Abbay:
Bot gif they passed far about.
And when the mækle English rout,
Heard that the King Robert was nære,
The most part of them that were there,
Went to the Path to take the bra,
There thought they their defence to ma:
Their Baners there they gart display,
And their battels in brade array:
And thought well to defend the place.
When King Robert perceiued hes,
That they them thought for to defend,
Efter his counsell hes he send.
And asked what was best to do?
The Lord Dowglas answered him to:
And said, Sir, I will vnderta,
That in short time I sall doe sa:

That I

That I ſall win yone place plainely:
Or then gar all yone company,
Come downe to you into this Plaine:
Or ye ſall neuer trow me againe.
The King then ſaid great GOD thée ſpéd:
And he on forth his wayes yéde,
And of the Maſt the moſt partie,
Put then into his companie:
And held their way towards the place,
The Erle of Murray Sir Thomas,
Left his battell, and in great hy,
But with few men in company,
Came to the Court of the Lord Dowglas,
And ere he entred into the place,
Before them all the place tooke he:
For he would that men ſould him ſée.
And when the good Lord Dowglas,
Saw, that he ſo commen was.
He praiſed him thereof greatly,
And welcommed him honorably.
And to the place can togidder ga.
When Engliſhmen ſaw them doe ſa,
They lighted, and againſt them yéd,
Two Knights, that doughtie were indéd,
Thomas of Struthers hight one to name,
And the other Sir Ralph of Cowbane?
Thir two Knights of good degrée,
Came downe before all their Menyie:
They were both of full great bountie,
And met their foes right manfullie.
There might men ſée well other aſſaile,
And men defend with ſtout battaile:
And arrowes flée in great fuſioun,
And they that aboue were, tumbled doun

Stane

Stones vpon them from the hight.
But they that set both will and might,
To win the Path, and preassed sa:
That Sir Ralph Cowbane can ta
The way, right to his Mast in hy,
And left Sir Thomas manfully
Defending with great might the place,
Whyle that he so suppriſed was:
That he was tane through hard fighting.
And therefore syne whyle his ending,
He was renouned the best of hand,
Of one Knight, was in all England.
For this ilk Sir Ralph of Cowbane,
In all England he had the name:
For the best Knight of that land.
And for Sir Thomas dwelt still fightand,
Where Sir Ralph (as before said we)
Withdrew him, abone him priſed was he.

The diſcomfiting of Engliſhmen,
At *Bylands* Path into the Glen.

THus were they fighting in the place:
And when King Robert, that was
Wiſe in his deedes, and eke worthie,
Saw his men ay so doughtelie,
The Peth vpon their foes ta,
And saw his foes defend them sa:
Then gart he all the Iriſhry,
That were into his company,
Of Argyle, and Iles alswa,
Spede them in hy vnto the bra.
He bade them leaue the Peth haillely,
And climbe vp on the Craiges thereby:

And syne

And speed them fast the hight to ta,
And in greit hy they haue done sa:
And clambe as Gaites vp to the hight,
And left not for their foes might.
Magre their foes they bare them sa:
That they are gotten abone the bra.
Then faught they wonder fellounlie,
And rushed their foes right sturdelie.
There was a right perilous bargaine:
For a Knight heght Sir Iohn of Britaine
That lighted hes abone the bra,
With his men greit defence can ma,
But the Scottishmen can so assaille,
And gaue to them so feill battaile:
That they were set in sike effray,
That they that flée might, fled away.
Sir Iohn of Brittaine there was tane,
And most part of his Menzie slaine,
Of France there were tane Knights two,
The Lord of Sowllie was one of tho:
The other was the Marshall Britaine
That was a right greit Lord at hame,
The laue some dead were, and some slain,
The remnand fled were euerilkane.
And when the King of England,
As yet at Byland was lyand:
Saw his men discomfist plainlie,
Hée toke his way in full greit hy,
And Southward fled in all his might,
The Scots men chased him hard, I hight:
And in the chase hes mony slaine:
But hee quicklie away is gane,
And the most part of his Menzie.
Walter Stewart of greit bountie,

Set

Set ay vpon hie Cheualrie.
With fiue hundreth in companie,
To Yorke Yates a chase can ma:
And there some of their men can sla:
And abade while neere the night.
To sæ if ony would ish to fight.
And when hæ saw none would ish out,
Hæ turned againe with all his rout:
And to the Hoste they went in hy,
That then had tane their harbery:
Into the Abbay of Byland,
And Rewes that were nære by lyand.
They dealt among them that was there,
And gaue the King of Englands geare:
That hæ had left into Byland,
All gripped they into their hand:
And made them glad, and eke merrie.
And when the King had tane Harberie,
They brought to him their prisoners
All vnarmed, as it affæres:
And when hæ saw Iohn of Brittaine,
Hæ had at him full greit disdaine:
For hæ of him would speake highly,
At home, and to dispitefullie.
Hæ bade haue him away in hy,
And loke hee kæped were straitlie,
And said, were it not that hæ were
A Captiue, as hæ then was there:
His words hæ should full deare aby.
And hæ full fast can cry, mercy,
They let him foorth withoutten maire,
And kæpt him well while that they were
Commen home to their owne Countrie.
Long efter syne ransomed was hæ:

For twentie thousand pound to pay,
As I haue heard among men say.
WHen that the King this speech had made,
The French Knights they taken had.
Were brought there before the King.
And hee made them faire welcomming,
And said, I wate right well that yee
For your greit worship and bountie,
Came for to see this feghting heere:
For sen yee in the Countrie were,
Your strength, your worship & your might,
Would not thole you eschew the fight,
And sen that cause led you theretill,
And nouther wrath, nor yet ill will,
As friends yee shall receiued bee,
And welcome bee all time to mee.
They kneeled, and thanked him greitly,
And hee gart treat them courteously,
A long while with him them held hee.
And did them honour and bountie,
And when they yarned to their land.
Unto the King of France in Presand,
Hee sent them quite, but ransome free,
And gifts greit to them gaue hee,
His friends thusgaite courteously,
Hee could receiue, and right humbly,
And his foes stoutlie astoney.
At Byland all that night hee lay,
For their victorie all blyth they were,
And on the morne withoutten maire,
They haue Southwards tane their way
So far at that time trauelde they,
Burning, slaying, and destroying
Their foes, with all their might noying,

While to the wall commen were they,
Syne North againe they toke the way
And syne homeward in their repare,
They destroyed haill the wall of Bewar,
And syne with prisoners and Cattell,
Riches, and mony faire Jewell,
To Scotland toke they home their way,
Blith and joyfull of their Prey.
And ilke man went to his repaire,
Thanking greit God of their wellfare,
That they the King of England,
Through worship and through strength of hand
And through their Kings greit bountie,
Discomfist had in his owne Countrie.
THus was the Land a while at peace:
But Couetise that cannot cease,
To set men vpon fellony,
To gar men come to Senyeorie,
Greit Lords of full greit Renowne,
Made a feill Conjuration,
Against Robert the doughtie King,
They thought to bring him to ending:
And for to broke efter his dead
The Kinrike, and Reigne in his stead.

Of the great Treasoun the ordaining,
To *Robert* the *Bruce* the noble King-

THe Lord Sowles Sir Williame,
Of this dead had most defame:
For principall thereof was hee,
Both of assent and crueltie:
And had gotten with him sundrie,
Gilbert Malyerd, and Iohn of Logie,

They were Knights, I tell of here.
And Richard Browne als a Squyer:
And good Sir Dauid the Brechyne,
Was of this dæd arested syne,
And I sall tell you furthermare:
But they ilkane discouered were,
Through a Ladie (as I heard say)
Ere to their purpose come might they:
For she told hailly to the King,
Their purpose, and their ordaining.
And when that he sould haue bene dead.
And Sowles King into his stead:
And told him very takinning.
That this purpose was sothfast thing,
And when the King wist that it was sa,
So subtle purpose can he ta:
That he gart take them euerilkane.
And where the Lord Sowles was tane,
Three hundreth, and sertie had he,
Of Squyers, cled in his Leuerie,
At that time in his companie,
Duttane Knights that were iolie.
Into Barwike taken was he,
Then might men all his Menyie sæ,
Dozie, and wo the sooth to say.
The King læt them all passe away,
And held them that he taken had.
The Lord Sowles then efter mads
Plaine granting of that haill purpose.
A Parliament therefore set was,
And hidder brought that Menyie were.
The Lord Sowles hes granted there
The dæde, into plaine Parliament,
Therefore soone efter he was sent,

To his paines in Dumbartane,
And died in that toun of ſtane.
Sir Gilbert Malyerd, and Logie,
And Richard Browne, thir thræ plainelie,
Was with aſſiſe there ouertane,
Therefore they were drawne ilkane,
And hanged, and headed als thereto.
As men them damned had to do.
And good Sir Dauid the Brechine,
They gart challenge thereafter ſyne:
And he granted, that of that thing
Was made to him diſcouering:
But thereto gaue he no conſent,
But for he heilled their intent,
And diſcouered it not to the King,
Whome of he held all his holding,
And had made to him fewtie:
Judged to hing, and drawne be
He was, and as they drew him to hing,
The people farly faſt can thring
Him, and his miſchiefe for to ſæ:
That to behold was great pitie.
Sir Ingrame Vmfrauile that then
Was with the King a Scottiſhman:
When he that great miſchiefe did ſæ:
He ſaid, Lordings, whereto preaſſe yæ,
To ſæ the miſchiefe of this Knight,
That was ſo worthie and ſo wight:
For I haue ſæne ma preaſſe to ſæ,
Him for his Soueraigne bountie:
Than now does for to ſæ him here,
And when thir words ſpoken were,
With ſorie cheare he held him ſtill,
While men had done on him their will.

And ſyne

And syne with leue of the king,
Ye brought him menskfully to eirding:
And syne to the king said he:
One thing I pray you, Sir grant to me:
That is, that ye of all my land,
That is into Scotland lyand,
Would giue me leaue to doe my will.
The king sone yes said him till,
I will well grant, that it so be:
But tell me what annoyes thee:
Ye said againe, grant me mercy,
And I sall tell you it plainely.
Mine heart giues me no moze to be,
With you dwelling in this Countrie.
Therefoze that it not you grieue,
I pray you hartly of your leue:
Foz where so Noble and worthy Knight,
And so Cheualrous and so wight:
And so renouned of worthy syne,
As Sir Dauid the good Brechyne:
And so fulfilled of all manhede,
Was put to so villanous a dead:
Mine heart fozsoth may not giue me,
To dwell foz nothing that may be.
The king said, sen that ye will sa
When euer ye will ye may ga:
And you sall haue good leaue thereto.
Thy liking of thy land to do:
And he him thanked gretumly,
And of his land in full great hy,
As him thought best, disponed he.
Syne at the king of great bountie,
Befoze them all that with him were,
His liene he tooke foz euermaire.

And went in England to the King,
And he him told all but leſing.
How that the Knights deſtroyed were,
And all as I told you aire:
And of the Kings Courteſie,
That leaued him debonerlie,
To doe with his land his liking,
In that time were ſent fra the King,
Of Scotland, Meſſingers to treat
For peace, gif that they might it get,
As there oftſyſe before was ſend,
Suppoſe they could not bring it to end.
For the good King in his intent,
Hen GOD ſik grace to him had ſent,
That he had winnen all his land,
Through ſtrength of armes to his hand,
That he peace in his land would ma,
And all the land eſtabliſht ſa:
That his aire efter him ſould be
In peace, gif men held their lawtie.
IN this time that the Vnfrauile,
As I bare on hand aire whyle,
Came to the King of England,
The Scots Meſſengers there he fand,
Of peace and reſt to haue tretiſe,
The King wiſt Sir Ingrame was wiſe,
And aſked his counſell thereto:
What he would rede him for to do.
For he ſaid he was laith to ma
Peace with King Robert Bruce his fa,
While that he venged of him ſpere.
Sir Ingrame made to him anſwere,
And ſaid, he dealt ſo courteouſly,
With me, that on no wiſe ſould I
Gine

Gaue counsell to his hurting:
Thou behoues nædwise (said the King)
To this thing say thine auise.
Sir (said hee) sen your will it is,
That I say, wit yée sikkerlie:
For all your greit Cheualrie,
To deale with them yee haue no might,
His men so worthie are and wight,
For long vsage of feghting,
That haue beene nourished in sik thing,
That ilke Yeman is so wight,
Of his, thathée is worth a knight.
But if yée thinke your wœre to bring,
To good purpose at your liking:
Long trewes with him take yee:
Then shall the most part of his Menzie.
That are but simple Yemanrie,
Bee strenyied all commonlie,
To win their meat with their trauill,
And some of them of næd mon call
With pleugh, and Borrow for to get.
And other fære Craftes their daylie meat,
So that their arming shall worth old,
And bee rousted, destroyed, and sold,
And feill that now of wœre are slæ,
Into these long trewes shall die,
And others in their stead shall rise,
That shall ken litle of sik maistries,
And when they thus diffused are,
Then may yée moue on them were,
To this assented they ilkane,
And efter sone were trewes tane,
Betwirt the two Kings that were,
Taken to last for threttæne yære.

And on the Marches gart them cry,
The Scottishmen keeped them lælely,
But Englishmen vpon the sea,
Destroyed through greit crueltie.
Marchant shippes that sailling were,
From Scotland to Flanders with waire,
And destroyed the men ilkane:
And to their vse the goods hes tane.
The King sent oft to haue redreſſe:
But nought thereof redreſſe there was,
And hee abade all time aſkand.
The trewes on his halfe gart hæ ſtand,
Upon the Marches ſtabilly,
And gart men keepe them lælely.

Walter Stewart here died hee,
At *Paſlay* eirded ſyne was hee.

IN this time that the trewes were.
Lesting on Marches (as I said aire)
Walter Stewart that worthie was,
At Bathcat a greit ſickneſſe taes,
His euill wort ay more and more,
While men perceiued by his sore,
That hæ of næd muſt pay the det,
That no man for to pay may let.
Shriuen and als repenting well,
When all was done to him ilke deill.
That Chriſten men ought for to haue
As good Chriſten, the Gaiſt hæ gaue.
Then might men heare folk wæpe and cry
And mony a Knight and faire Lady,
Murning and making full euill chere,
So did they all that euer were there,

All men him mæned commonlie,
For of his eild hée was worthie.
When long tim they their dule had made
The Corps to Paſlay haue they had:
And there with greit ſolemnitie,
And with greit dule eirded was hée.
GOD for his might his ſoule mot bring,
Where Joy aye laſteth but ending.

The Erle of *Murray* and *Dowglas*,
With their Hoſt commen to *Wardel* was.

After his death (as I ſaid aire)
The trewes that ſo taken were:
For to haue laſted thretténe yéere,
When two of them were paſſed néere,
And an hailfe, I trow alſwa:
King Robert ſaw men would not ma
Redreſſe of ſchippes that were tane:
And of the men als that were ſlaine.
But ay continued their prauitie,
Where euer they met vpon the ſea:
Yee ſent, and quit him all plainely,
And gaue the trewes vp openly.
And in vengeance of this treſpaſſe,
The Erle of Murray Sir Thomas.
And Donald Erle of Mar alſwa,
And Iames of Dowglas with them twa,
And Iames Stewart that leader was,
Efter his good brothers deceaſe,
Of all his brethers men in wéere,
Hée gart vpon their beſt maneere,
With mony men boun themſelfe ga,
In England, for to burne and ſla,

And they held foorth swne to England,
They were of good men ten thousand:
And brunt and slew into their way,
Their foes fast destroyed they.
And thusegaite forward can they fare,
To Wardall Parke while they commen are
That time Edward of Carnaverane
The King, was dead, and laide in Lame.
And Edward his sonne that was ying,
In England crowned then was King:
And surname had of Windsore,
Hee had in France bene before,
With his mother Dame Isabell,
And was wedded (as I heard tell)
To a young Ladie faire of face,
That the Erles Doughter was
Of Henault, and of that Countrie,
Brought with him men of greit bountie,
That was right wise, and wight in were,
Sir Iohn de Henault was leader,
And in that time the Scots men were.
At Wardall Parke (as I said aire)
Into Yorke was hee new made King.
And heard tell of the destroying,
That Scottishmen made in his Countrie,
A greit Host to him gaddered hee:
Hee was well neere fiftie thousand,
Then held hee Northward in the land,
In haill battell with that Menzie:
Eighteene yeere old that time was hee,
The Scots men they had all Cokdaill,
From end to end they harved haill:
And Wardall againe they rade,
Their Discurreours that sight hes hed,

Of

Of comming of the Englishmen:
To their Lords they told it then,
Then the Lord Dowglasin a ling,
Ride foorth for to sée their comming:
And saw that seuen battels were they,
That came riding in good array.
When he the folke beholden had,
Toward his Mast againe he rade.
The Erle spæred gif he had séene
The Mast: yea Sir (he said) but wéene.
What folke are they: Sir, mony men.
The Erle his aith hes made euen then:
We sall fight with them, yea, though they were,
Full mo by far, then they now are,
Sir, loued be GOD, he said againe:
That we haue sik a Capitane,
That so great thing dar vnderta.
Bot by Sanct Bryde, it bées not sa,
Gif my counsell may trowed be:
For fight on no maner sall we,
But it be at our auantage,
For me thinke it were no outrage,
To fewer folkes against ma,
A vantage when they may, to ta:
As they were on this wise speaking,
On an high rig they saw streiking,
Toward them euen in battel brade,
Baners anew displayed they had:
And another comming efter nære,
And right vpon the same manære.
They came while seuen battels brade,
Out ouer that high Rig passed had.
The Scottishmen were then lyand.
On North halfe nære toward Scotland,

The

The daile was ſtreiked well, I hight,
On ather ſide there was an hight,
And to the water downe ſomedeill ſtay,
The Scottiſhmen in good array,
On their beſt wiſe buſked ilkane,
Stood in their ſtrength that they had tane:
And that was far fra the Water of Wéere,
A quarter of a mile well néere:
Their ſtood they battell to abide.
The Engliſhmen there on ather ſide,
Came ryding downward, while they weir
To Wéeres Water comming néere:
And on the other halfe their foes were:
Then haue they made a reſt right there,
And ſent out Archers a thouſand,
With Younds and Bowes in their hand:
And gart them well drinke of the wyne:
And bade them gang to bycker ſyne
The Scottiſh Daſt in a randoun:
And looke gif they might ding them doun,
For might they gar them breake array,
To haue them at their will thought they:
And armed men downe with them ſend
Them at the Water to defend.
The Lord Dowglas hes ſéene their fare,
And men that right well horſed were,
And armed a great company,
Behind the battell priuily,
He gart hower to abide their comming.
And when he made to them tokenning,
They ſould come pricking faſt, and ſla,
With ſpeares all that they might ouerta:
Donald of Mar their Chiftane was,
And Archibald with him of Dowglas,

The Lord

The Lord Dowglas toward them rade,
And a gowne on his arming had:
And trauerſed alwayes vp againe:
Them nære his battell for to traine,
And they that drunken had of wine,
Came ay vp endlang in a line,
While that the battels came ſo nére,
That arrowes fallen among them were.
Robert of Ogill a good Squyar,
Came pricking on a good Courſar:
And on the archers cried againe,
Ye wate not who makes you that traine.
It is the Lord Dowglas, that will
Of his playes ken ſome you till.
When they heard ſpeake of the Dowglas,
The hardieſt man effrayed was,
And againe turned haillely.
His taken then he made in hy,
And the folke that enbuſhed were,
So ſtoutly pricked on them there,
That well three hundreth haue they ſlaine,
And to the Water home againe:
The remanand all can they chaſe.
Sir William of Erskin that was
New made Knight the ſamine day,
Well horſed into good array,
Chaſed with others that were there:
So far-forth, that his horſe him bare
Among the lumpe of Engliſhmen:
And with ſtrong hand he was taken then,
But of him well ſone change was made,
Of other men that they taken had:
Fra their Engliſh archers were ſlaine,
Their folke rade to their Maſt againe.

Andright

And right so did the Lord Dowglas,
And when that he repaired was,
They might among their foes sée,
Their Pauillions soone stented be.
Then they perceiued soone in hy.
That they that night would take harbry.
And shape to doe no more that day:
Therefore them also harbred they:
And stented Pauillions soone in hy,
Tents and Lugges als there by,
They gart make, and set all on raw,
That day two new things they saw:
That before in Scotland had bene nane,
Tymbres for Helmes was the ane,
That them thought then of great bountis,
And also wonder for to sée.
The other, Craikes were for wéere,
That they before had neuer ére.
Of thir two things they had ferlie.
That night they watched stalwardlie:
The most part of them armed lay,
While on the morne that it was day.
THe Englishmen then vmbethought,
Upon what maner that they mought,
Gar the Scots leaue their auantage:
For they thought folie, and outrage,
To gang vp to them to assaile
Them, at their strength in plaine battaile:
Therefore of good men a thousand,
Armed on horse both foot and hand,
They sent before, their foes to be.
Enbushed into a valley:
And shupe their battell as they would
Upon them to the feghting hald.

For

For they thought Scotſmen of ſik will,
That they might not hold them ſtill,
For they knew them of ſik courage:
That they ſould leaue ſtrengthe auantage
And meete them in the field plainely.
Then ſhould their buſhment haſtely,
Behind breke on them at the backe,
So thoght theywel they ſould them wrack
And make them to repent their play,
Their enbuſhment fworth ſent they,
And them enbuſhed priuily.
And on the morne ſome deill airly,
Into the Hoſt ſone trumped they:
And gart their battells brade array,
And held toward the Water right,
And well arrayed for to fight.
The Scottiſhmen that ſaw them ſa,
Bowne on their beſt wiſe can them ma.
And in their battell well arrayed,
With Baners to the wind diſplayed,
They left their ſtrength, and all plainely
To feght they ſhupe them haſtely.
In als good maner as they mought.
Right as their foes before had thought.
But the Lord Dowglas, that ay where,
Set out watches here and there.
To wit of their enbuſhment,
Then in greit hy ſone is hee went,
Before the battalls, and ſturdelie,
Hee bade ilk man turne them in hy.
Right as they ſtod, them turnedhee ſo
Vp to the Strength hee bade them go:
So that no let bee therein made:
And they did as they bidding had.

Then turned they with mickle paine,
While to their strength they came againe:
And stood ready to giue battaile,
If their foes would them assaile.
When Englishmen hes seene them so,
Toward their strength againe vp go.
They cried hie, they flee away.
Sir Iohn of Henault said, perfay
Yone fleeing is right Tragedie,
Their armed men behind I see,
And their Baners so that they there,
Shall turne them, as they standing were:
And bee arrayed for the fight.
If ony would them preasse with might.
They haue seene our enbushment,
And againe to their strength are went.
Yone folke are gouerned wittelie.
For hee that leades them is worthie,
For auise, wit, and wisedome,
To gouerne the Empire of Rome.
This spake that worthie Knight that day:
And the enbushment, so that they
Saw that they so discouered were
Toward their Host againe they fare,
And the battels of Englishmen,
When they saw that they failzied then
Of their purpose, to their Harbrie
They went, and ludged them in hy.
On either halfe right so did they.
They made no more debate that day.

WHen they that day ouerdriuen had,
Fires in greit fusion they made:
Als soone as night fallen was,
Then the good Lord of Dowglas,

That

That spied had a place there by,
That two myle hine where most trustly,
The Scottishmen might harbrie ta:
And defend them better alswa,
Then els, into ony place them by,
It was a Parke, that hailely
Was enuironed about with wall,
It was nære full of træs all:
But a greit Plaine into it was.
Hidder thought the Lord Dowglas
By night all their Host to bring:
Therefore without more dwelling,
They bet their fires, and made them yârs:
And syne togidder forth can fare.
And to the Parke without tinsall
They came, and harbred them all haill
Upon the water, and als nære
To it, as they before were.
And on the morne when it was day,
The English Host missed away
The Scottishmen, and had ferlie,
And gart Discurreours hastely
Passe to sæ where they were away,
And by their fires perceiued they,
That they in the Parke of Wardaill,
Had gart harbry their Host all haill:
Therefore their Host but more abade
Busked, and euen anent them rade,
On other side the Water of Weere,
Gart stint their Pauilions all nære,
As of before stinted were they.
Eight dayes on this wise they lay:
That Englishmen durst not assaile,
The Scottishmen in plaine battaill.

For strength of eird that they had there,
There was ilke day justing of wœre,
And skirmishing full apartly.
And men tane on either party,
And they that tane were on ane day,
On another changed were they.
But other deedes were notdone.
That greitlie heere are for to mone,
While it fell on the ninth day,
The Lord Dowglas hes spied a way,
How that hæ might about them ride.
And come on them at the Forrest side,
And at Euen purvayed hæ,
And tooke with him a greit Menzie:
Fiue hundreth on Horse wight and hardy,
And on the night all priuilie,
Without noyse or din hee rade,
While that hæ nære enuironed had
Their Host, and on the Forrest syde,
Toward them slælie can hee ryde
And the maist part that with him were:
Bare in their hands swords bare,
And bade them hew Pauilions in twa,
That they the Pauilions might ma,
To fall on them that in them were:
Then should the laue that Forrayours are
Strike downe with speares sturdely,
And when they heard his Horne in hy,
To the Water held dolwne the way:
When this was said (as I heard say)
Toward their foes fast they ride,
That on that side no Marches had.
And as they were neere approaching,
An Englishman that lay bæking

Him by a fire, said to his Feere:
I wate not what may tide vs heere:
But a great growing me taes:
I dreade me sore for blacke Dowglas,
And he that heard him, said perfay,
Thou salt haue cause, gif that I may.
By that, with all his company,
He rusted on them hardely,
And proud Pauillions downe he bare,
And with speares that sharply share,
They sticked men despiteously.
The noise sone raise, and als the skry:
They stobbed, sticked, and they slew
And mony Pauillions downe they threw:
And felloun slaughter made they there.
For they that lying naked were,
Had no power defence to ma,
And but pitie they can them sla,
They gart them wit that great soly
Was, neere there foes for to ly
But gif they straitly watched were.
The Scottishmen were slaying there,
Their foes, on this wise, while the cry
Was through the Mast all commonly,
That Lords, and others were on steere,
And when the Dowglas wist they were
Armed, then all commonly,
He blew his horne then to rely
His men, and bade them hold their way,
Toward the Water, and so did they.
And he abade hindmest to see,
Lest ony of his leaued sould be.
And as he abade so howand,
There came a Carle with Club in hand,

And ſo great routtes to him raught,
That had not bœne his mœkle maught,
And his right Soueraigne great manhead,
Into that place he had bene dead.
His men that to the Water doun
Were ridden right in a randoun,
Miſſed their Lord, when they came there.
They were dreading for him full ſaire.
Ilkone at other ſpœred tything,
But yet of him they heard nothing.
Then can they counſell togidder ta,
That they to ſœke him vp would ga:
And as they were in that effray,
A towting of his horne heard they.
And they that haue it knowne ſwyth,
Were of his comming wonder blyth:
And ſpœred at him of his abade:
And he told how a Carle him made,
With his Club ſo felloun pay,
That met him ſtoutlie on the way:
That had not God helped him the maire,
He had bene in great perill there.
Thus gaite ſpeaking they held their way,
While to their Daſk commen are they:
That on foot armed on them bade,
For to help gif they miſter had,
And aſſone as the Lord Dowglas,
Met with the Erle of Murray was,
The Erle ſpœred at him tything,
How he had farde in his outting:
Sir (ſaid he) we haue drawen blood:
The Erle that was of Noble mode,
Said, and we all had bidder gane,
We had deſtroyed them ilkane,

It might

It might haue fallen well (said he)
But sikkerly anew were we,
To put vs in yone auenture:
For had they made discomfiture
On vs, that yonder passed were,
It might haue stonisht them that are here.
The Erle said, sen it so is,
That we may not with ieopardies,
Our felloun foes force assaile:
We sall it doe in plaine battaile,
The Lord Dowglas said, by Sanct Bryde,
It were great foly at this tide
To vs, with sik an Oast to fight:
That ilk day growes of more might,
And vittaile hes at all plentie:
And in the Countrie here are we,
Where there may come to vs no succours
Hard is to make vs here recourse,
Nor we not forray may to get meat,
Sik as we haue here, mon we eat.
Doe we with our foes therefore,
That are lying here vs before:
As I heard tell this other yere.
How that a Fore did with a fisher,
How did the Fore the Erle can say:
He said, a Fisher whylum lay,
Beside a Riuer fish to get,
His nets then he had there set,
A litle Ludge there had he made,
And there within a bed he had,
And eke a litle fire alswa
And one doore was withoutten ma.
One night his nettes for to see,
He raise, and well long dwelt he,

And when he had done his dæde,
Towards his Ludge againe he yæde,
And with the light of the litle fire,
That in the Ludge was burning shyre,
Into the Ludge a Fore he saw,
That fast in can a Salmond draw,
Then to the doore he went in hy,
And drew a sword deliuerly:
And said, Traitour, thou mon here lout.
The Fore that was in full great dout;
Looked about him hole to see,
Bot none is the forth there could get he:
Bot where the man stod sturdely.
A Mantle he perceiued him by,
Lying vpon the bed, he saw,
And with his tæth he can it draw
Out ouer the fire, and when the man
Saw his Mantle ly burning then,
To rid it ran he hastely,
The Fore gat out then in great hy,
And held his way his warrand till.
The man thought him beguiled ill,
That he his Salmond so hes tint,
And also had his Mantle hint:
And the Fore harmeleste got away.
This Crample I may well say,
By yone folke, and vs that are here.
We are the Fore, they are the Fisher,
That stækes before vs the way,
They thinke we may not get away:
But right where that they ly Parde,
Yet as they thinke, it sall not be.
For I haue gart spy vs a gaite,
Suppose that it be somedeill wat,

That

That not a Page of ours shall tine,
Our foes for this small tranoynting,
Weenes that wee shall pride vs sa,
That wee plainlie on hand shall ta,
To giue them open plaine battell.
But at this time their thought shall faill:
For wee the morne and all this day,
Shall make als merie as wee may:
And make vs bowne against the night,
And then gar make our fires bright,
And blaw our Hornes, and make fare,
As all the World our owne it were,
While that the night well fallen bee,
And then with all our Harnesse wee
Shall take our way homeward in hy:
And altogidder hold sickerlie,
While wee bee out of their danger,
That thinkes vs now enclosed here:
And wee shall bee at our owne will,
And wee shall thinke them trumped ill,
Fra they wit well wee bee away.
To this haillely assented they,
And made them good cheare all that night
While on the morne that day was light.

¶ Upon the morne all priuilie,
They turst Harnesse, and made ready,
So that ere Euen all bowne were they.
Their foes that against them lay,
Gart haue their men that were there dead,
In Carts to an hallowed Stead.
The Hosts both all that day were
In peace till that the night was nere.
The Scots Host that lying were
Into the Parke made Feast and Fare,

And blew Hornes, and fires made,
And gart them burne both bright & brade:
So that their fires that night was maire,
Than ony time before there were.
And when the night was fallen well,
With all their Harneſſe euerilke deille,
All priuilie they rade their way,
Syne in a Moſſe ſoone entred they:
That was well twa mile of bread,
Out ouer the Moſſe on foote they yéde:
And in their hand their Horſe led they,
It was a full greit noylome way,
But Flaikes in the Wood they made
Of wands, and them with them had:
And ſykes therewith brigged they:
And ſo had well their horſe away.
On ſik wiſe, that all that there were,
Come through the Moſſe both haill & féere:
And tint but litle of their geare,
But if it were any olde Sowméere:
That in the Moſſe was left lyand,
When all (as I haue borne on hand)
Out ouer the Moſſe that was ſo brade
Were commen, greit gladneſſe they had,
And rade forth homeward on their way.
And on the morne when it was day.
The Engliſhmen ſaw the Harbrie,
Where Scottiſhmen before can ly,
All voide: and wondred greitlie then,
And ſent forth ſundrie of their men.
While at the laſt their trace fand they,
And ſyne when they were goneaway.
That to a mékle Moſſe them had,
That was ſo hiddeous for to waid:

That

That auenture of them durſt none:
But to their Hoſt againe is gone,
And told how that they paſſed were.
Where neuer man had paſſed aire.
When Engliſhmen heard it was ſa,
In hy to counſell can they ta:
That they would follow them no maire:
Their Hoſt right then they ſkailed there,
And ilke man to his owne they rade,
King Robert then that witting had,
That his men ſo in the Parke lay,
And what miſchiefe then at were they:
An Hoſt aſſembled hee in hy,
Ten thouſand men wight and hardy:
And ſent them fooꝛth with Erles two.
Of Stratherne, and Angus were they,
The Hoſt in Wardaile to relieue:
And if they might ſo well encheeue:
That ſamine night that mæte might they,
They thought their foes to aſſay,
So fell it on that ſamine day,
That the Moſſe (as yee heard mee ſay)
Was paſt: the Diſcurreours that there.
Ryding befoꝛe the Hoſts were,
On ather Hoſt hes gotten a ſight.
And they that woꝛthie were and wight,
At their mæting jaſked of wære:
Enſenzies hie they cried their,
And by their cry perceiued they:
That they were friends, and no fay.
Then might men ſæ them glad and blyth,
And told it to their Loꝛds ſwyth.
The Hoſts met both togidder ſyne,
There was right homelie welcomming,

Made

Made among greit Lords there:
Of their meeting joyfull they were:
The Erle Patricke, and his Menzie.
Had vittaile with greit plentie.
And gaue it to them with glad cheare,
Thus went they hameward all in feare:
Destroying the Countrie in their way,
In Scotland well commen are they.
The Lords went then all to the King,
That made them right faire welcoming,
For of their comming right glad was hee:
And that they with sik propertie,
Withoutten tinsall escaped had,
They were blith, merie and glad.

How King *Robert* assembled there,
Three Hosts in *England* for to fare.

SDone efter that, the Erle Thomas,
From Wardall thus repaired was:
The King assembled all his might.
And left none that was worthie to fight.
A greit Host there assembled hee,
And dealt his Host in parts three.
One part of Norame went but let.
And there a stalward Siege they set:
And held them right in at their dyke,
Another part vnto Anuike
Is went, and there a Siege set they,
And while that there the Siege lay,
At the Castell (as I said aire)
Part of assaults made they there:
And mony faire Cheualrie
Enchæued was full doughtely,
The King at the Castell lyand
Left his folke (as I bowe on hand)

And

And with the third Dast held his way,
Fra Parke to Parke, him for to play:
Ywuing, as all his owne it were.
And to them that were with him there,
The lands of Northumberland,
That next to Scotland was lyand
In fée, and heritage gaue hée:
And they payed for the Seales fée.
On this wise rade he destroyand,
While that the King of England:
Through counsell of the Mortymer,
And his Mother, that at that time were,
Leaders to him, that then young was,
To King Robert, to treat of peace,
Sent Messengers, and so sped they:
That he assented on this way,
Then a perpetuall peace to take.
And they a marriage sould make,
With King Roberts sonne Dauy,
That fiue yéres old was then surely,
And of Dame Iane, als of the towre,
That syne was of great valour:
Sister she was to the young King,
That England had in gouerning,
That had in eild then seuen yére:
And King Robert for skaithes feare,
That he did to them of England,
Had done in were through stalward hand
Twentie thousand pound sall pay,
Of siluer, and gold, and good money.
When men thir things spoken had,
And with Seales, and othes made,
Séeing of friendship and of peace,
For ony cause it sould neuer cease,

The Marriage then gart ordaine they,
To be in Barwike, and the day
They haue set when that it sould be:
Syne went ilk man to his Countrie,
Thus made was peace, where wære was aire:
And syne the Sieges raised were.
The King ordained for to pay,
The Siluer, and against the day,
He gart well for the Maugery,
Ordaine, when his sonne Dauy,
Sould wedded be: and the Erle Thomas,
And als the good Lord of Dowglas,
Into his stead syne ordainde he,
Deuisers of the Feast to be:
For his sickneſſe tooke him so saire:
That on no wise might he be there.
His sickneſſe came of a fundying,
He had tane through his cold lying.
When in his great mischiefe was he,
He felt that hard perpleritie.
At Cardroſſe all that time he lay.
And when nære commen was the day,
That ordainde for the wedding was:
The Erle, and the Lord Dowglas,
To Barwike came with mœkle fare,
And brought young Dauid with them there,
The Quœne, and with her the Mortimer,
On the other partie commen were,
With great effære, and Royaltie.
The young Ladie of great beautie,
Hidder came with rich affære,
The wedding haue they made right there:
With great feast and solemnitie.
There might men myrth, and gladneſſe sæ:

For

For full great Feaſt made they there,
And Scottiſhmen, and Engliſh were,
Togidder in ioy, and ſolace:
No felloun ſpæch betwirt them was,
The Feaſt a well long time held they.
And when they buſked to fare away,
The Quæne hes her Doughter left there,
With great riches, and Royall fare.
I trow that long time no Lady
To houſe was giuen ſo richly,
The Erle, and the Lord Dowglas,
Yer in great daintie receiued hes,
As it was worthy ſickerly.
For ſhe was ſyne the beſt Ladie,
And the faireſt that men might ſee.
Efter this great ſolemnitie,
When on both ſides the liene was tane,
The Quæne to England home is gane:
And had with her the Mortymer,
The Erle, and they that leaued were,
When a whyle they her conuoyed had,
Toward Barwike againe they rade:
And ſyne with all their company,
Toward the King they went in hy:
And had with them the young Dauy,
And als Dame Iane the young Lady.
The King made them faire welcomming,
And efter but long delaying,
He hes gart ſet a Parliament,
And hidder with mony men is went:
For he thought he would in his life,
Crowne his young Sonne, and his Wife,
At that Parliament, and ſo did he,
With great fare, and ſolemnitie.

The King

The King Dauid was crowned there,
And all his Lords that there were:
And also all the Commountie,
Made him homage, and fewtie:
And before that they crowned were,
King Robert gart ordaine there:
Gif it fell that his sonne Dauy,
Died but Aire Male of his body:
That Robert Stewart sould be
King, and broke the Royaltie,
That his Doughter bare in Mariage.
And that this Tailyie sould lælely
Be holden, all the Lords sware,
And with their Seales affirmed it there.
And gif it hapned Robert the King,
To passe to GOD while they were ying:
The good Erle of Murray Sir Thomas,
With the Lord also of Dowglas,
While they had wit to stære their Reigne,
Sould haue them into gouerning.
And then the Lordship they sould ta,
Hereto their aithes can they ma:
And all the Lords that were there,
To tha twa Wardanes aithes sware,
To obey them into Lawtie,
Gif it hapned them Wardanes to be.

When all this thing thus treated was,
And affirmed with sickernes:
The King to Cardros went in hy,
And there him toke so suddenly
His sickneſſe, and him trauelde sa:
That he wist him behoued ma,
Of all this life the common end.
That is the death, when GOD will send.

Therefor

Therefore his Letters ſone ſent hee,
For all the Lords of his Countrie:
And they came as hee bidden had.
His Teſtament then hes hee made,
Before both Lords and Prelats,
And to Religions of ſeir Eſtates,
For haill of his ſoule gaue hee
Siluer into greit quantitie.
Hee ordainde for his ſoule right well:
And when this was done ilk deill:
Lords (hee ſaid) ſo it is gone
With mee, that there is nought but one,
That is the death withoutten dreed,
That ilke man ſhall thole on need,
And I thanke God that hes mee ſent
Space in our life here to repent.
For through mee and my wæring,
Of blood there hes beene greit ſpilling:
Where mony ſakleſſe man was ſlaine,
Therefore this ſickneſſe and this paine,
I take in thanke for my treſpaſſe,
And mine heart firmlie ſet was,
And when I was in proſperitie,
From my ſinnes to ſaued bee:
To trauell vpon Gods faes,
And ſen hee mee now to him taes,
That the body may on no wiſe,
Performe that the heart can deuiſe,
I would mine heart were hidder ſent,
Wherein conceiued was that intent,
Therefore I pray you euerilkane,
That yee among you all chuſe ane,
That bee honeſt wiſe and wight,
And of his hands a Noble Knight,

On

On Gods foes mine Heart to beare,
When ſoule and bodie diſſeuered are
For I would it were worthelie
Had there: ſen God will nought, that I;
Had power hidderward to goe:
Then were their hearts all ſo woe,
That none might hold them from greeting
Hee bade them leaue their ſorrowing,
For it (hee ſaid) might not reliue,
And might themſelues greitlie grieue.
Hee prayed them in hy to do
The thing that they were charged to.
Then went they forth with dreirie moods
And among them that thought it good,
That the worthie Lord Dowglas,
Whom in both wit and worſhip was.
Should take the trauell vpon hand,
Hereto they were all accordand,
And to the King they went in hy,
And told him that they thought truely:
That the doughtie Lord Dowglas,
Beſt ordainde for that trauell was,
And when the King heard, that they ſa
Had ordainde him his Heart to ta,
That hee moſt yarned ſhould it haue,
(Hee ſaid) ſo God himſelfe mee the ſaue,
I hold mee right well payed, that yee,
Haue choſen him for his bountie,
For Certes it hes beene my yarning.
Ey ſen I thought to doe this thing:
That he mine heart ſhould with him beare
And ſen yee all aſſented are,
It is the more liking to mee,
Let ſee now what thereto ſayes hee,

And when the Lord of Dowglas,
Wist that the King thus spoken hes,
Hé came, and knæled to the King,
And on this wise made his talking,
I thanke you greithly (Lord) said hé,
Of mony larges and greit bountie,
That yé haue done to mé feill syse,
Sen first I came to your seruice:
But ouer all thing, I make thanking,
That yé so digne and worthie a thing,
As your heart, that illuminate was,
With all bountie and worthinesse.
Will that I in my keeping take.
For you right blithly will I make
This trauell, if God will mé giue
Laiser, and space so long to liue.
The King him thanked tenderlie,
There was none in that companie,
That wæped not for greit pitie,
That was greit sorrow for to sé.

Here died King *Robert*, and was syne
Solemnedly buried in *Dumfermling*,

WHen the Lord Dowglas, in this wise,
Hes vndertane so hie Empryse:
As the good Kings Heart to beare,
On Gods foes for to weare:
Praised for his Empryse was hé.
And the Kings infirmitie,
Was more and more, while at the last,
The dulefull death approached fast,
And when hé had gart doe him to,
All that good Christen men should do.

With true repentance then hæ gaue
The gaist whilke GOD to Heauen mot haue,
Among his Chosen for to bæ,
In Ioye, solace, and Angels glée:
And fra his folke wist hæ was dead,
The sorrow that raise from stead to stead,
There might men sée men riue their haire,
And comlie Knights græte full saire,
And their hands togidder driue,
And as wood men their claithes ryue.
Regarding his worthie bountie,
His wit, his strength, and honestie:
And ouer all the greit companie,
That hæ oft made them courteouslie.
All our defence they said, alas,
And hee that haill our comfort was,
Our wit, our heale, our gouerning,
Is brought alace here to ending.
His worship, and his mækle might,
Made all that were with him so wight.
That they might neuer abased bée,
While before them they might him sée.
Alace, what shall wee doe or say:
For in life while hee lasted ay
With all our foes dred were wée:
And into mony other Countrie.
Of our Worship ran the Renowne:
And that was all for his Persoun.
With like words they made their mane.
And sickerlie wonder was nane:
For better Gouernour than hæ,
Might in no Countrie founden bee:
I hope that none that is on life.
The lament, and sorrow can describe,

That

That tha folke for their Lord made.
And when that they long sorrowed had,
And he bowelled was cleanely,
And balmed syne full richly,
The worthy Lord, the good Dowglas,
His Heart (as it forespoken was)
Yes receiued in great dayntie,
With great faire and Solemnitie,
They haue him had to Dunfermelyne,
And him solemnedly eirded syne.
And in a faire Tombe in the Queire,
Bishops and Prelats they there were
Assolyied him when the Seruice
Was done, as they could best deuise;
And syne vpon the other day,
Sorie, and wa they went away.

Here bouned the Lord *Dowglas* forwart,
To the haly Land with the *Bruces* Heart.

WHen that the good King buried was,
The Erle of Murray Sir Thomas,
Tooke all the land in gouerning,
And all obeyed to his bidding,
And the good Lord of Dowglas syne,
Gart make a Case of gold right fyne;
Enamalled through subtiltie.
Therein the Kings heart put he,
And ay about his halse it bare.
And fast he bouned him for to fare.
His Testament deuised he,
And ordained his lands sould be
Gouerned, while his gaine-comming,
By friends, and all other thing,

That to him pertained ony wise,
With sik forsight as men could deuise,
Ere his forth passing ordained he,
That nothing might amended be,
And when that he his liene hes tane,
To shippe at Barwike is he gane:
And with him a Noble company,
Of Knights, and of Squyery,
He put him in hy to the Sea,
A long way forward sailed he,
Betwirt Cornewall, and Bartanyie,
He sailed, and left the ground of Spainyie,
On North-halfe him, and held their way,
While to Masillie ground came they.
But greatly was his men, and he,
Trauelled with tempests on the Sea:
Bot though they greatly grieued were,
Yaill and fære they commen are,
And landed at the great Sibille,
And efter it a litle whyle,
Their horse to land they drew ilkane,
And in the toun hes harbery tane:
And him contæned right richly:
For he had a faire company,
And gold enough for to dispend.
The King Alphous efter him send,
And him right well receiued he,
And proffered him in great plentie,
Gold and siluer, horse and arming:
Bot he thereof would take nothing:
For he said, he tooke that veyage,
To passe into his pilgrimage,
On Gods foes, that his trauell
Might efter to his Saulsauaile.

And sen

And ſen he wiſt that he had wære
With Saracens that dwelled there,
To help him was his will hailly.
The King him thanked courteouſly,
And betaught him gød men that were
Well knowne with the lands wære;
And the maner of the land alſwa,
Syne to his Innes can he ga.
And well gød Soiourne there he made,
And mækle treating als he had.
Knights that came of far Countrie,
Came in great routtes him to ſæ,
And honoured him full gretumly:
And ouer all men moſt Souerainely,
The Engliſh Knights that were there,
Him honoured, and great company bare:
Among them all was one ſtrong Knight,
That was holden ſo wonder wight,
That for one of the beſt was he,
Praiſed of all Chriſtaintie.
So faſt to Heauen was all his face,
That it well nære all wounded was,
Ere he the Lord Dowglas had ſæne,
He weind his face had all wounded bene:
But neuer a hurt in it had he.
When he vnwounded can it ſæ,
He ſaid, that he had great ferly,
That ſik a Knight and ſo worthy,
And praiſed of ſo great bountie,
Might in his face vnwounded be.
And mækely thereto anſwered he,
And ſaid, GOD lent me hands to beare,
Wherewith I might my head wære,
Thus made he courteous anſwering,

With a right hie vnderſtanding:
That for default of Fence it was,
That ſo euill helwen was his face.
The good Knights that then were by,
Praiſed his anſwere gretumly:
For it was made with ſmall ſpeaking,
And had right hie vnderſtanding.

The iudging of the Lord *Dowglas*,
That in his time ſa worthie was.

VPon this maner ſtill they lay,
While through the Countrie they heard ſay,
That the King of Palmeryn,
With mony a mody Saracene.
Was entred in the land of Spaine:
All haill the Countrie to demaine.
The King of Spaine on the other party,
Gaddered his Oaſt deliuerly,
And delt them into battels three.
And to the Lord Dowglas gaue he,
The Wangard for to lead and ſtere,
And all the ſtrangers that with him were:
And the great Waiſter of Sanct Iake,
The other battell gart he take.
The Reeregard made himſelfe there,
And thus deuiſed, forth they fare,
To mete their foes that in battails
Arrayed was, ready to aſſaile.
And came againſt them full ſtardely.
The Dowglas then, that was worthy,
When he to them of his leading,
Had made a faire admonithing.
To doe well, and no dead to dræde,
For Heauens bliſſe ſould be their mæde,

If that

If that they died in Gods seruice,
Then as good warryours, and wise.
With them stoutlie assembled hee:
There men might selloun feghting see,
For all they were wight and hardie,
That were on the Christian partie.
But ere they joyned in battell,
What the Dowglas did, I shall you tell.

¶ The Bruces Heart that on his brest
Was hinging, in the field hee kest,
Upon a stone-cast, and well more before
And said, Now passe thou forth before,
As thou was wont in field to bee,
And I shall follow, or else die:
And so hee did withoutten ho,
Hee caught euen while hes came it to,
And tooke it vp in great daintie,
And euer in field this died hee,
So fast they faught with all their maine:
That of their seruants mony were slaine,
The whilke with mony fell fullonn,
Mony a Christian dang they downe,
But at the last the Lord Dowglas,
And the Christians that with him was,
Preasled vpon the Saracenes sa,
That they haillie the night can ta.
And they chased with all their maine,
And mony in the chase was slaine.
So farre chased the Lord Dowglas,
With few follies that hee passed was,
Forth fare from them that chased then,
Yee had not with him, but skant ten,
Of all men that were with him there,
When hee saw all repared were:

Toward his Hoſt ſyne turned hee.
And as hee turned, can well ſee,
That all the Chaillers turned againe:
And they rælled with mækle paine.
And as the good Lord of Dowglas.
(As I ſaid aire) repairing was,
So ſaw hee right before him nære,
Where that Sir William de Sincleere,
With a greit rout inuironed was.
Hee was annoyed, and ſaid, alas,
Yone worthie Knight will ſone bee dead,
But he haue helpe through our manheed,
Let vs then helpe him now in-by,
Sen that wee are ſo nære him by,
And I wate well our intent is,
To liue and die in Gods ſeruice.
His will in all thing doe ſhall wee.
There ſhall no perill eſchewed bee,
While hee bee put out of yone paine
Or then wee ſhall bee with him ſlaine.
With that with ſpeares right ſpeedely,
They ſtrake the Horſe in full greit hy:
Among the Saracenes they rade,
And rowne about them haue they made.
They dang on faſt with all their might,
And feill of them to death were dight.
Greiter defence made neuer ſo wheene.
Againſt ſo feill, it was right ſeene,
While they might laſh to giue battaile,
There might no worſhip there auaile.
That time, for ſlaine was ilkane there:
The Saracenes ſo mony were,
That they were twentie large for ane.
The good Lord Dowglas there was ſlaine,

And Sir William Sinclare alſwa:
And other worthie knights twa,
Sir Robert Logane, heght the ane,
And the other Walter Logane.
Wherefore our Lord with mickle might,
Their ſoules haue to the Heauens hight.
The good Lord Dowglas thus was dead,
And the Saracenes on that ſtead,
Abade no more, but held their way,
Their knights dead there ſoone line they,
Some of the good Lord Dowglas men,
That their Lord dead had founden then,
Wexd nere all wood for dule and woe,
Long for him they ſorrowed ſo,
And ſyne with greit dule home him bare,
And the Kings Heart haue they found there.
And that home with them haue they tane,
And are toward their Innes gane,
With greeting and with euill cheere,
That ſorrow and griefe it was to heare:
And of Keith good Sir Williame,
That all that day had beene at hame:
For at ſo greit diſeaſe was hee,
That hee came not to that Iournie,
For his arme was broken in twa,
When hee tha folkes ſik dule ſaw ma,
Hee asked what it was in hy,
And they told him all openly,
How that their doughtie Lord was ſlaine,
With Saracenes that had turned againe,
And when hee wiſt that it was ſo,
Attour all other hee was moſt woe:
And made a wonder euill cheare,
That all wondred that by him were.

But

But to tell of their ſorrowing,
Annoyes, and helpes but litle thing,
Men might well wit thogh none them told
What dule and ſorrow men make wold,
For to tine like a Lord as hee
Was vnto them of his menzie,
For hee was ſwæte and debonaire,
And well could treat his friendes faire,
And his foes right fellounlie,
Aſtonith through his greit Cheualrie:
For of full litle feare was hee:
But ouer all thing hee loued Lawtie:
At treaſoun grewed ſo greitly,
That no traitour might bee him by,
But hee ſhould wit that hee ſhould bee
Well puniſht for his traittourie.
I trow the Lord Fabricius,
That from Rome to wærray Pirrhus,
Was ſent with a greit Menyie,
Hated treaſoun no leſſe than hee.
The whilke when that Pirrhus had
On him, and on his Menzie made,
An outragious diſcomfiture,
When hee eſcaped through auenture
And mony of his men were ſlaine:
And hee had gaddered his Hoſt againe,
A greit maſter of Medicine,
That Pirrhus had in gouerning,
Profered vnto Fabritius,
In treaſoun for to ſlay Pirrhus,
For in his firſt potatioun,
Hee ſhould giue him deadly poyſoun,
Fabricius that wonder had,
That hee ſik proffer to him made:

Bade,

Said, Certes, Rome is mækle of might,
Through strength of armes for to fight,
To vanquish well their foes, though they
Consent to Treasoun by no way:
And for thou would doe that Treasoun,
Thou salt go fetch the warisoun,
Euen at Pirrhus, and let him do
What euer him lies in heart thereto.
Then to Pirrhus he sent in hy
This Maister, and gart him openly,
From end to end, tell all his tale.
When Pirrhus had it heard all haill:
He said, was neuer man that sa,
For Lawtie bure him to his fa:
As here Fabricius beares to me.
It is als ill to gar him be
Turned fra way of righteousnesse,
Or to consent to wickednesse,
As at midday to turne againe
The sunne, that rinnes his course all plaine
Thus said he of Fabricius,
That syne vanquisht this same Pirrhus,
In plaine battell through hard fighting:
His honest lawtie gart me bring
In this Example now, for he
Had Soueraigne praise of true Lawtie:
And right so had the Lord Dowglas,
That honest, læle, and worthy was,
That was dead, as before said we.
Men mæned him in ilk Countrie:
When his men had made mourning,
They bowelled him but delaying,
And gart sæth him, that might be tane
The flesh all quite euen fra the bane.

The corps

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Men might well wit thogh none them told
What dule and ſorrow men make wold,
For to tine like a Lord as hee
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For hee was ſweete and debonaire,
And well could treat his friendes faire,
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Aſtonish through his greit Cheualrie:
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But ouer all thing hee loued Lawtie:
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That was dead, as before said we.
Men meened him in ilk Countrie:
When his men had made mourning,
They bowelled him but delaying,
And gart seeth him, that might be tane
The flesh all quite euen fra the bane.

The corps

The Corps there in a holy place,
Cirded with great worship was.
The bones haue they with them tane,
And syne are to their shipps gane.
When they were leaued of the King,
That dule had of their seuering,
To Sea they went, good wind they had,
Their course to England haue they made,
And there safely arriued they.
Syne toward Scotland held their way,
And there they are commen in great hy,
And the bones right honourably,
Into the Kirk of Dowglas there
Cirded, with dule and mækle care.
Sir Archibald his sonne gart syne,
Of Allabast both faire and fine,
Ordaine a Tombe full richly:
As it effeired to so worthy.

The Erle of *Murray* died here,
Through Poysoun giuen by a false Frere.

WHen that on this wise Sir Williame
Of Keith, had brought the bones hame,
And the good Kings Heart alswa,
And had gart men richly ma,
With saire affære, a Sepulture:
The Erle of Murray that the cure
That time of Scotland had haílly,
With great worship hes gart bury
The Kings Heart in the Abbay,
Of Melros, where men do pray ay,
That he, and his haue Paradise.
When this was done, as I deuise,

The

The good Erle gouerned all the land,
And held the pooze well to warrand,
The Lawes so well maintained he,
And held in peace so the Countrie,
That it was neuer led ere his day
So well, as I heard old men say,
Bot syne alas poysoned was he,
By a false Monk full traiterously.
Thir Lords died vpon this wise,
He that Lord of all thing is,
Vp to his ioyfull blisse them bring,
And grant vs grace, that their offspring
Lead well the land: and intentife
Be, for to follow in all their life:
Their Noble Elders great bountie.
The onefald GOD in Trinitie,
May bring vs vp to Heauens blisse,
Where alway ioy and resting is. AMEN.

Here endes the Booke of the Noble King,
That euer in *Scotland* yet did ring,
Called King *Robert* the *Bruce*,
That was maist worthie of all ruce,
And of the Noble and good Lord Dowglas,
And mony ma that with him was.



BRITISH
7 JY 74
MUSEUM

A TABLE.

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